

# DEADPOOL

MARVEL

CLASSIC



STEVE DILLON '01

# DEADPOOL

CLASSIC



K. NOWLAN  
Team Chu

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# DEAD- POOL

**CLASSIC**



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**GUEST STARRING**  
**DARKSTAR!**

TM

**PRUETT**  
**BOOTH**  
**REGLA**

*Booth + Regla  
Pruett*



TIMES SQUARE.

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SHARPEFONT & PT. LETTERING  
MARIE JAVINS COLORS  
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THIS POLISHED APPLE IS REALLY GETTING ON MY NERVES. I USED TO FEEL REALLY AT HOME HERE, BUT ONCE THE MAYOR CHASED AWAY THE LOWLIFES, STRIPCLUBS, AND TRIPLE-X-RATED FEATURES, THE CITY LOST MOST OF ITS EDGE.

THE ONLY WAY I'D FEEL COMFORTABLE NOW WOULD BE TO DRESS UP IN A MOUSE SUIT, DANCE AND SING DOWN BROADWAY, WHILE HOLDING HANDS WITH MY FELLOW MAN.

# GARDEN STATE SLAUGHTER

JUST KIDDING. I'D RATHER SUCK DOWN A DOUBLE BARREL'S WORTH OF BUCKSHOT.





IT'S BEEN A BAD  
COUPLE OF DAYS...

MY APARTMENT BLEW UP,  
AND ALONG WITH IT, ALMOST  
EVERYTHING I OWN.

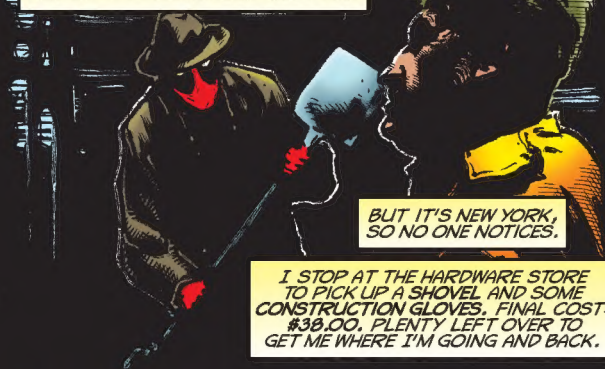
ALL I'VE GOT LEFT ARE A FEW  
TRUSTY WEAPONS AND AROUND  
200 DOLLARS. BUT AT LEAST  
I'M STILL ALIVE. THAT'S GOTTA  
COUNT FOR SOMETHING.

SURE, THERE ARE PEOPLE I  
COULD SEEK OUT FOR HELP...

...BUT I'M JUST NOT IN THE  
MOOD FOR PANHANDLING.



I'M SO OUT OF IT, I NEARLY  
FORGET I STILL HAVE MY MASK ON.



BUT IT'S NEW YORK,  
SO NO ONE NOTICES.

I STOP AT THE HARDWARE STORE  
TO PICK UP A SHOVEL AND SOME  
CONSTRUCTION GLOVES. FINAL COST:  
\$38.00. PLENTY LEFT OVER TO  
GET ME WHERE I'M GOING AND BACK.

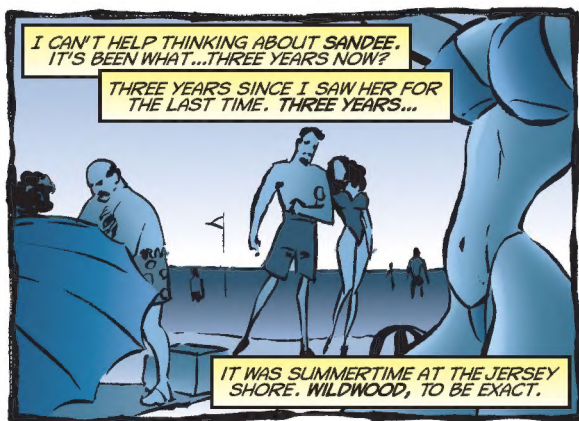
I HAIL A CAB AND  
I'M ON MY WAY.



FORT LEE,  
NEW JERSEY,  
TAKE THE GEORGE  
WASHINGTON  
BRIDGE.

WITH ALL THIS RAIN AND TRAFFIC,  
THIS RIDE WILL GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME  
TO THINK. MY MIND KEEPS GOING IN  
THE WRONG DIRECTIONS LATELY... NEED  
TO FOCUS ON THE HERE AND NOW!

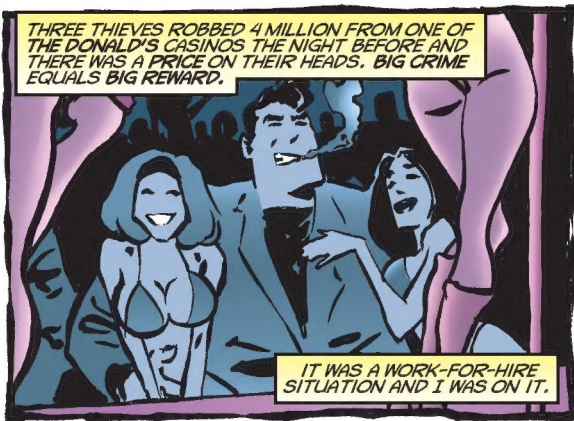




I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT SANDEE. IT'S BEEN WHAT...THREE YEARS NOW?

THREE YEARS SINCE I SAW HER FOR THE LAST TIME. THREE YEARS...

IT WAS SUMMERTIME AT THE JERSEY SHORE. WILDWOOD, TO BE EXACT.



THREE THIEVES ROBBED 4 MILLION FROM ONE OF THE DONALD'S CASINOS THE NIGHT BEFORE AND THERE WAS A PRICE ON THEIR HEADS. BIG CRIME EQUALS BIG REWARD.

IT WAS A WORK-FOR-HIRE SITUATION AND I WAS ON IT.

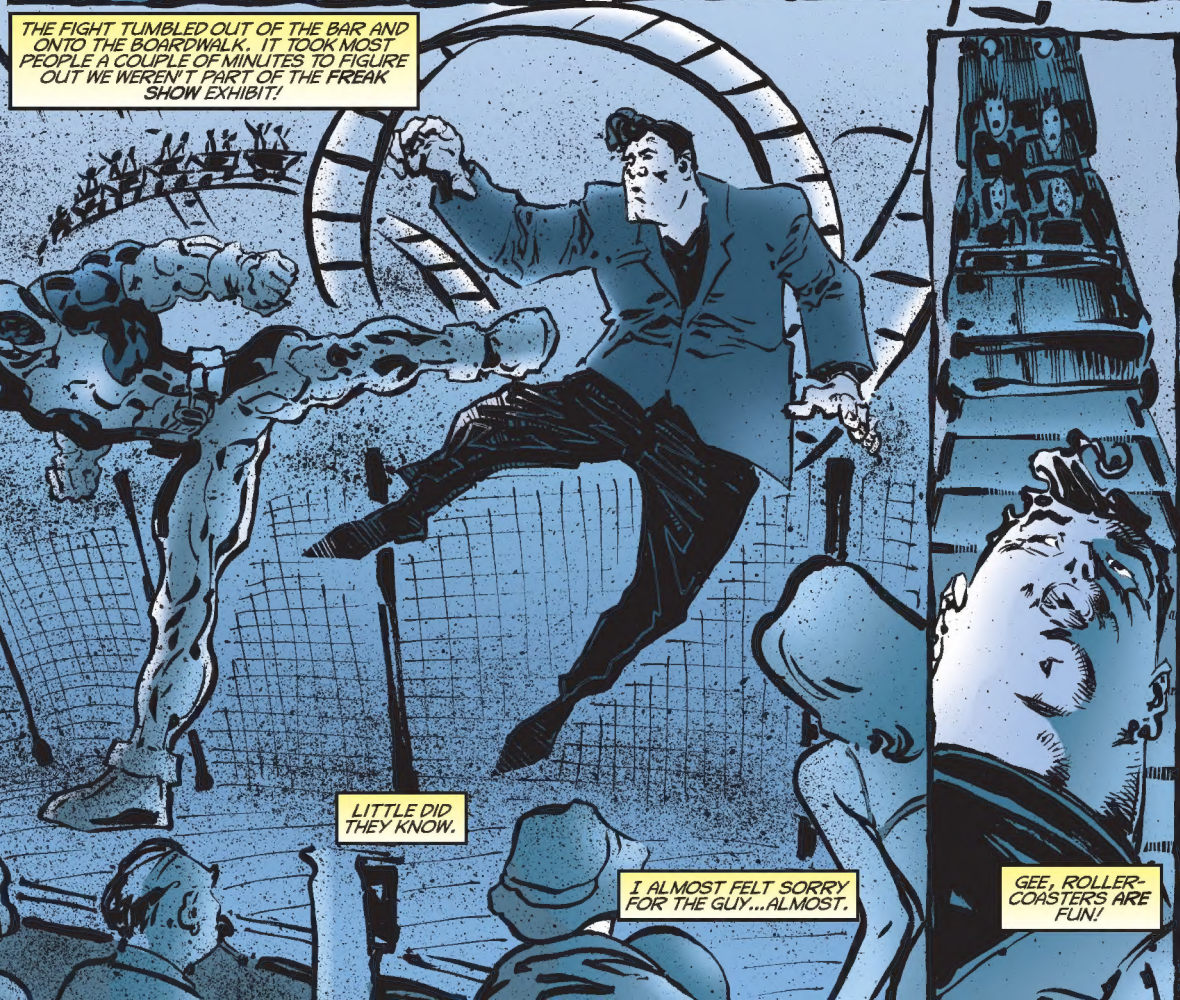


HIS NAME, I FOUND OUT LATER, WAS JACK KRUSH. SMALL-TIME THIEF, IN WAY OVER HIS HEAD.



A RED LIGHT WENT ON WHEN I GOT A TIP ABOUT SOME MORON THROWING AROUND A BUNCH OF CRISP HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS IN A BUCK-THREE-EIGHTY TYPE OF STRIP JOINT CALLED "THE CRAB SHACK".

AMATEUR.



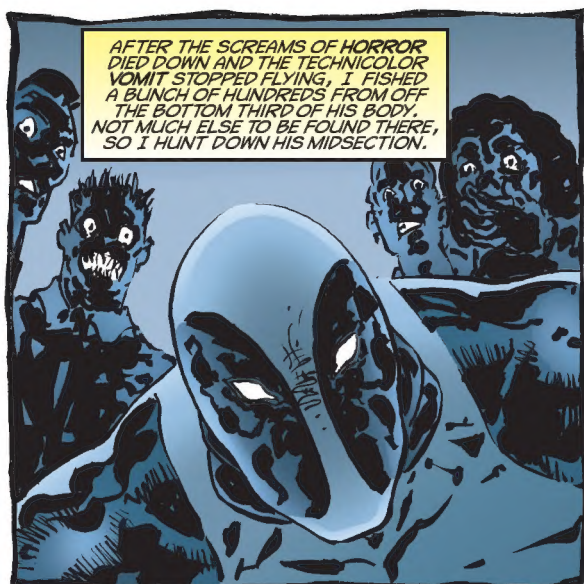
THE FIGHT TUMBLED OUT OF THE BAR AND ONTO THE BOARDWALK. IT TOOK MOST PEOPLE A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO FIGURE OUT WE WEREN'T PART OF THE FREAK SHOW EXHIBIT!

LITTLE DID THEY KNOW.

I ALMOST FELT SORRY FOR THE GUY...ALMOST.

GEE, ROLLER-COASTERS ARE FUN!





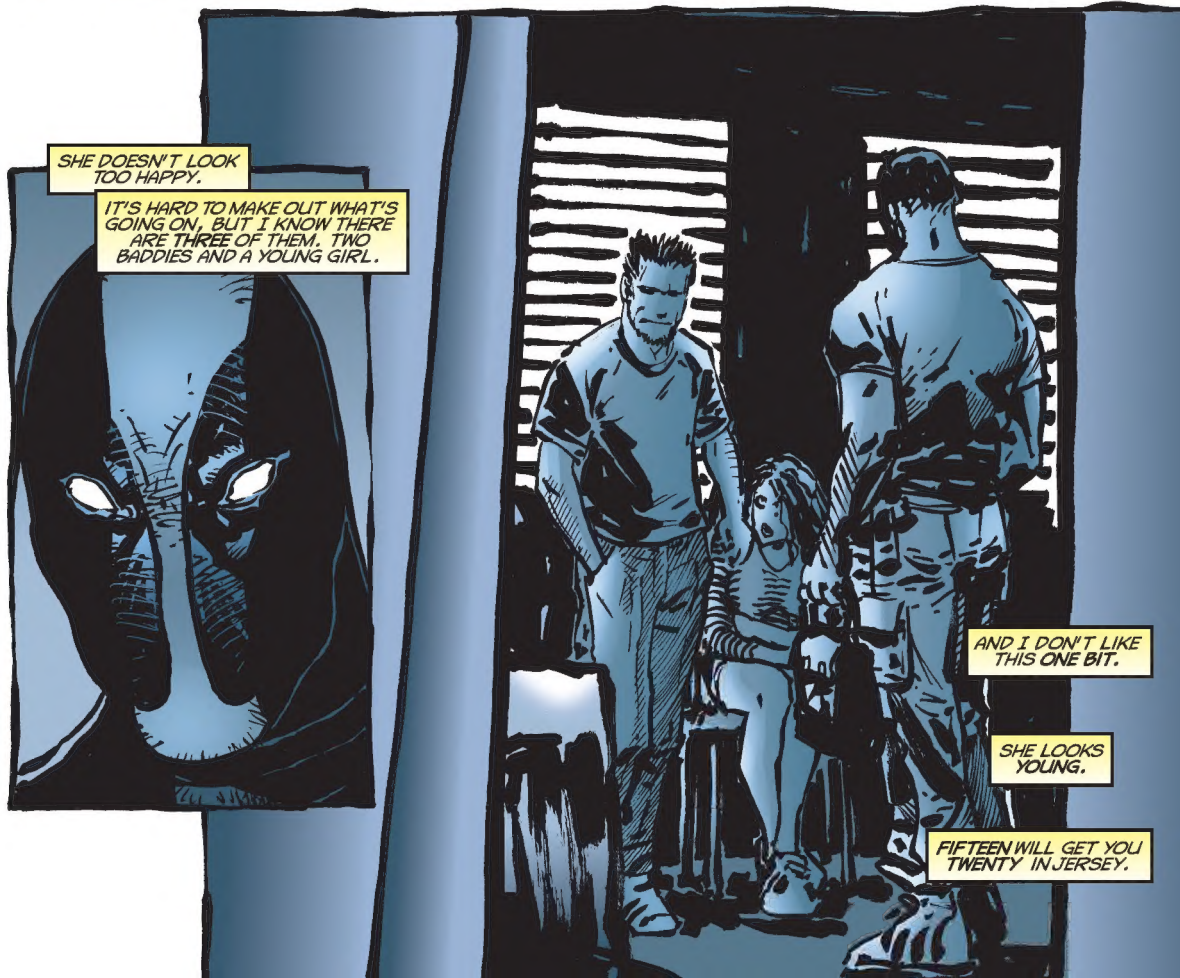
AFTER THE SCREAMS OF HORROR DIED DOWN AND THE TECHNICOLOR VOMIT STOPPED FLYING, I FISHED A BUNCH OF HUNDREDS FROM OFF THE BOTTOM THIRD OF HIS BODY. NOT MUCH ELSE TO BE FOUND THERE, SO I HUNT DOWN HIS MIDSECTION.



THE SEARCH DIDN'T TAKE LONG, THANKS TO THE FRIED DOUGH VENDOR. FOUND A KEY IN HIS SHIRT POCKET, WHICH WAS ALL I NEEDED.



I SCOPE OUT THE MOTEL. THEY'RE IN THERE, ALL RIGHT. SECOND FLOOR.



SHE DOESN'T LOOK TOO HAPPY.

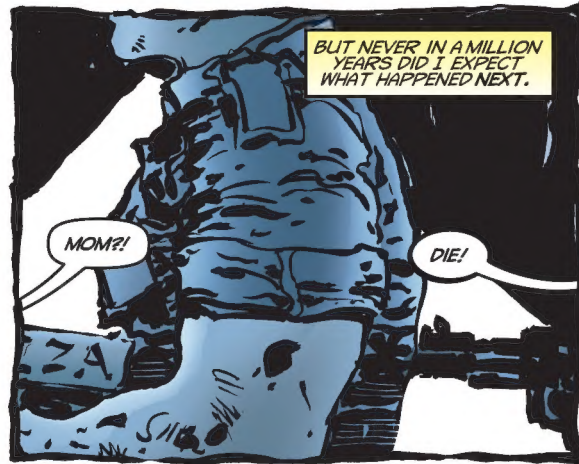
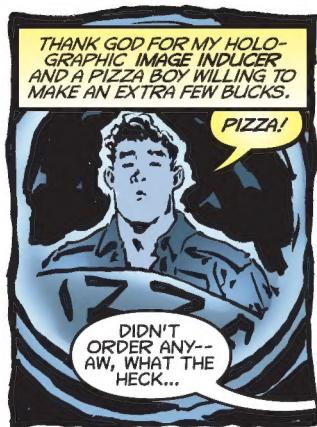
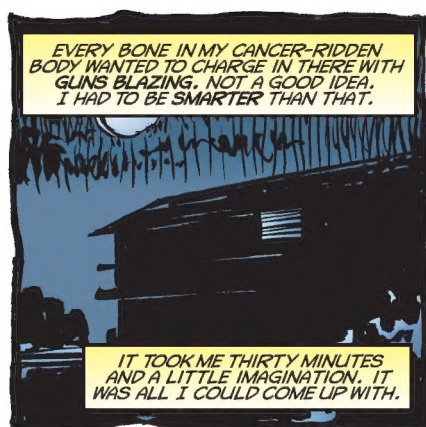
IT'S HARD TO MAKE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT I KNOW THERE ARE THREE OF THEM. TWO BADDIES AND A YOUNG GIRL.

AND I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT.

SHE LOOKS YOUNG.

FIFTEEN WILL GET YOU TWENTY IN JERSEY.







THINGS GO FROM BAD  
TO UGLY REAL QUICK.



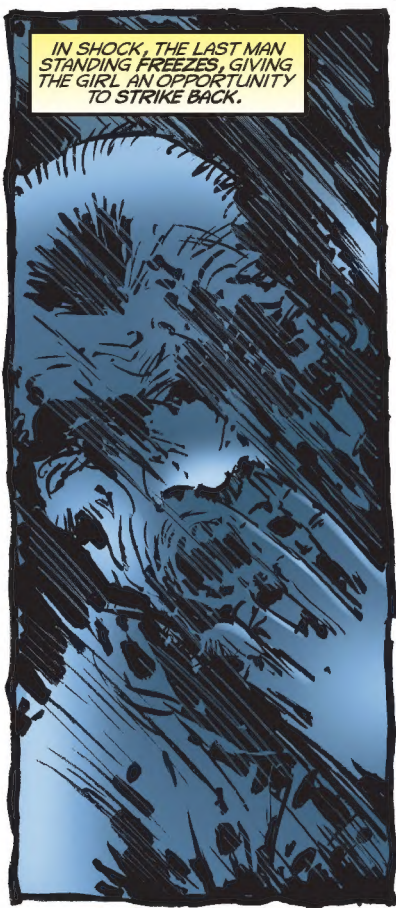
THE OTHER GUY PANICS AND  
SHOOTS THE GIRL'S MOM  
RIGHT IN THE HEAD, BULLSEYE.  
GONE IN A FLASH!

THE FIRST GUY TRIES  
TO GET UP, BUT GETS  
CAUGHT IN HIS BUDDY'S  
CROSSFIRE AS WELL.



BAD MOVE. TAKES  
ONE RIGHT IN  
THE COCONUT.

IN SHOCK, THE LAST MAN  
STANDING FREEZES, GIVING  
THE GIRL AN OPPORTUNITY  
TO STRIKE BACK.



IN A BLIND PANIC, HE RUNS  
TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR...  
TRIPPING OVER ME, THUG #1  
AND MOM IN THE PROCESS.



SOME GOOD  
MOMENTUM...



...AND HE'S  
OUT OF HERE!



I MANAGE TO GET UP WITH THE KID'S HELP AND WE HEAD DOWN TO HER CAR.

THIS NIGHT WAS FULL OF SURPRISES. SANDEE-- THE GIRL'S NAME, BY THE WAY-- WAS A LOT TOUGHER THAN I'D ORIGINALLY THOUGHT. SHE DROVE US DOWN TO CAPE MAY AND CHECKED US INTO THE DILLON MOTEL.

BY THE TIME I'D PASSED OUT AND WOKEN UP THE NEXT MORNING, SHE'D REMOVED MY SHIRT, TURNED OFF MY IMAGE INDUCER, AND BANDAGED ME UP LIKE A PRO.

I GIVE HER CREDIT, SHE WASN'T FREAKED OUT BY HOW I LOOKED, EITHER SHE WAS BEING POLITE OR SHE WAS A LOT MORE SCREWED UP THAN I THOUGHT.

I SAT UP AND SPOKE TO HER.

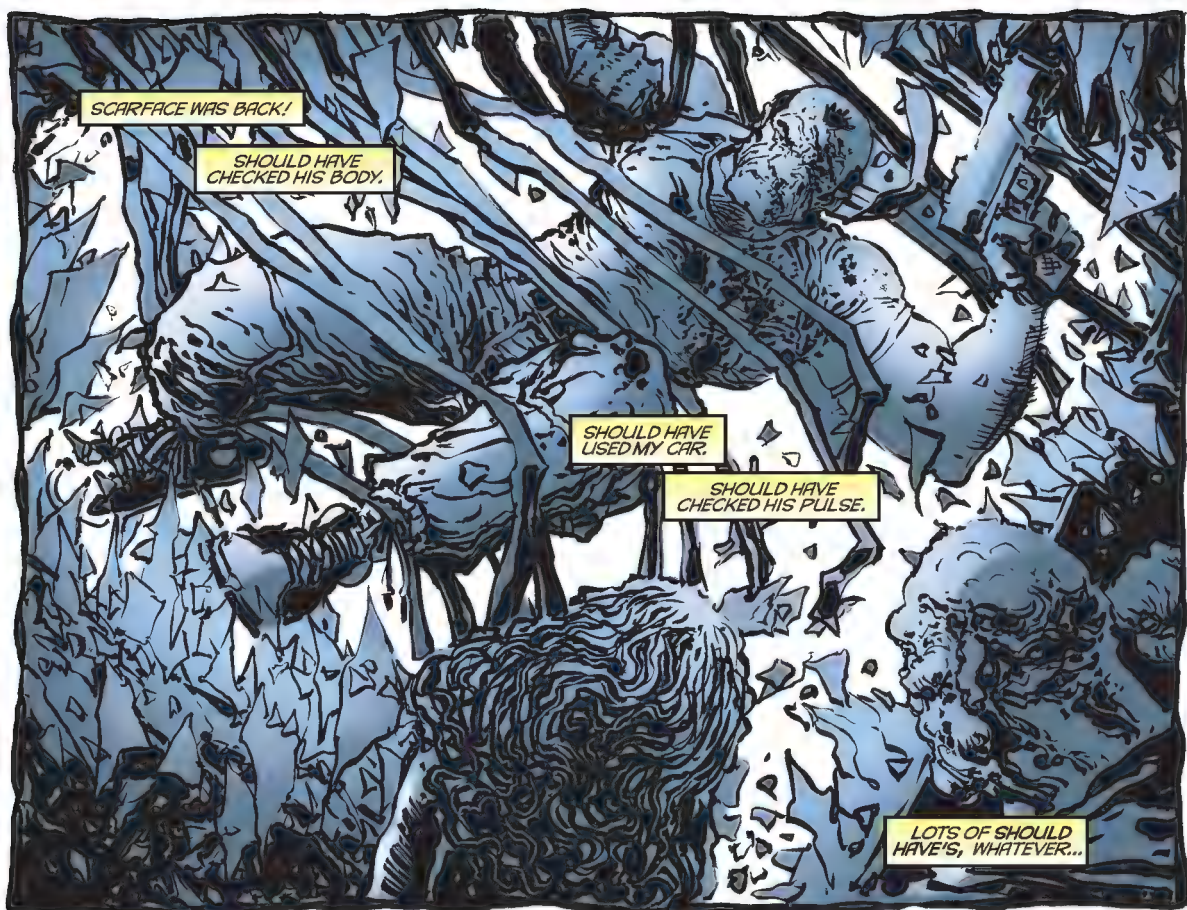
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I TOLD HER ALL ABOUT MYSELF, TOLD HER HOW I STARTED OUT IN THIS MERCENARY GAME... HOW I FOUND OUT I HAD TERMINAL CANCER... HOW DR. KILLBREW'S TREATMENT GAVE ME THIS UNCANNY HEALING FACTOR... HOW I HAD SO MUCH GOING AGAINST ME AND STILL MANAGED TO COME THROUGH IT ALL... I THOUGHT IT MIGHT HELP HER.

AMAZING WHAT THAT CAN DO TO A HARD-BOILED GUY LIKE ME.

THROUGH MY ENTIRE STORY, SHE DIDN'T SAY A WORD, BUT SHE SMILED.

THEN WE HEARD IT, RIGHT OUTSIDE THE ROOM.





SCARFACE WAS BACK!

SHOULD HAVE CHECKED HIS BODY.

SHOULD HAVE USED MY CAR.

SHOULD HAVE CHECKED HIS PULSE.

LOTS OF SHOULD HAVE'S, WHATEVER...



CAUGHT OFF GUARD AND STILL FEELING LIKE TENDERIZED BEEF, HE GETS THE UPPER HAND.

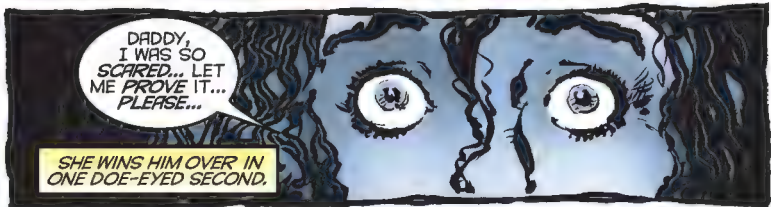
HE'S MIGHTY ANGRY.



SEE WHAT YOU DID TO YOUR FATHER? NOW YOUR BOYFRIEND'S GONNA DIE!!

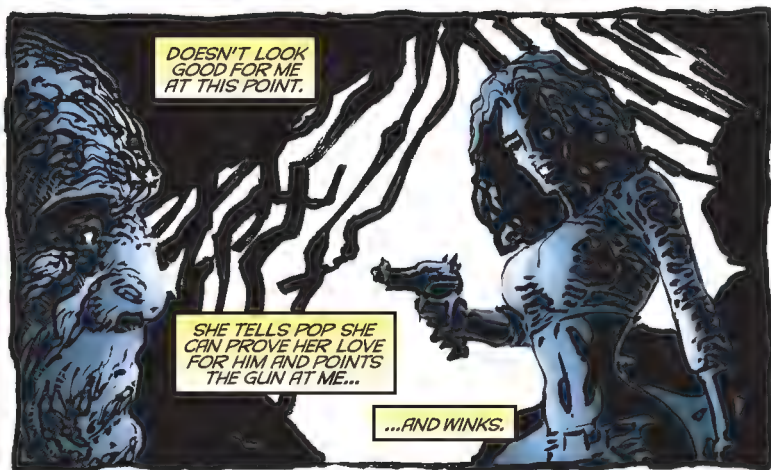
FATHER?

BOYFRIEND?



DADDY, I WAS SO SCARED... LET ME PROVE IT... PLEASE...

SHE WINS HIM OVER IN ONE DOE-EYED SECOND.



DOESN'T LOOK GOOD FOR ME AT THIS POINT.

SHE TELLS POP SHE CAN PROVE HER LOVE FOR HIM AND POINTS THE GUN AT ME...

...AND WINKS.



SHE FIRES TO THE  
RIGHT OF ME.

ONE SHOT.

AND THIS TIME  
DADDY STAYS  
DOWN.

THE KID WAS A MESS.  
WITH A FAMILY LIKE  
THAT, SHE NEVER HAD  
A CHANCE.

I THOUGHT I COULD  
CHANGE THAT.

FIRST THINGS FIRST. I CHECK  
THE BAG AND COUNT AROUND  
300 GRAND...ABOUT ONE MIL SHORT.

I PUT TWO AND  
TWO TOGETHER  
AND FIGURE IT  
WAS AN INSIDE  
JOB. INSURANCE  
SCAM FROM THE  
CASINO. CLAIM  
MORE WAS  
STOLEN, MAKE  
MORE. THEY WERE  
NEVER MEANT  
TO BE CAUGHT.  
THEIR MISTAKE.

I MAKE A COLLECT CALL TO  
THE INSURANCE AGENCY  
HANDLING THE CASINO, TELL  
THEM THE FULL STORY AND  
KEEP THE CASH FOR A JOB  
WELL DONE...

...AND FOR THE EXPENSES  
OF THE DAMAGE DONE.

SPEAKING OF  
DAMAGE, I  
COLLECT SANDEE  
AND THE MONEY,  
AND HEAD NORTH  
ON THE GARDEN  
STATE PARKWAY.

NOT MUCH ELSE  
IS SAID  
BETWEEN US.



FIRST STOP WAS OUR LADY OF HELP PSYCHIATRIC CENTER, HIGHLY RECOMMENDED IN ITS FIELD. LORD KNOWS I COULD USE A YEAR OR SEVEN THERE.

THE KID IS SO SHELLSHOCKED, SHE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE WHERE SHE IS.

I SET UP AN ACCOUNT WITH THE MAIN PENGUIN AND GIVE HER MOST OF THE CASH TO HELP HER OUT. I ALSO GIVE HER MY PHONE NUMBER AND ANY OTHER INFO SHE MIGHT NEED. IT'S KEPT TO THE BARE MINIMUM.

I THINK THIS MIGHT SET HER IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION...A NEW NAME, NEW HOME AND A NEW WAY OF LOOKING AT LIFE.

A WEEK LATER I GET A PHONE CALL.

SHE TOOK HER LIFE.

I WAS HER ONLY NEXT OF KIN.

I TOOK CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS.

GUESS I TRIED TO HELP... BUT IT WAS OUT OF MY HANDS.

SANDEE WAS NOW AT REST.

NOW THE TABLES HAVE TURNED AND I'M IN A BAD WAY FOR SOME CASH.

BLOOD MONEY OR NOT, I HAVE TO DO IT. SANDEE'S NOT GOING TO MISS IT.

I MADE SURE SHE WAS PROPERLY MARKED AND BURIED, THE REMAINING MONEY WITH HER. TOO MUCH BLOOD AND BAD VIBES CONNECTED TO IT.

I FEEL BAD ABOUT DOING THIS, BUT WE ALL DESERVE A SECOND CHANCE.



I'LL TRY NOT TO  
LET HER DOWN.

AFTER ALL, WE  
ARE FAMILY.



# THE END



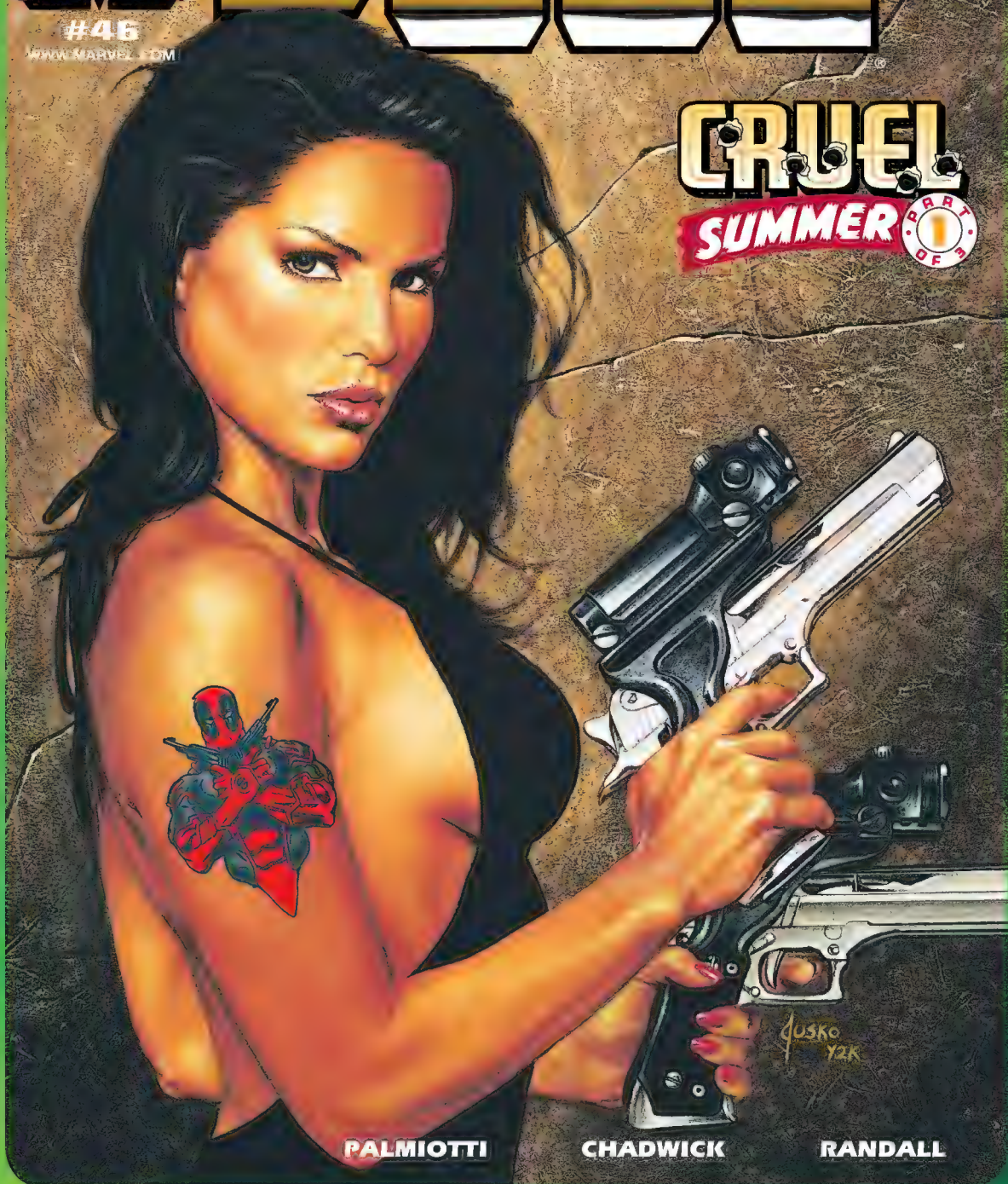


#46  
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# DEADPOOL



**CRUEL**  
SUMMER 

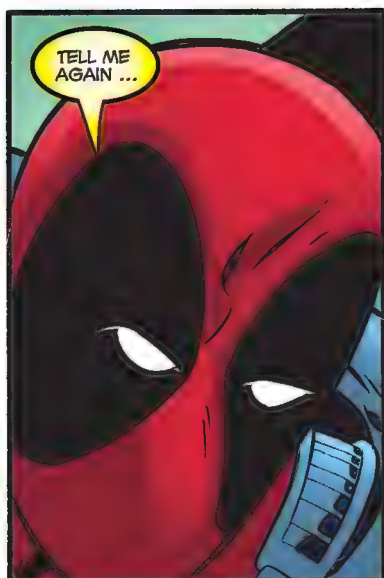


PALMIOTTI

CHADWICK

RANDALL









SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER: BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# DEADPOOL

ATER. BROOKLYN FIRST  
FEDERAL SAVINGS AND  
LOAN.

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COVER

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COLORIST

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LETTERER

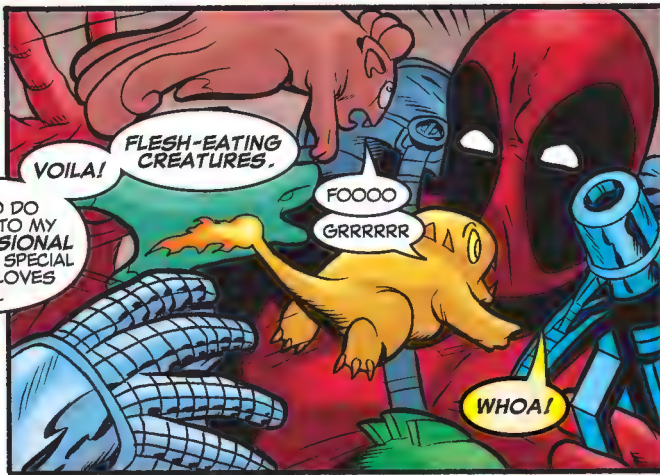
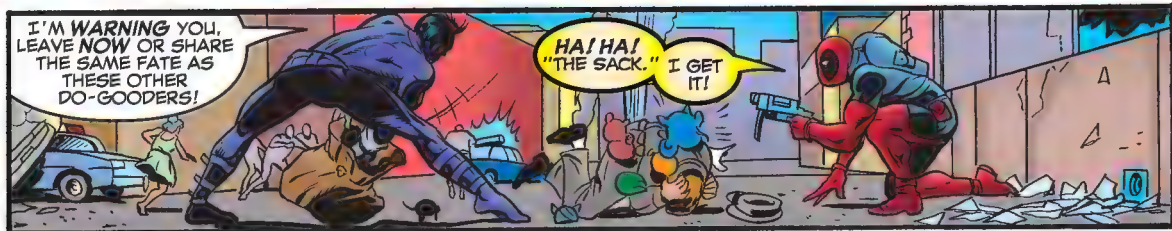
MIKE MARTS

EDITOR

BOB HARRAS

EDITOR IN CHIEF









YEAH WELL, CHECK YOUR SCRIPT, TURKEY. I BET IT DOESN'T HAVE THIS IN IT EITHER!



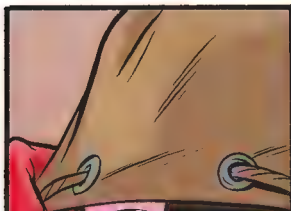
HEY!

THUCK!



Oh NO.  
I DROPPED MY SACK!

OLD AGE DOES THAT TO A GUY. DON'T WORRY, SIZZLE CHEST, I GOT IT.



HEY! GIVE IT BACK!



YOU KNOW, I ALMOST HATE DOING THIS TO YOU ... ALMOST.



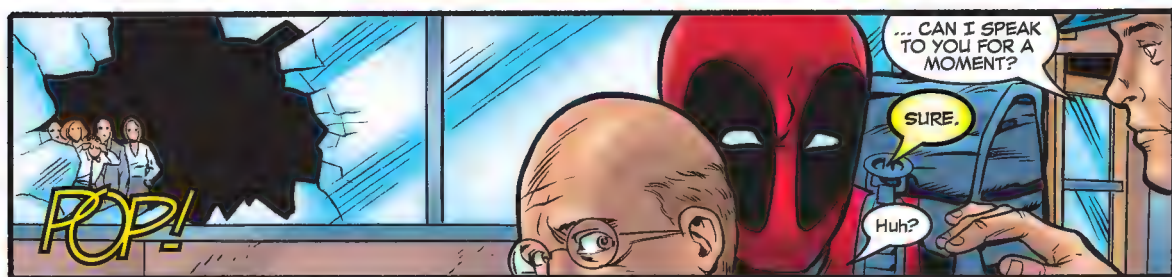
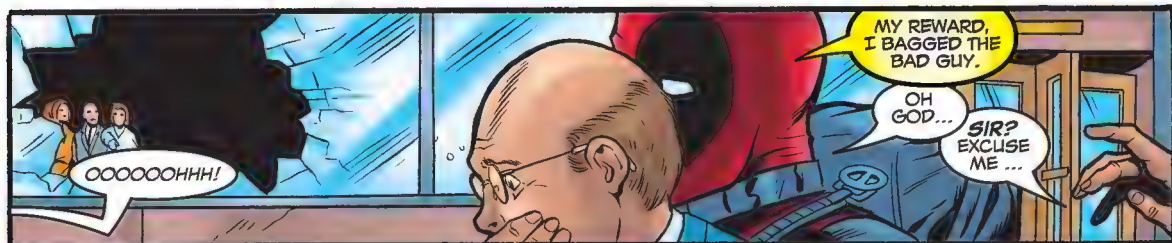
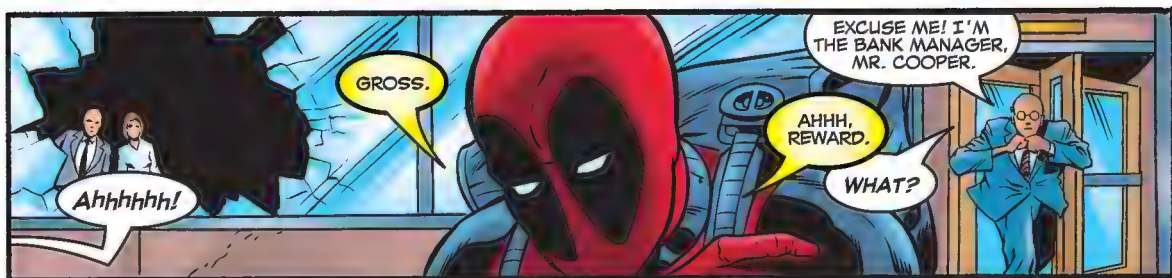
Oh NO.

SURE. YOU WANT IT, YOU GOT IT.

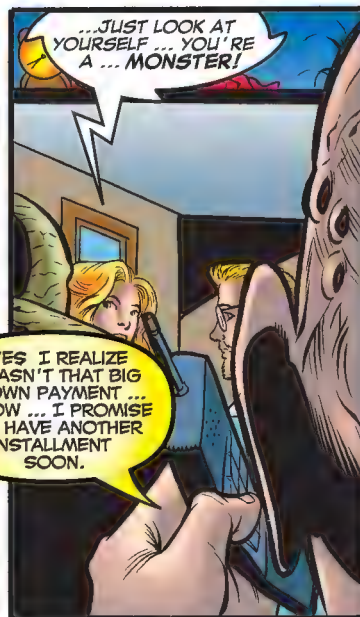
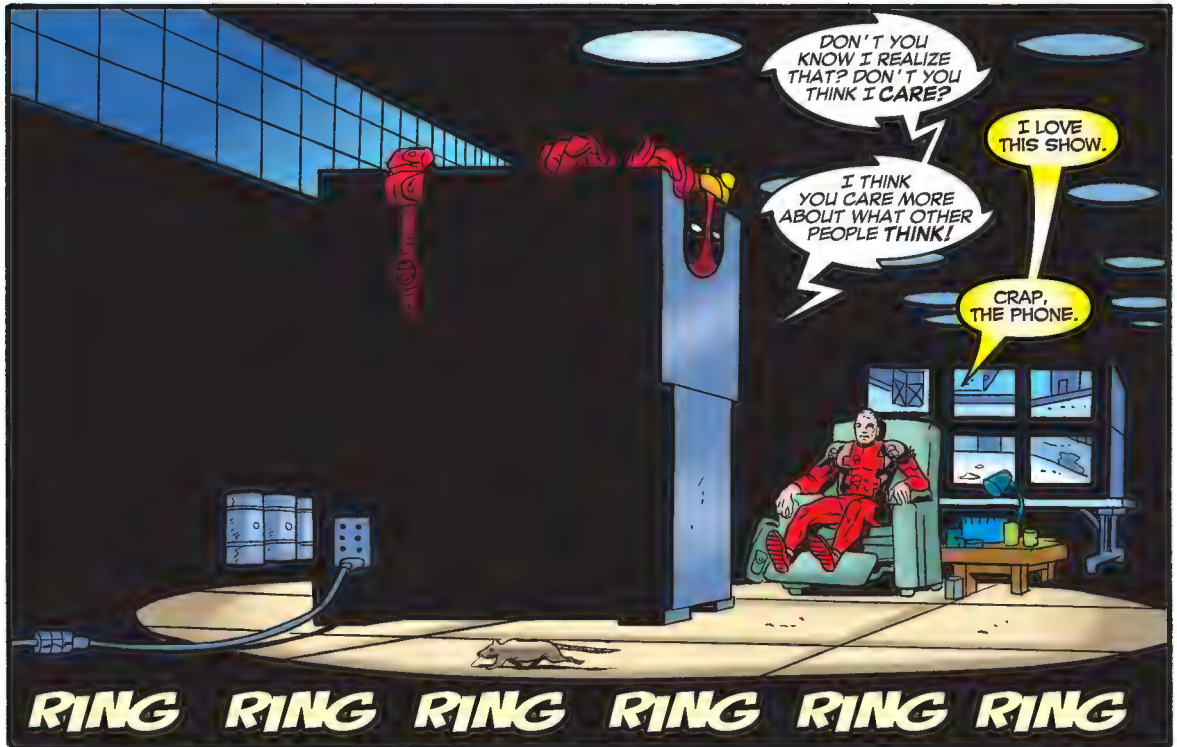
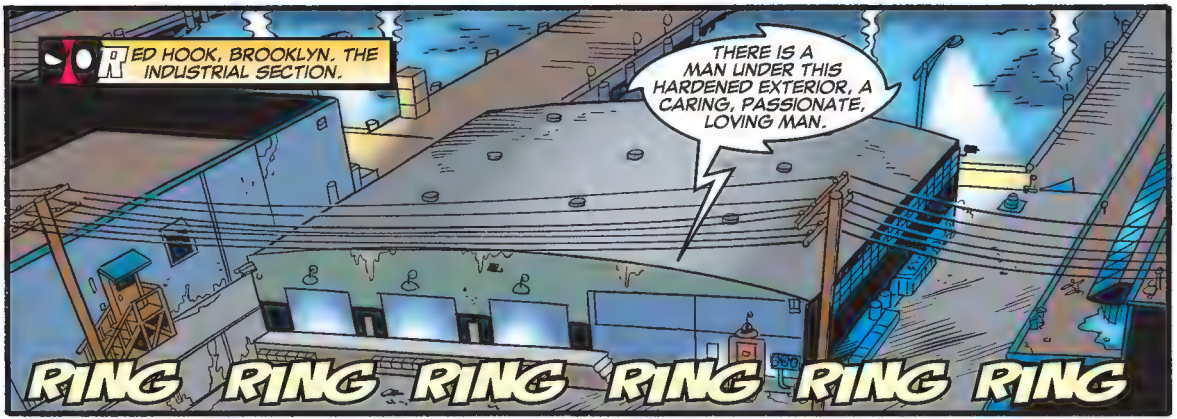


CRUNCH  
SLERP  
NARRRRR SLERP

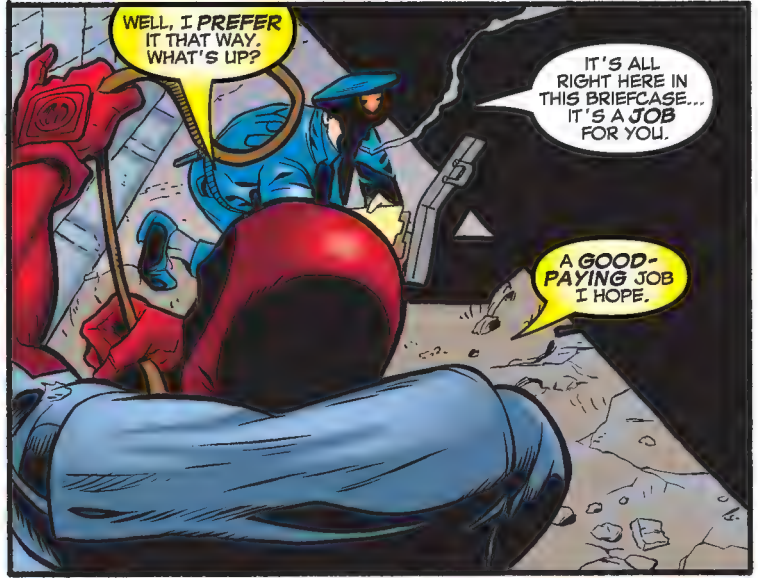




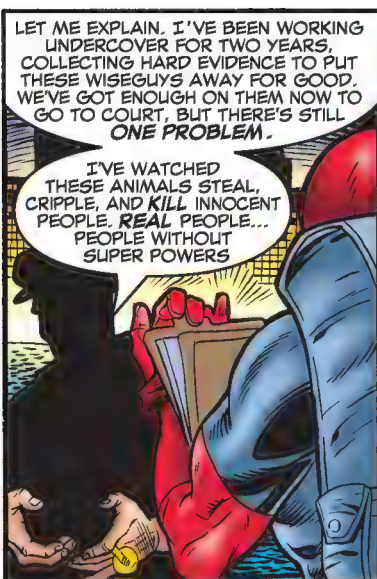












LET ME EXPLAIN. I'VE BEEN WORKING UNDERCOVER FOR TWO YEARS, COLLECTING HARD EVIDENCE TO PUT THESE WISEGUYS AWAY FOR GOOD. WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ON THEM NOW TO GO TO COURT, BUT THERE'S STILL **ONE PROBLEM.**

I'VE WATCHED THESE ANIMALS STEAL, CRIPPLE, AND KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE. **REAL** PEOPLE... PEOPLE WITHOUT SUPER POWERS



THE MINUTE THEY FIND OUT IT'S ME TESTIFYING AGAINST THEM, MY WIFE, PARENTS, FAMILY AND FRIENDS... EVERYONE I KNOW AND COME INTO CONTACT WITH IS IN **DANGER.** THEY'RE ALL DEAD BECAUSE OF ME.

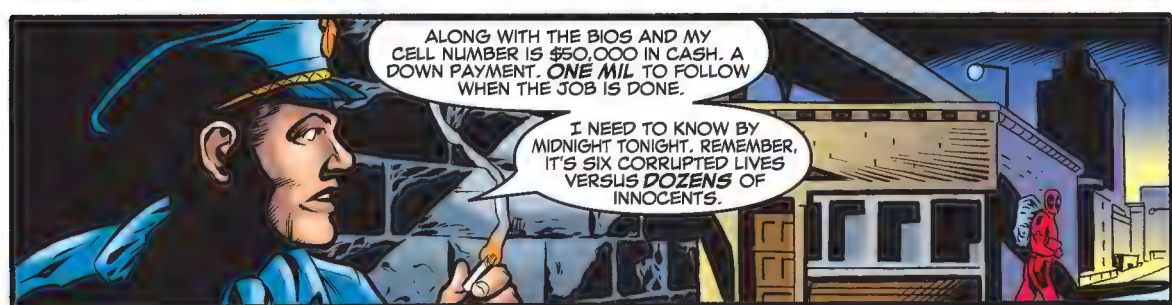
THE DOMINOS WILL FALL AND BLOOD'LL RUN IN THE STREETS. I'VE SEEN WHAT THEY'RE CAPABLE OF. THEY'VE GOT **NO FEAR**... KILLING IS A PART OF THEIR EVERYDAY LIVES.



I NEED THEM **GONE** BEFORE THIS EVER HITS THE COURTS... YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME. READ THE BIOS AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND.

WHY IN THE UNIFORM, THEN?

I KNOW IT'S STUPID, BUT I FEEL **SAFER** IN IT ... AND I FIGURED YOU'D TAKE ME MORE SERIOUSLY.



ALONG WITH THE BIOS AND MY CELL NUMBER IS \$50,000 IN CASH. A DOWN PAYMENT. **ONE MIL** TO FOLLOW WHEN THE JOB IS DONE.

I NEED TO KNOW BY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT. REMEMBER, IT'S SIX CORRUPTED LIVES VERSUS **DOZENS** OF INNOCENTS.



MY GOD. THESE YAHOOOS MAKE ME LOOK LIKE MOTHER TERESA.

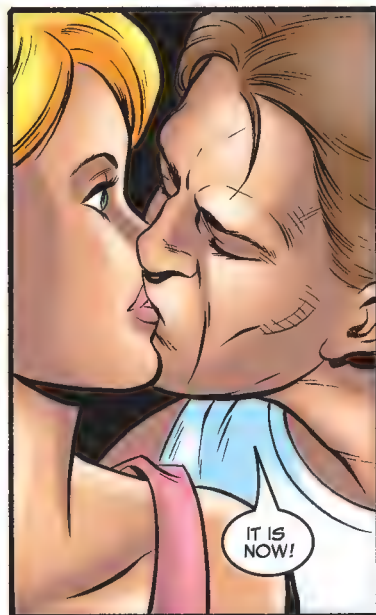
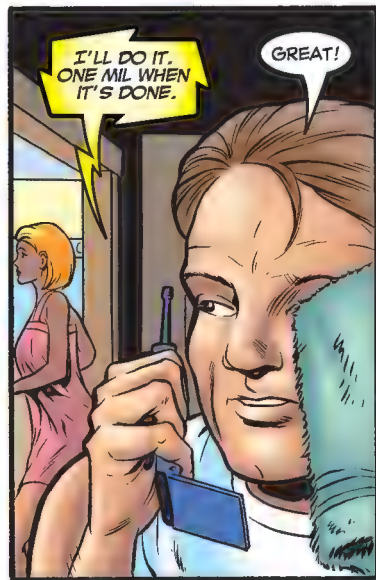
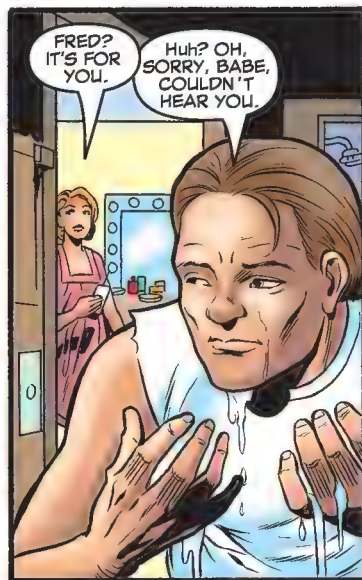
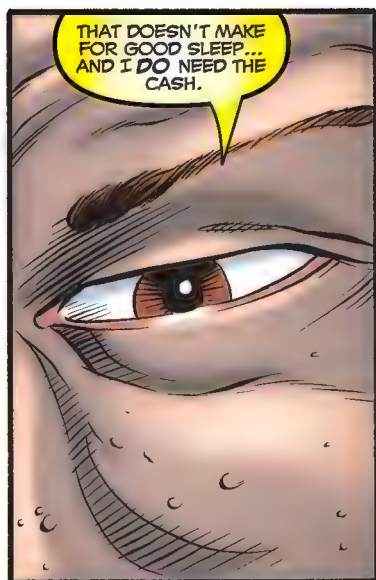
I KNOW IT'S MURDER, BUT THESE GUYS ARE THE **REAL DEAL.** KILLED SO MANY INNOCENT PEOPLE... FAMILIES DESTROYED... CHILDREN SLAIN.

NO JAIL HOLDS THEM, AND EVEN WHEN THEY **ARE** INSIDE, PEOPLE KEEP MURDERING IN THEIR NAME.

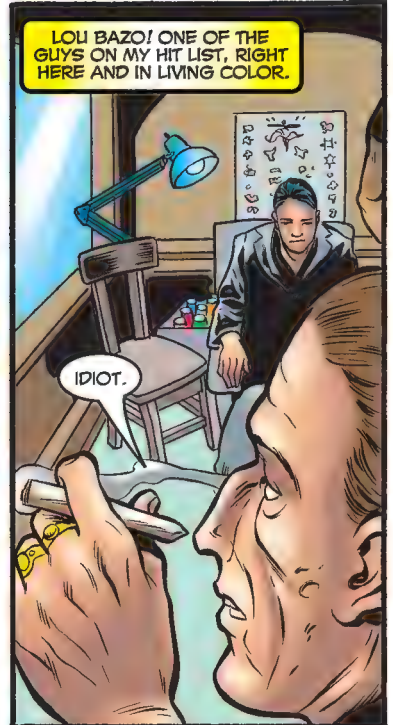
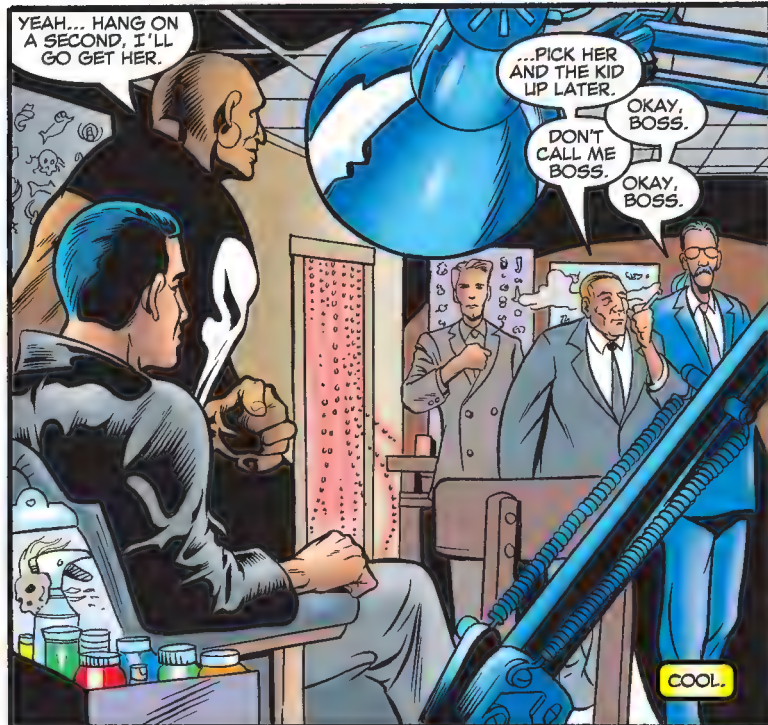
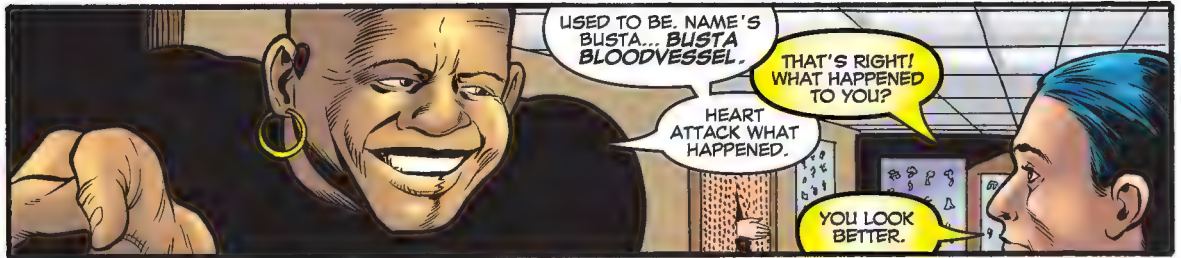
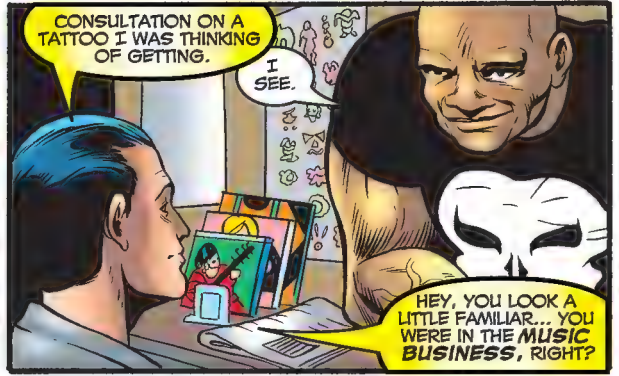
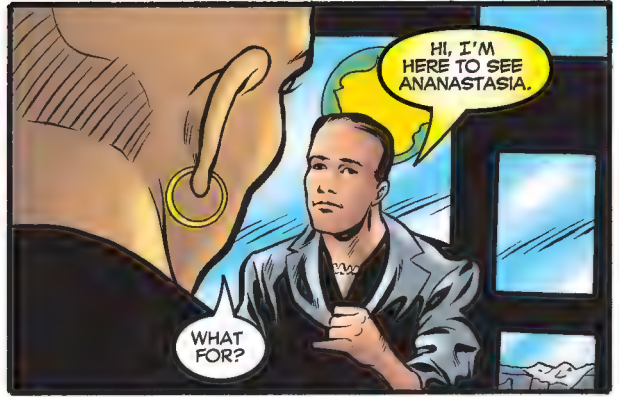
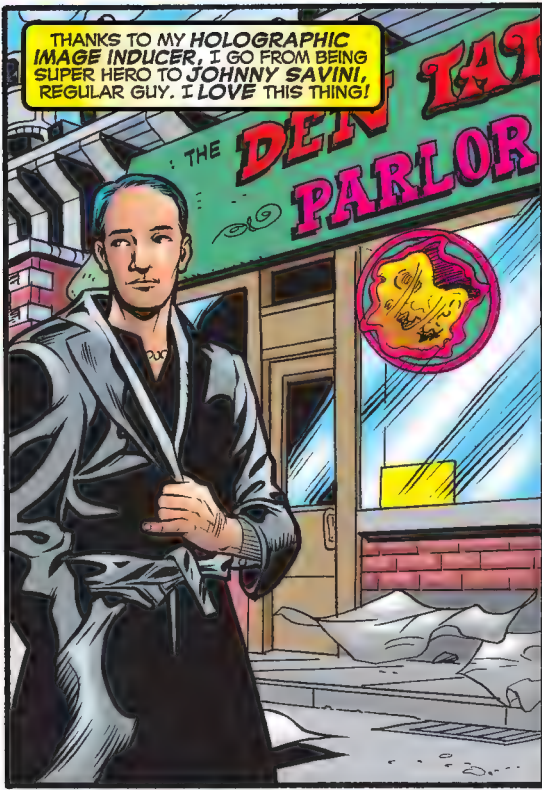
PLUS I COULD USE THE CASH TO PAY FOR THIS PLACE ...

... I THINK I'M GOING TO BE **SICK.**

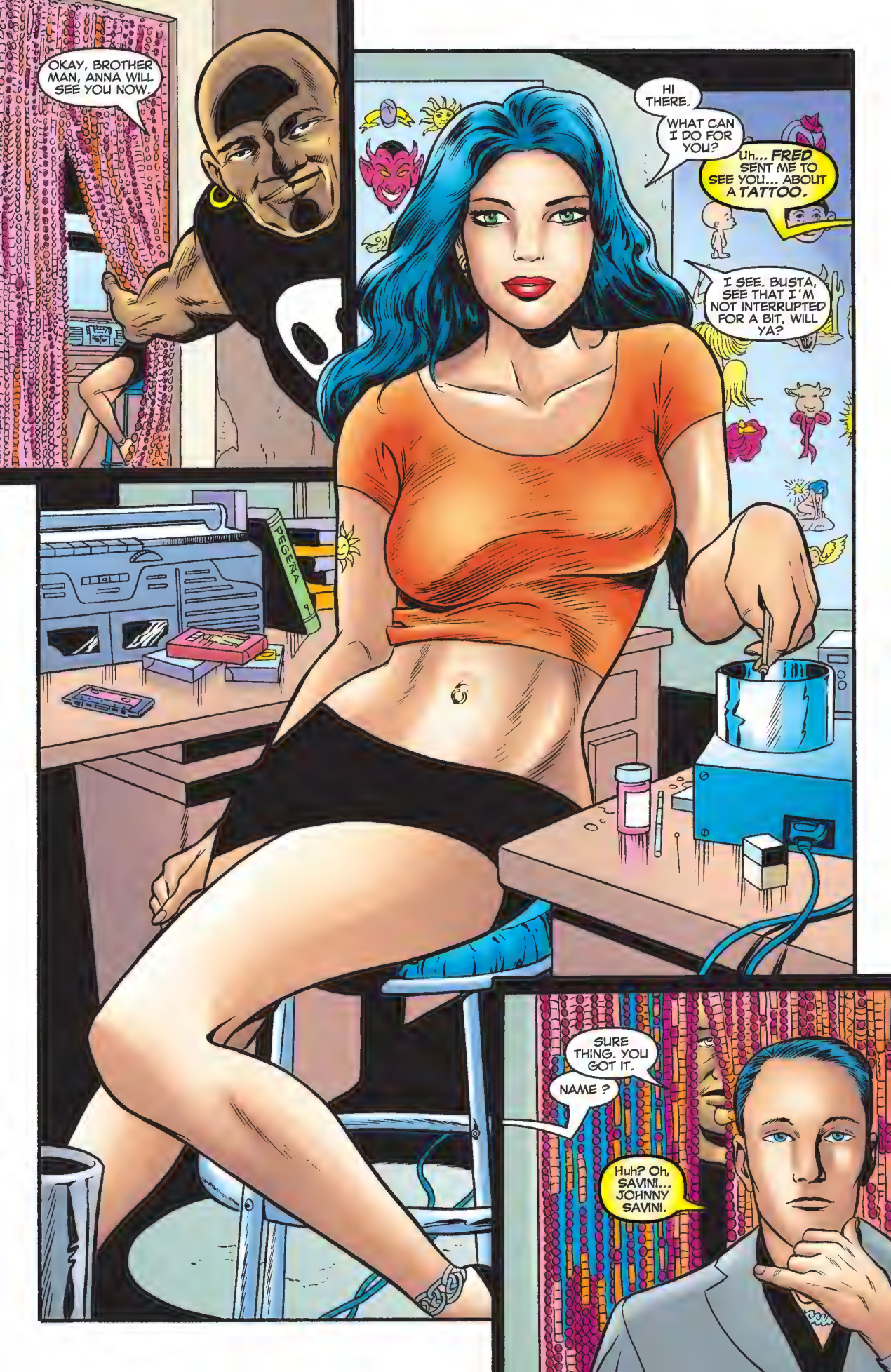












OKAY, BROTHER  
MAN, ANNA WILL  
SEE YOU NOW.

HI  
THERE.  
WHAT CAN  
I DO FOR  
YOU?

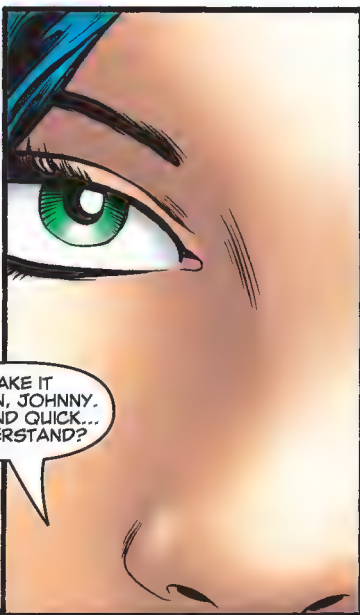
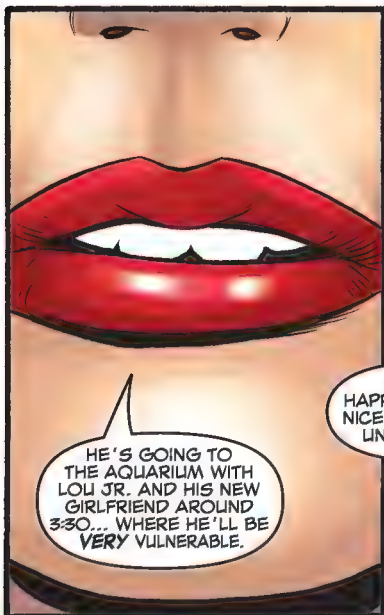
Uh... FRED  
SENT ME TO  
SEE YOU... ABOUT  
A TATTOO.

I SEE. BUSTA,  
SEE THAT I'M  
NOT INTERRUPTED  
FOR A BIT, WILL  
YA?

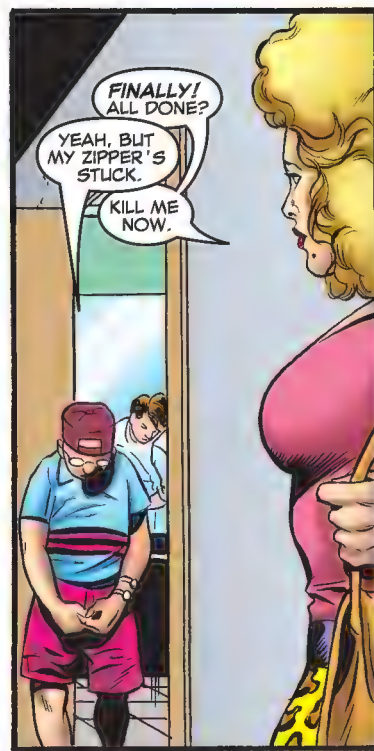
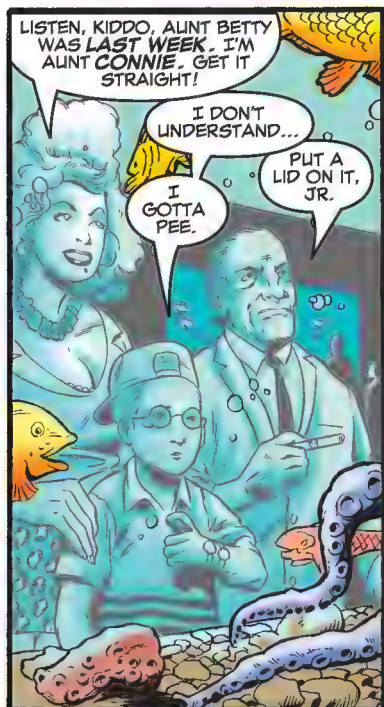
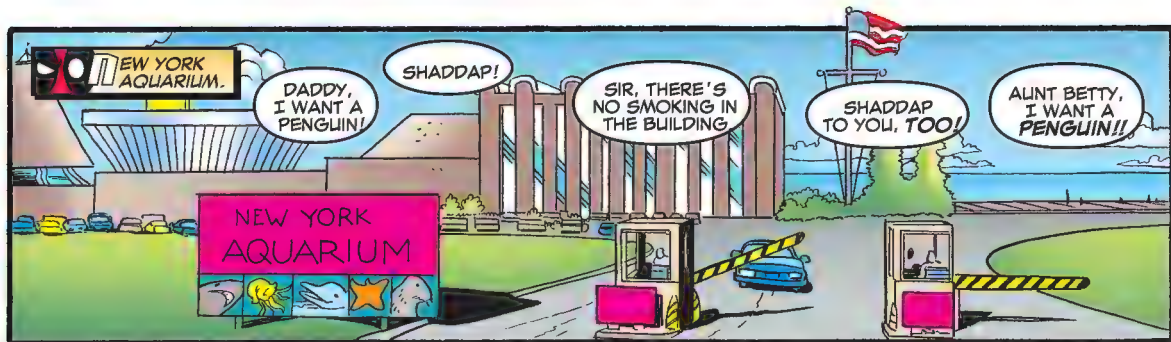
SURE  
THING, YOU  
GOT IT.  
NAME ?

Huh? Oh,  
SAVINI...  
JOHNNY  
SAVINI.

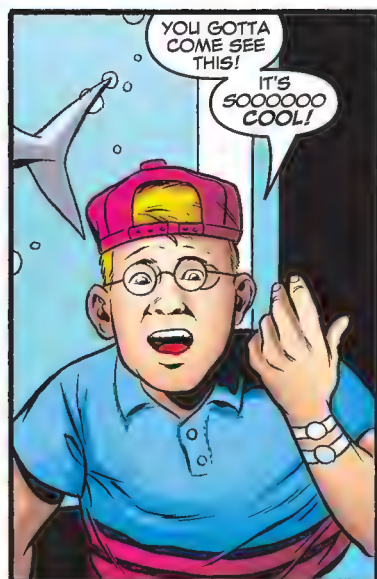
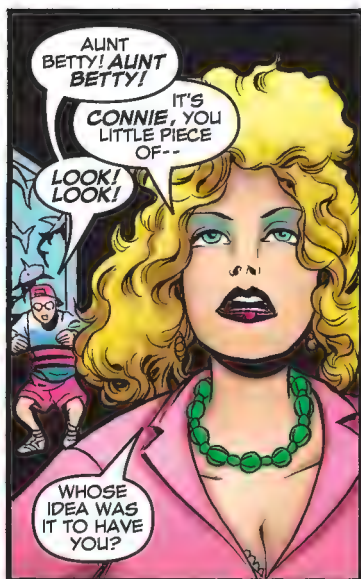
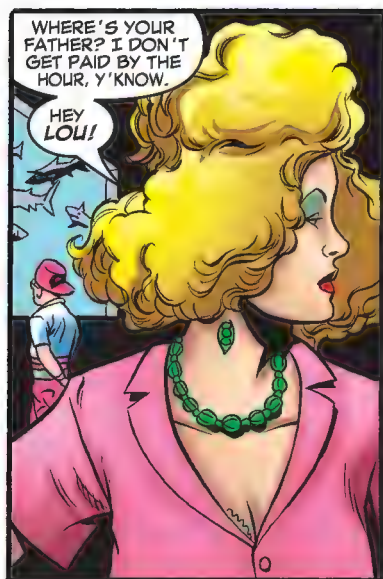




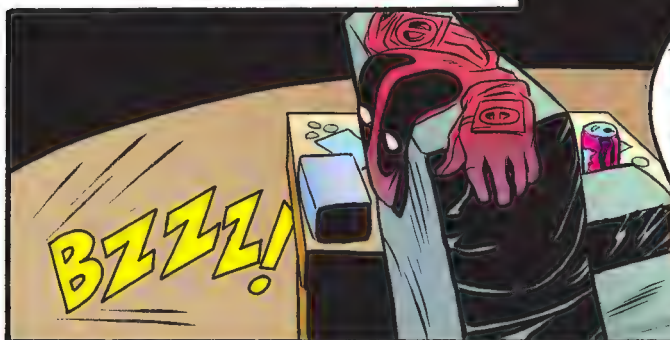
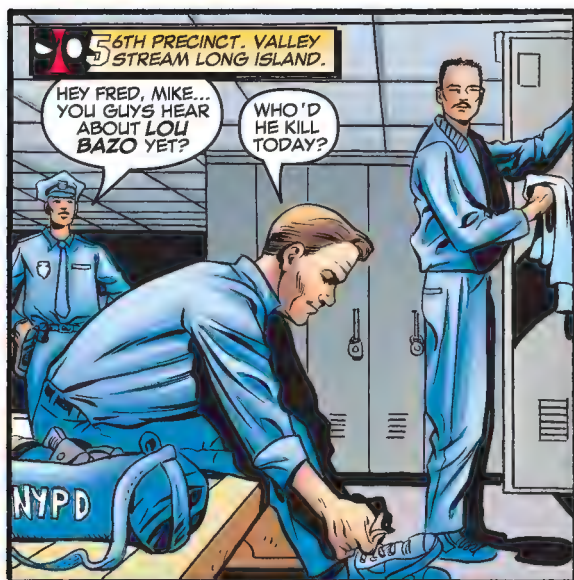




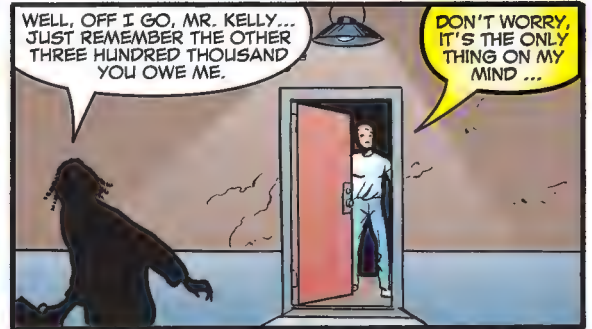
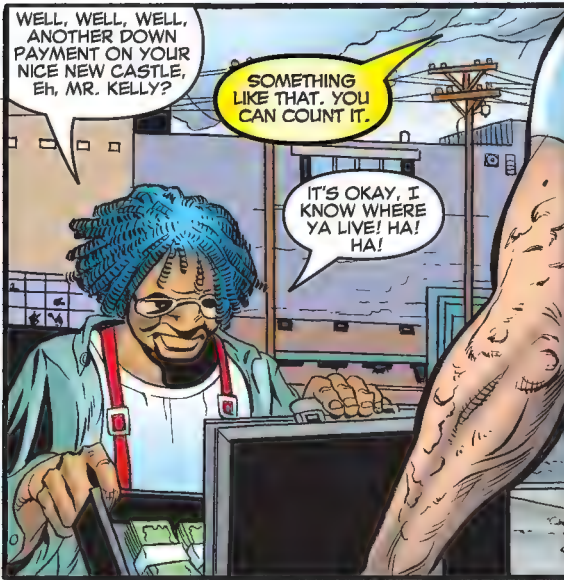
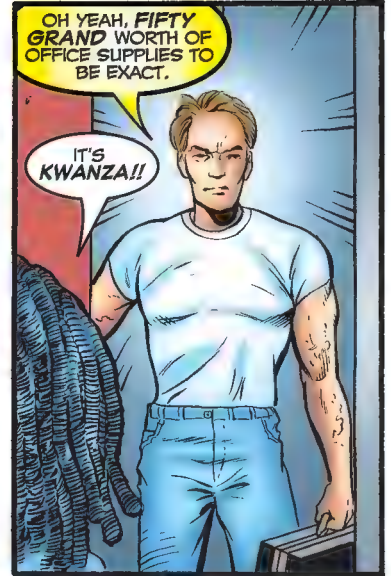




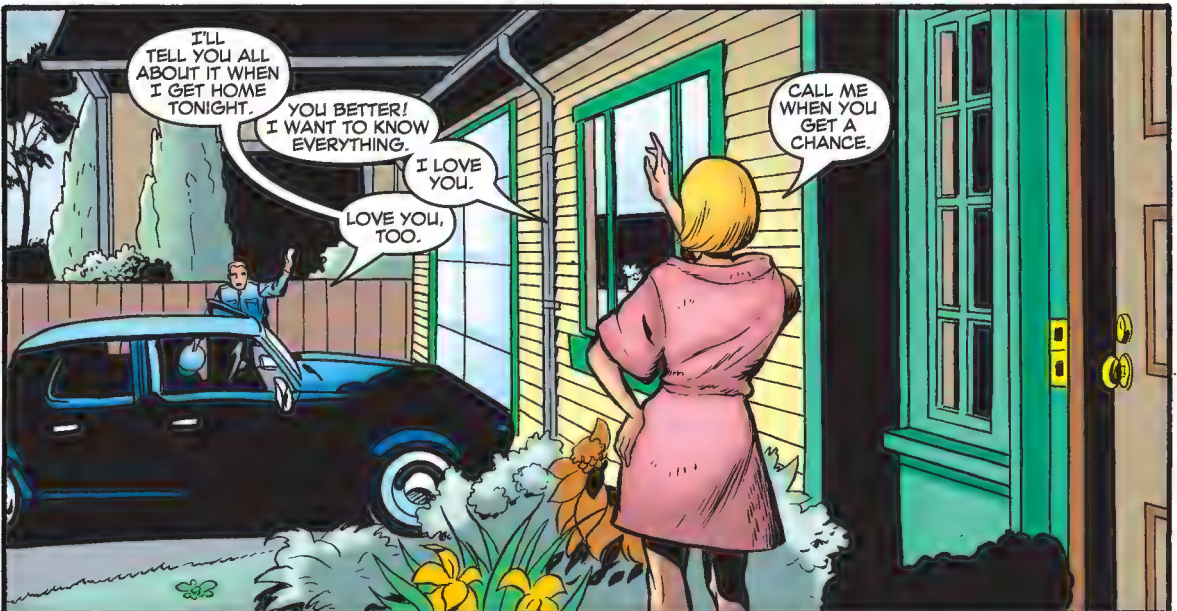
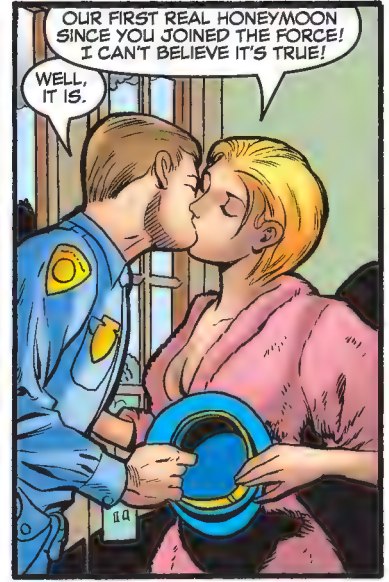
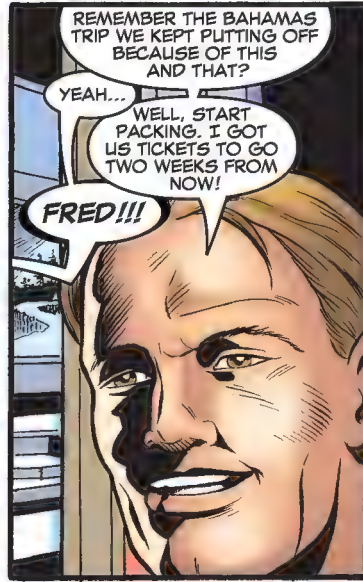
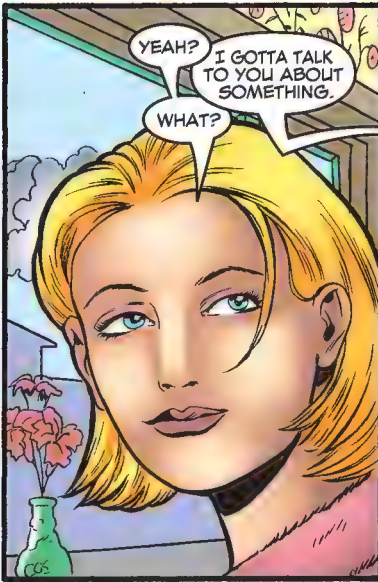
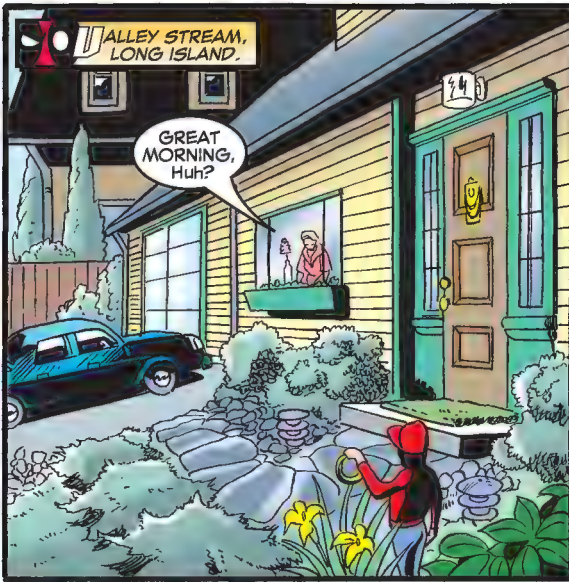




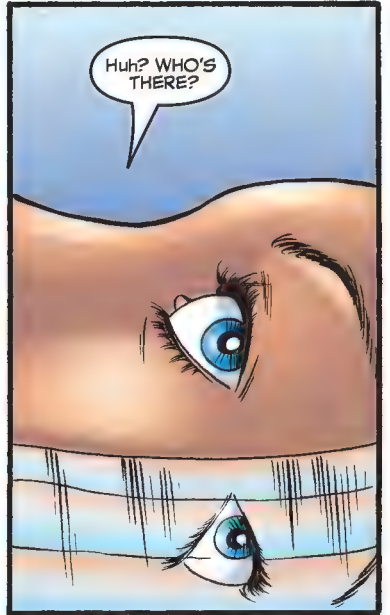
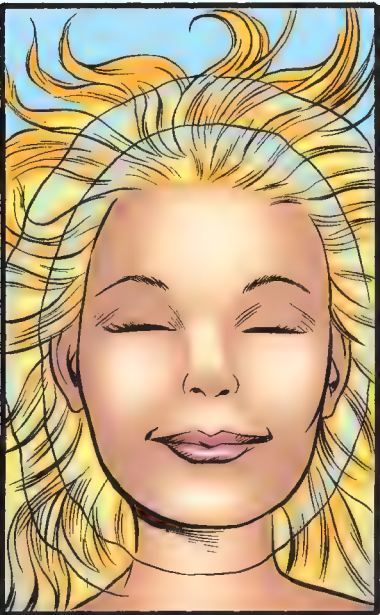
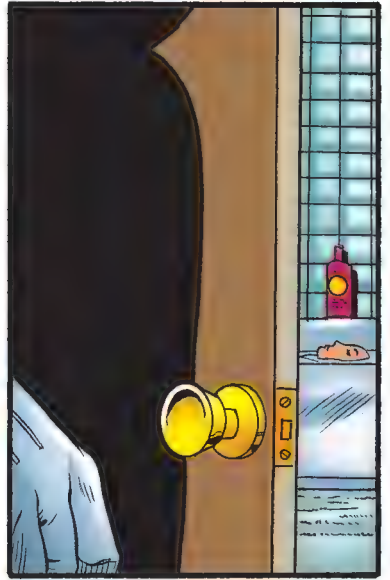
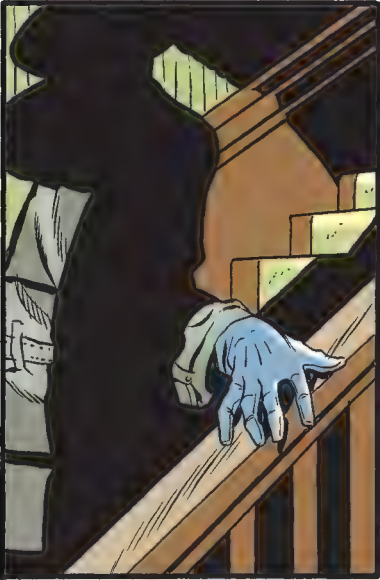
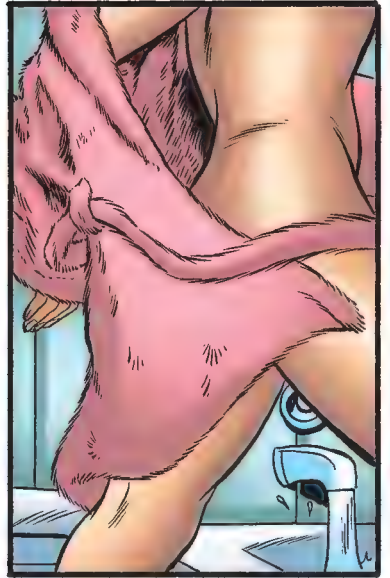
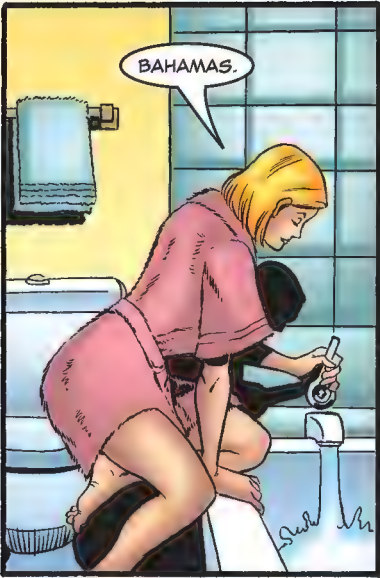




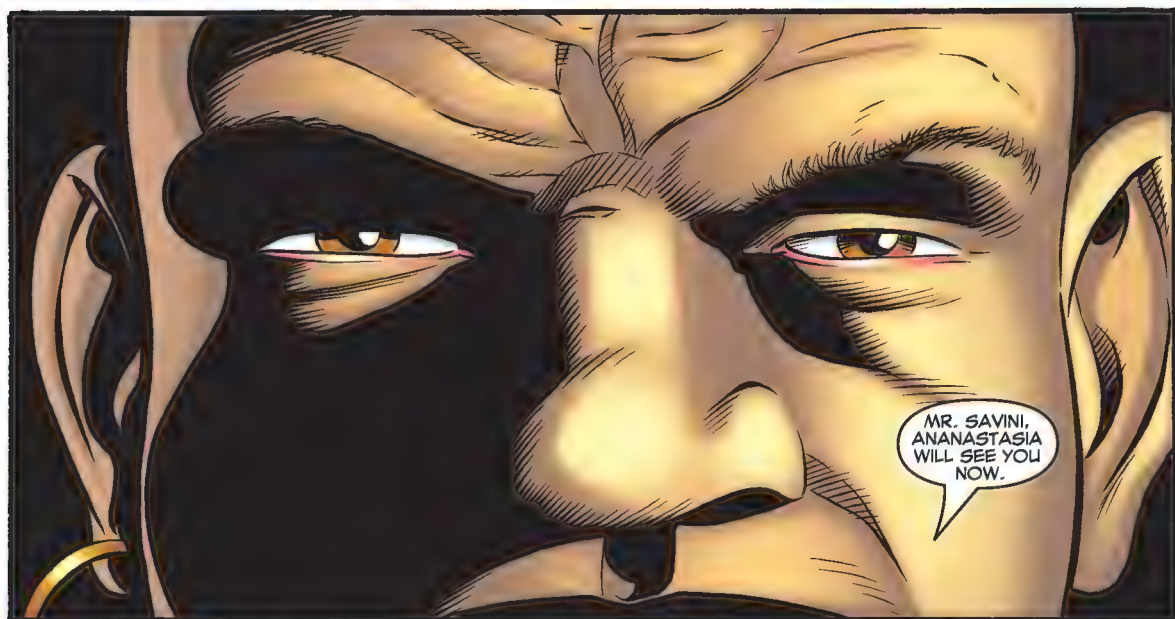
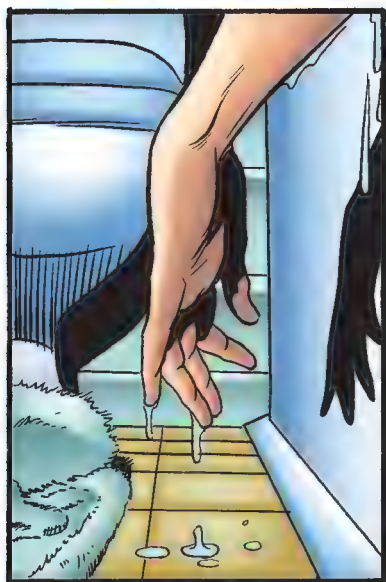




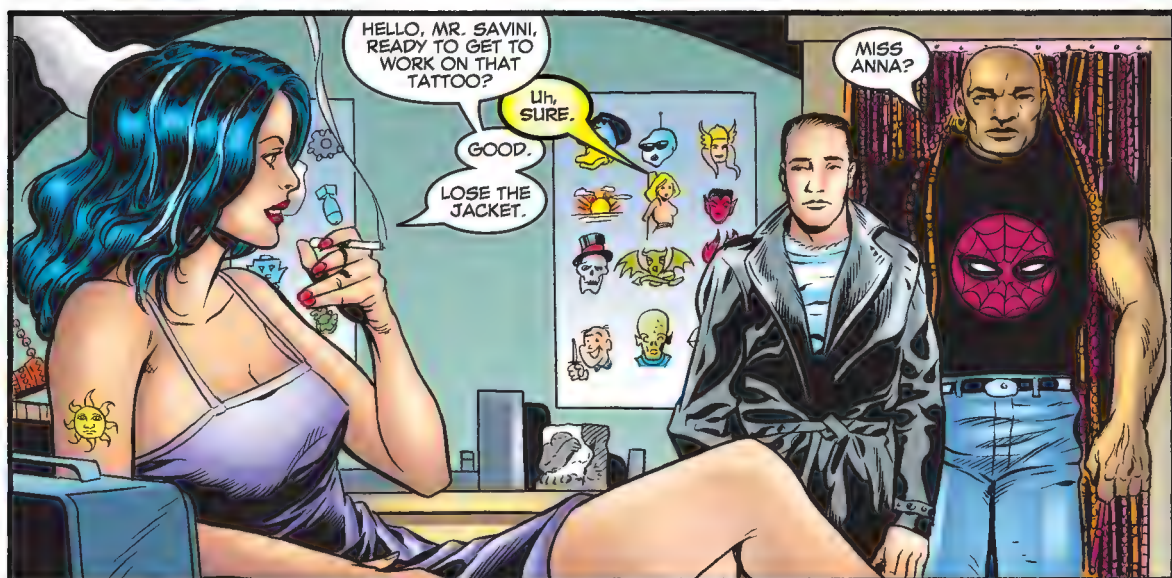




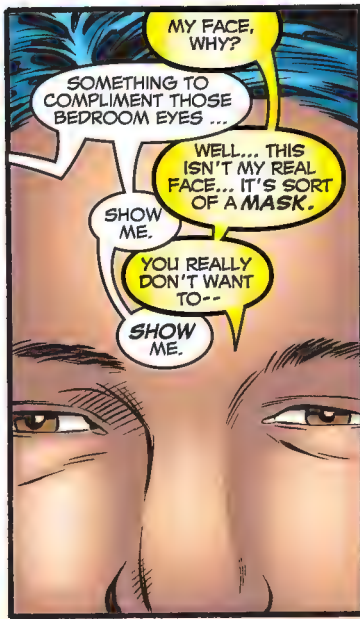
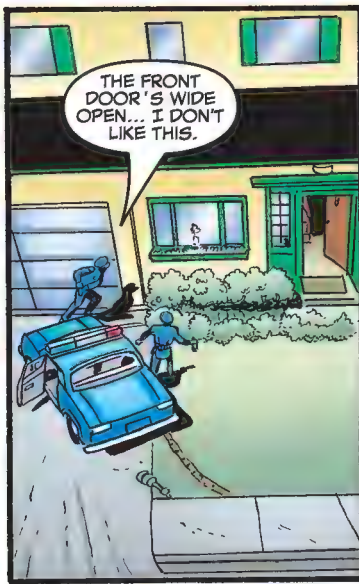
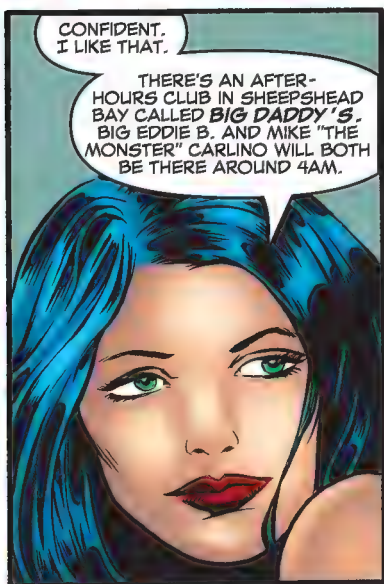
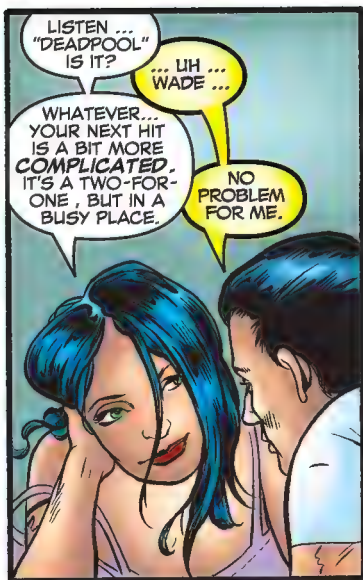
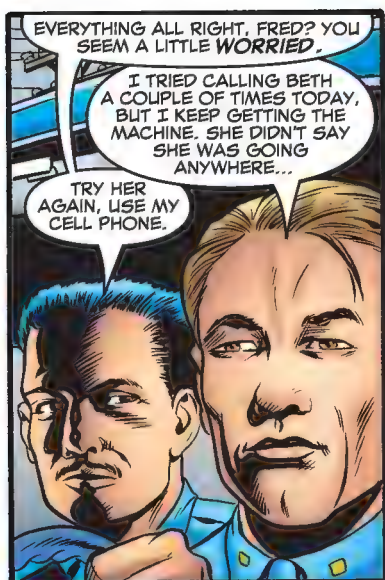




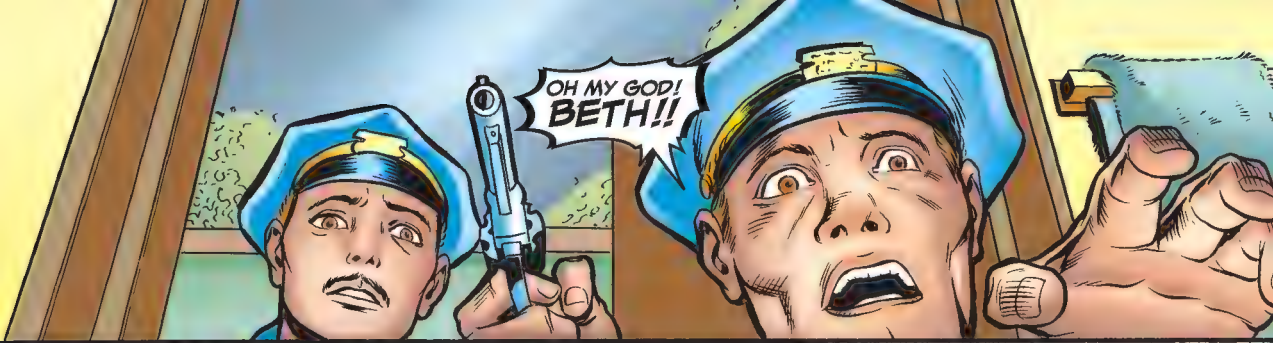












OH MY GOD!  
BETH!!



OKAY, YOU  
ASKED FOR  
IT.

TA  
DA!

YOU STILL  
HAVE TIME  
TO RUN.

WOW... THIS  
I CAN WORK  
WITH.

END  
PART  
1



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# DEADPOOL

WELCOME  
TO  
BROOKLYN

CRUEL  
SUMMER **PART 2** OF 3

CHADWICK  
PALMIOTTI  
-00-

PALMIOTTI

CHADWICK

RANDALL





SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER! **STAN LEE PRESENTS:**

# DEADPOOL



JIG DADDY SOCIAL CLUB, BROOKLYN,  
NEW YORK, FIVE A.M.



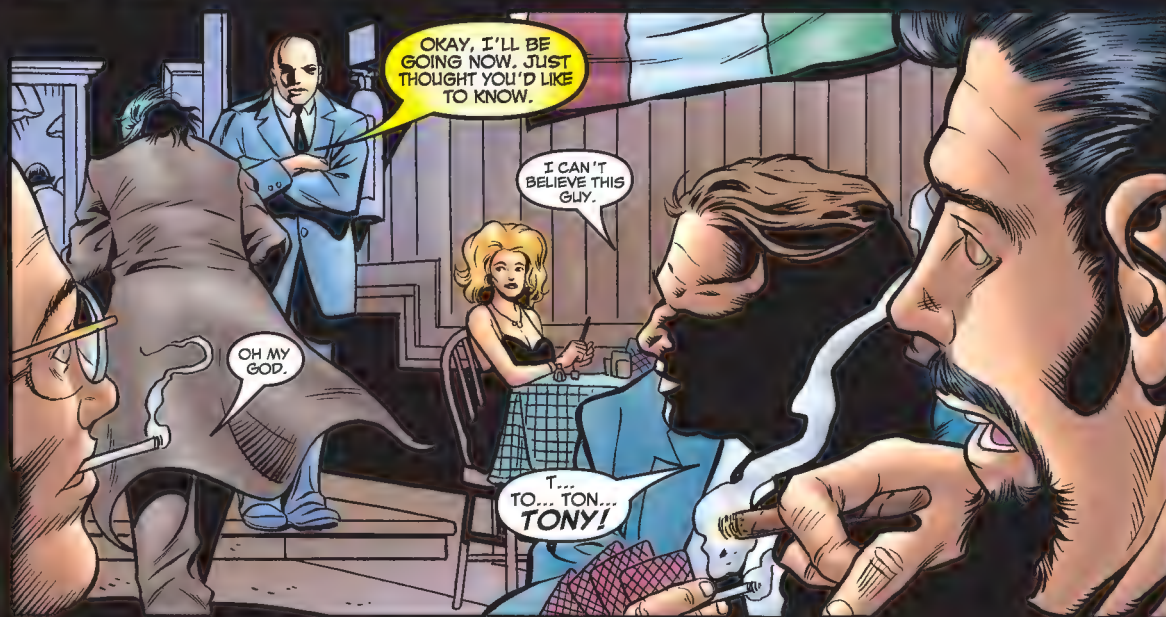
HEY, BIG  
EDDIE B. ...  
GOT A  
MINUTE?

MIKE THE  
MONSTER... WHAT'S  
UP? YOU WANT  
IN THE GAME?

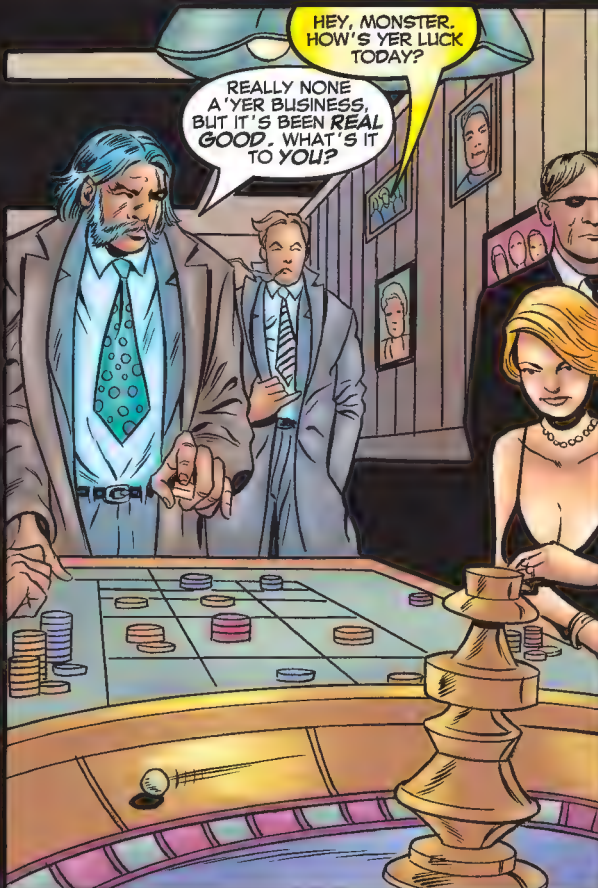
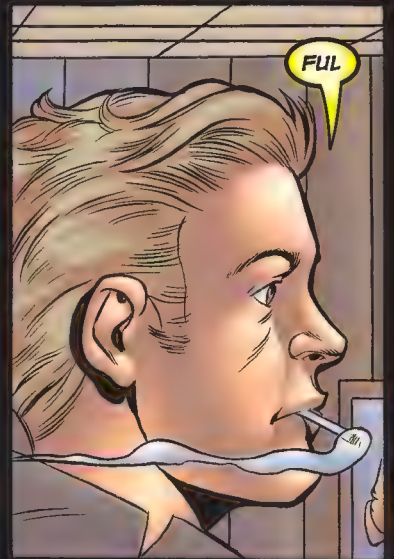
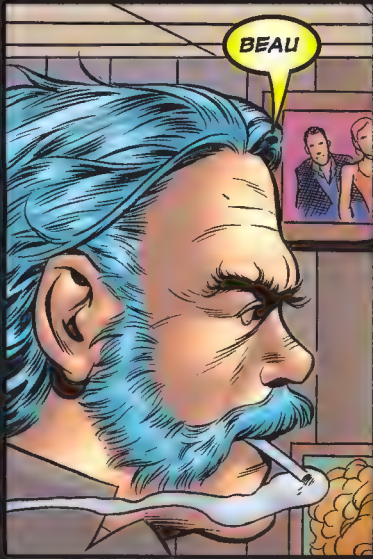
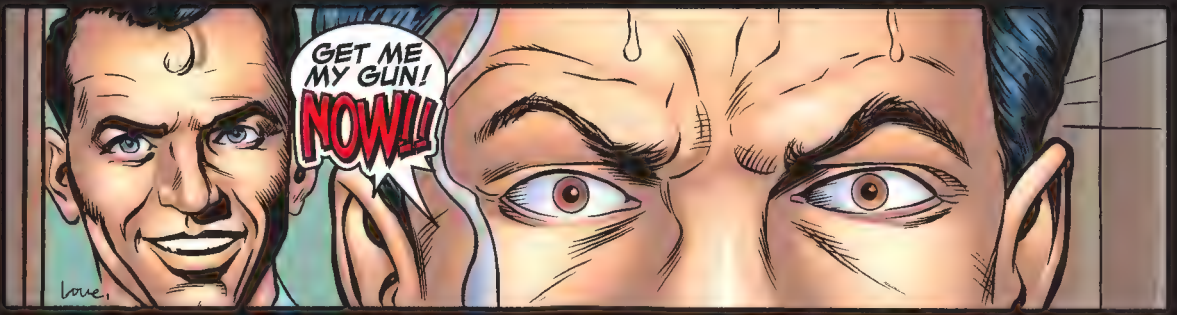
YO,  
MONSTER.

HEY,  
MIKE.











# CRUEL SUMMER

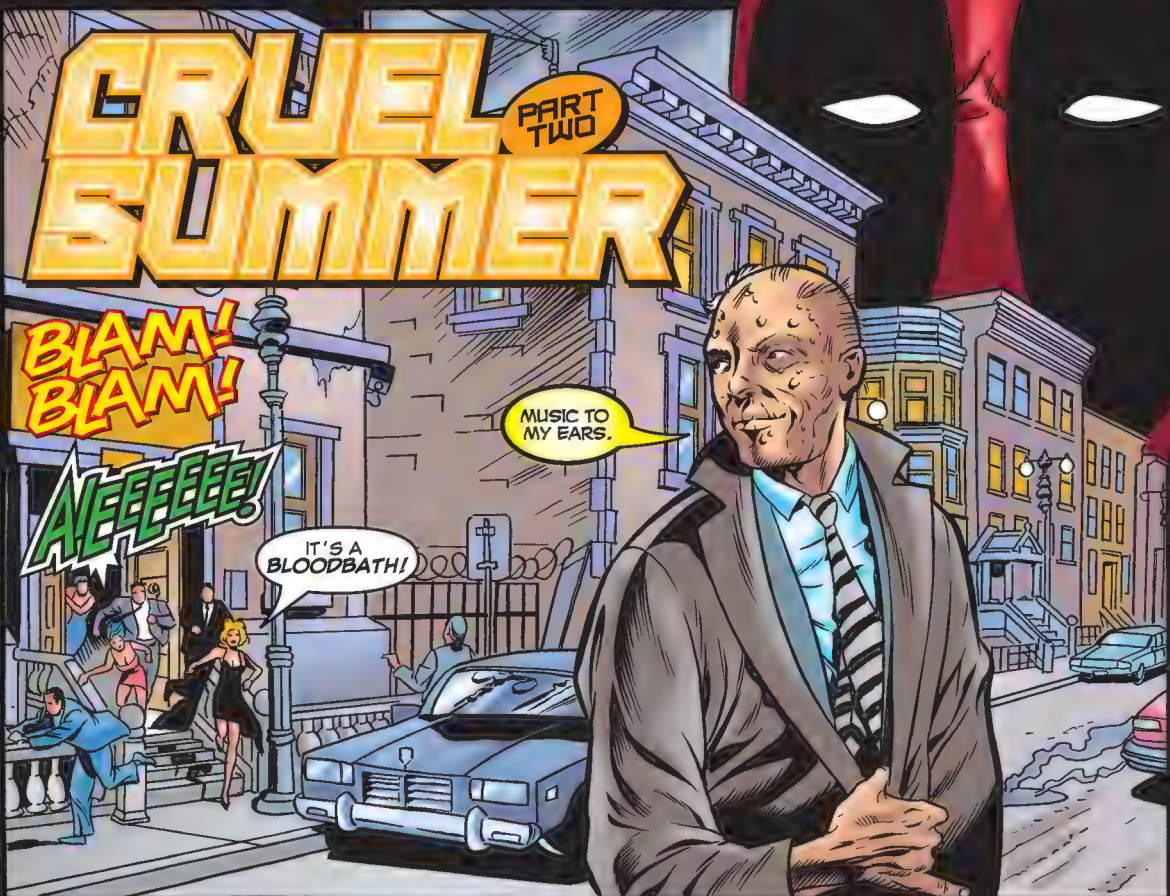
PART TWO

BLAM!  
BLAM!

AIEEEEE!

IT'S A  
BLOODBATH!

MUSIC TO  
MY EARS.



Jimmy **PALMIOTTI** WRITER Paul **CHADWICK** PENCILER Ron **RANDALL** INKER

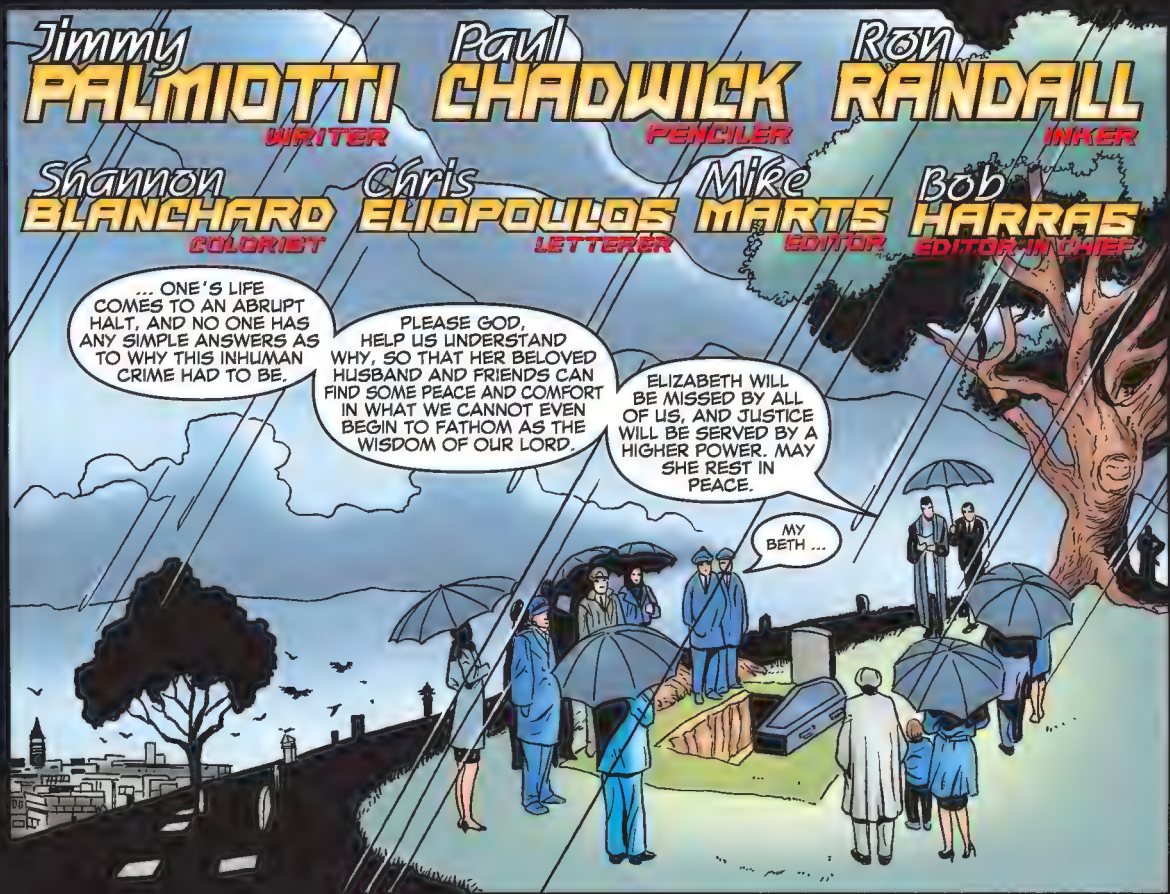
Shannon **BLANCHARD** COLORIST Chris **ELIOPOULOS** LETTERER Mike **MARTS** EDITOR Bob **HARRAS** EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

... ONE'S LIFE  
COMES TO AN ABRUPT  
HALT, AND NO ONE HAS  
ANY SIMPLE ANSWERS AS  
TO WHY THIS INHUMAN  
CRIME HAD TO BE.

PLEASE GOD,  
HELP US UNDERSTAND  
WHY, SO THAT HER BELOVED  
HUSBAND AND FRIENDS CAN  
FIND SOME PEACE AND COMFORT  
IN WHAT WE CANNOT EVEN  
BEGIN TO FATHOM AS THE  
WISDOM OF OUR LORD.

ELIZABETH WILL  
BE MISSED BY ALL  
OF US, AND JUSTICE  
WILL BE SERVED BY A  
HIGHER POWER. MAY  
SHE REST IN  
PEACE.

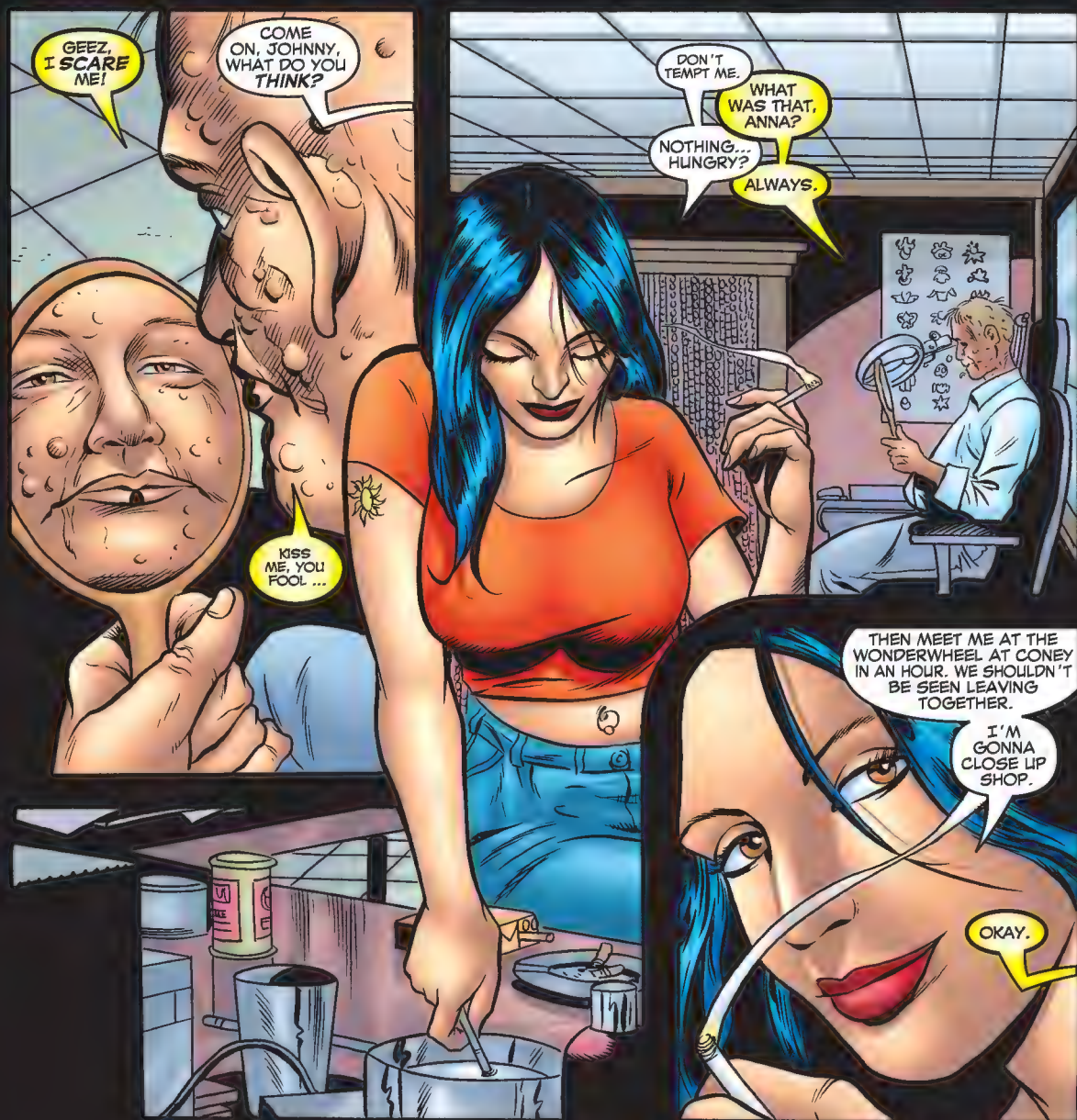
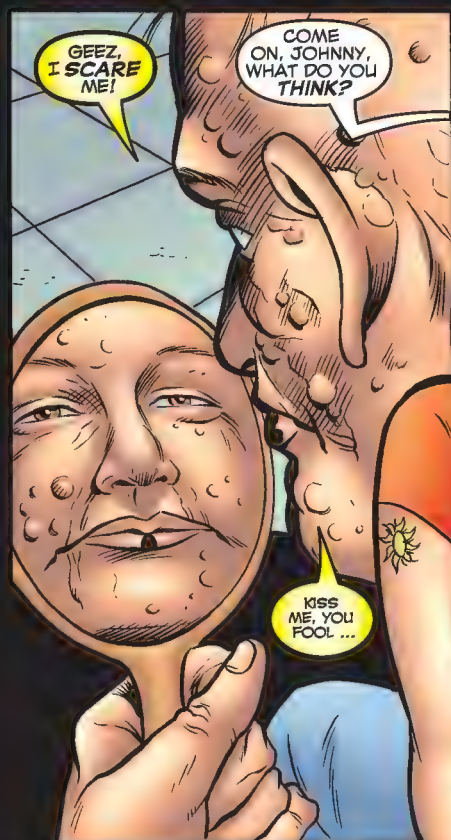
MY  
BETH ...













ONE CLICK OF THE HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE INDUCER  
AND I GO FROM HORROR SHOW DEADPOOL  
TO **JOHNNY SAVINI**, MAN ON THE MOVE.

YOU'RE  
LATE.

SORRY,  
HAD TO MAKE  
A FEW CALLS.

NO BIGGIE,  
I KIND OF LIKE IT  
DOWN HERE.

## HOW SO?

WELL, THE SOUND OF THE OCEAN, THE FLASHING LIGHTS, THE SMELL OF BURPED UP NATHAN'S HOT DOGS... AND OF COURSE, MY HOME AWAY FROM HOME, THE **FREAK SHOW.**

WHY DO  
YOU DO  
THAT?

DO  
WHAT?

NEVER MIND.

HEY,  
TOUGH  
GUY!

WHY DON'T YA  
SHOW THE PRETTY  
LADY WHAT YER  
**MADE OF?**

THEY  
SAY THERE'S  
A SUCKER  
BORN EVERY  
MINUTE.

WELL  
THEN START  
SUCKING.

OKAY, PORKY, LET'S SEE  
IF YA CAN ABSORB ALL THE  
**RULES**. YOU GET **100 BULLETS**  
TO SHOOT OUT THE RED STAR. IF  
THERE AIN'T ANY PART OF THE RED  
STAR SHOWIN' BY THE TIME YER  
DONE, YOU WIN A **BIG PRIZE**.  
IF THERE IS ... YOU LOSE.

PLAY  
NICE.

"PORKY"? WHAT  
I WOULDN'T GIVE  
TO SHOOT A  
**BLOWHOLE** IN  
THIS GUY.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... WE GOT A WINNER.

Uh, GIVE ME A SECOND TO DUST OFF THE BEAR, WILL YA?

MY  
HERO

FINALLY,  
SOMETHING  
WORTHY OF MY  
SKILLS!





THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR WINNING ME THIS.

NO BIG DEAL ...

TO ME, IT IS.

I'M REALLY HAVING A GOOD TIME WITH YOU.

ANNA, I HAVE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION ...



YOU THINK IT'S SAFE TO SWIM IN THE OCEAN WITH ALL THOSE CONEY ISLAND WHITEFISH EVERYWHERE?

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME, JOHNNY.

YEAH... I AM.

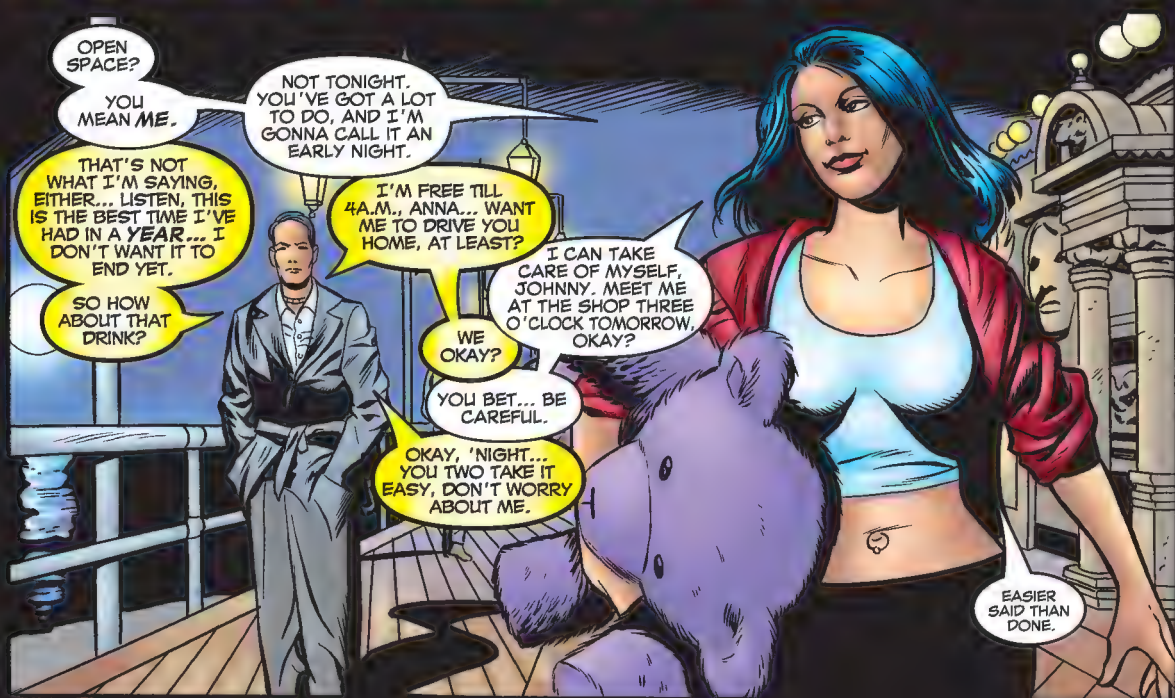
THIS IS THE PART OF THE EVENING WHERE IT GETS REALLY HARD FOR ME ... ALL THIS "MIXING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE" STUFF.

WITHOUT YOUR HELP, I NEVER COULD HAVE TAKEN ALL THOSE GUYS OUT SO EASILY.



I SEE. SO ALL I AM IS A "GIG" TO YOU, IS THAT IT?

NO, THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN... IT'S JUST THAT... LOOK, LET'S GO SOMEPLACE AND GET A DRINK... ALL THIS OPEN SPACE IS MAKING ME UNCOMFORTABLE.



OPEN SPACE?

YOU MEAN ME.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M SAYING, EITHER... LISTEN, THIS IS THE BEST TIME I'VE HAD IN A YEAR... I DON'T WANT IT TO END YET.

SO HOW ABOUT THAT DRINK?

NOT TONIGHT. YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO DO, AND I'M GONNA CALL IT AN EARLY NIGHT.

I'M FREE TILL 4A.M., ANNA... WANT ME TO DRIVE YOU HOME, AT LEAST?

WE OKAY?

YOU BET... BE CAREFUL.

OKAY, 'NIGHT... YOU TWO TAKE IT EASY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

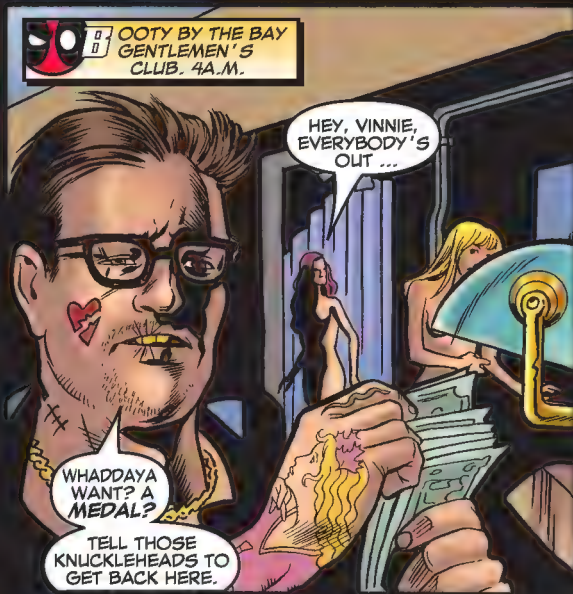
I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, JOHNNY. MEET ME AT THE SHOP THREE O'CLOCK TOMORROW, OKAY?

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.





OOTY BY THE BAY  
GENTLEMEN'S  
CLUB. 4A.M.



HEY, VINNIE,  
EVERYBODY'S  
OUT ...

WHADDAYA  
WANT? A  
MEDAL?

TELL THOSE  
KNUCKLEHEADS TO  
GET BACK HERE.



CREEP.

VIN-MAN,  
WHAT DO YOU  
NEED?

THE USUAL.  
LET THE GIRLS  
OUT, LOCK UP  
THE FRONT AND  
BRING THE CAR  
AROUND.

YOU GOT IT.  
VIN-MAN.

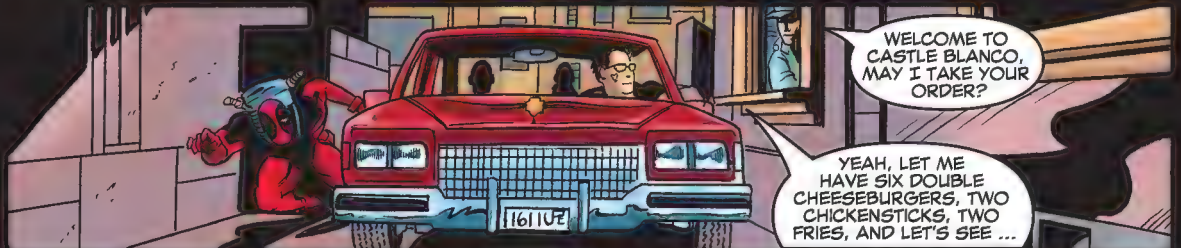
IDIOTS.



... SO JOEY GHOUL TIES 'EM UP AND LEAVES  
'EM IN THE TRUNK WHILE THEY GO TO  
THE RIO DINER FOR SOME BREAKFAST...  
SPEAKING OF WHICH, WHO'S  
HUNGRY?

NOT  
US.

GOOD, ME  
TOO. LET'S  
STOP AT THE  
CASTLE.



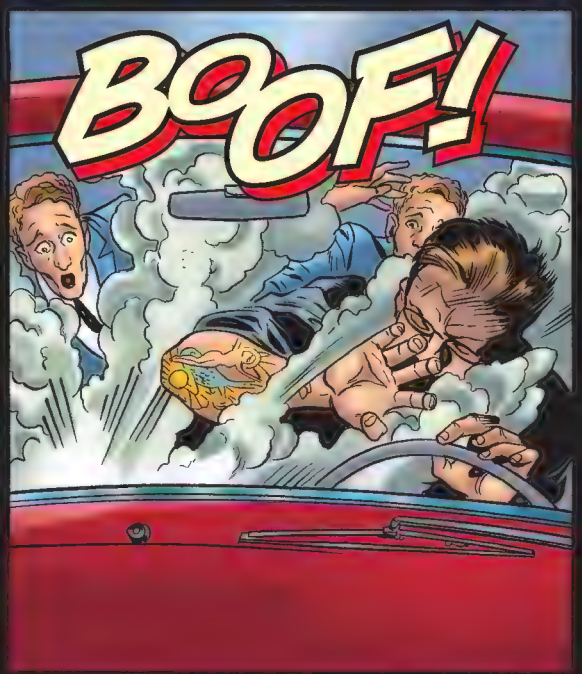
WELCOME TO  
CASTLE BLANCO.  
MAY I TAKE YOUR  
ORDER?

YEAH, LET ME  
HAVE SIX DOUBLE  
CHEESEBURGERS, TWO  
CHICKENSTICKS, TWO  
FRIES, AND LET'S SEE ...



WHY DON'T YOU  
TRY THE HAPPY  
MEAL?

IT COMES  
WITH A FREE  
KNOCKOUT GAS  
GRENADE!

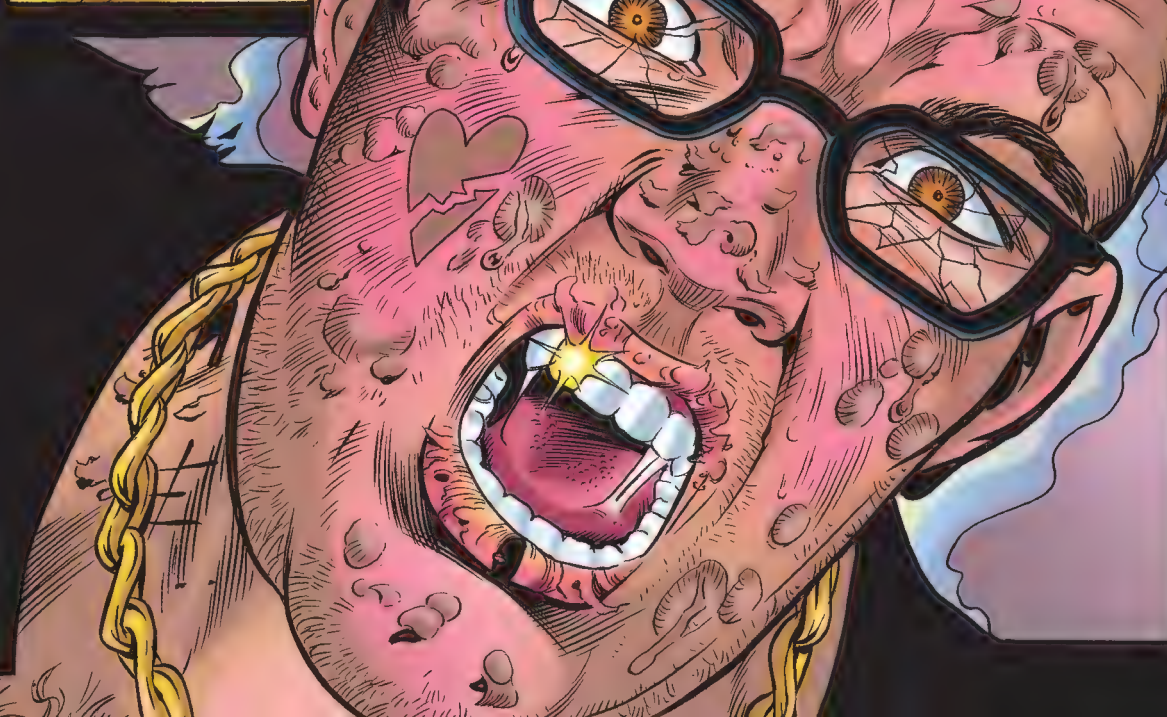
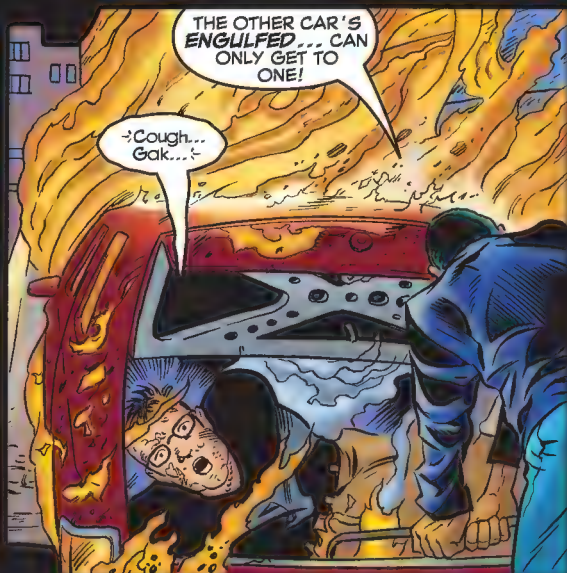


**BOOF!**

















OMMA POSSA'S HOUSE.  
BAY RIDGE, BROOKLYN.

HEY, GRANDMA,  
IT'S US! WE COME  
TO FEED THE  
PETS!

GOOD THING.  
THE GAS MAN  
WAS JUST BY.

YOU  
MAKING US  
LUNCH?

YOU BOYS  
ARE ALWAYS SO  
HUNGRY!

I'M MAKING  
MEATBALLS NOW,  
THEY'LL BE READY  
IN A BIT.



VITO, THESE  
CHICKENS  
SMELL LIKE  
CRAP!

WATCH  
YOUR MOUTH!

SORRY,  
GRANDMA... CAN  
WE KILL THEM  
FIRST?

JERK, HOW  
MANY TIMES HAVE  
I TOLD YOU, THE PETS  
PREFER THEM ALIVE...  
SOMETHING TO DO  
WITH FRESHNESS...  
COME ON, LET'S GO  
DOWNSTAIRS.

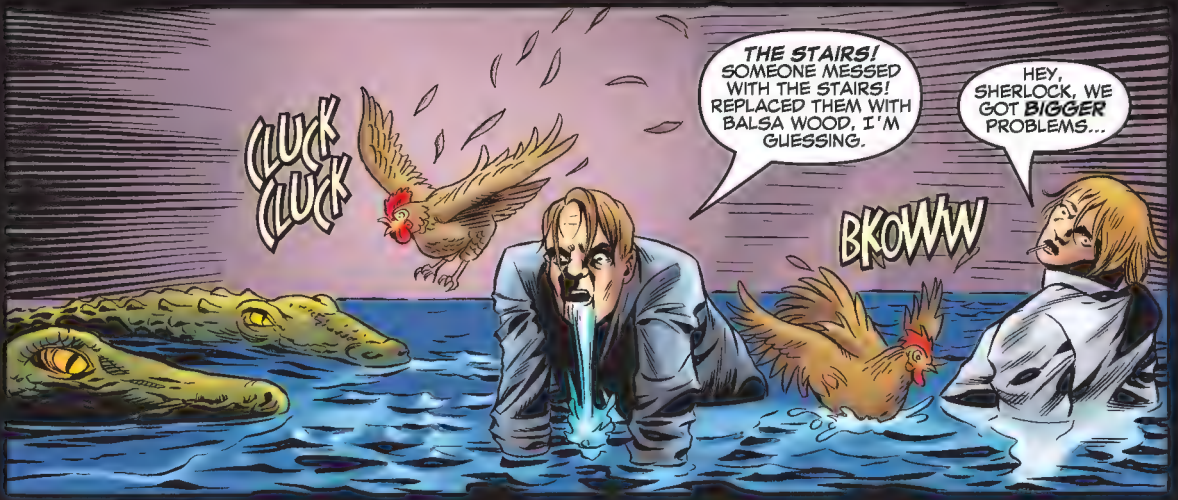


HEY PEE-WEE,  
SCOOOOBYYYY,  
DINNER TIME! WE  
GOT YOUR  
FAVORITES!

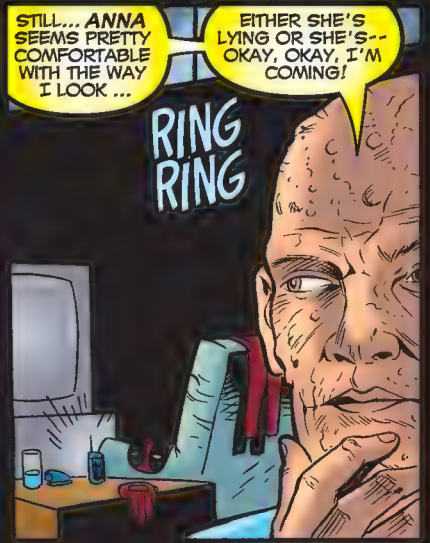
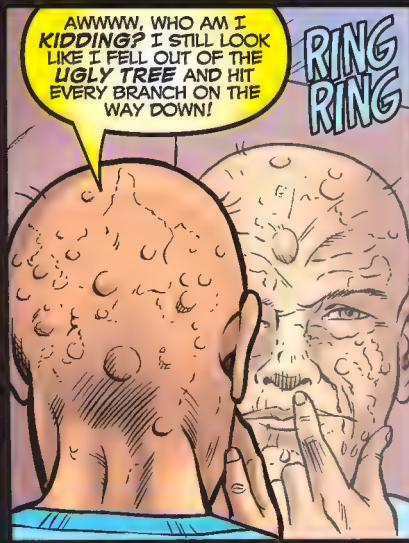
SNAP!

WHAT  
THE--?

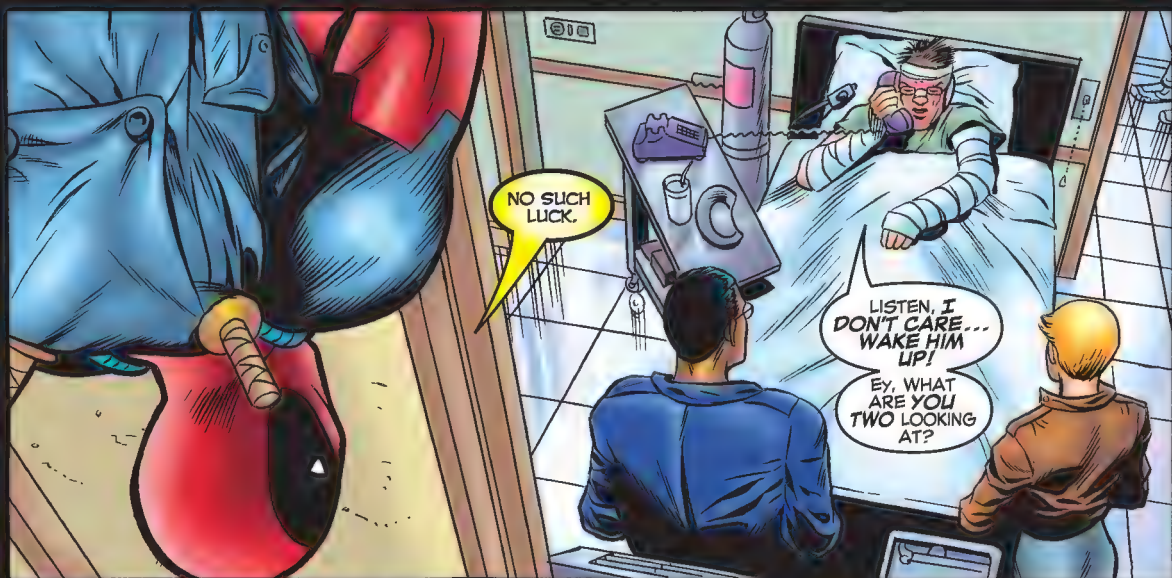




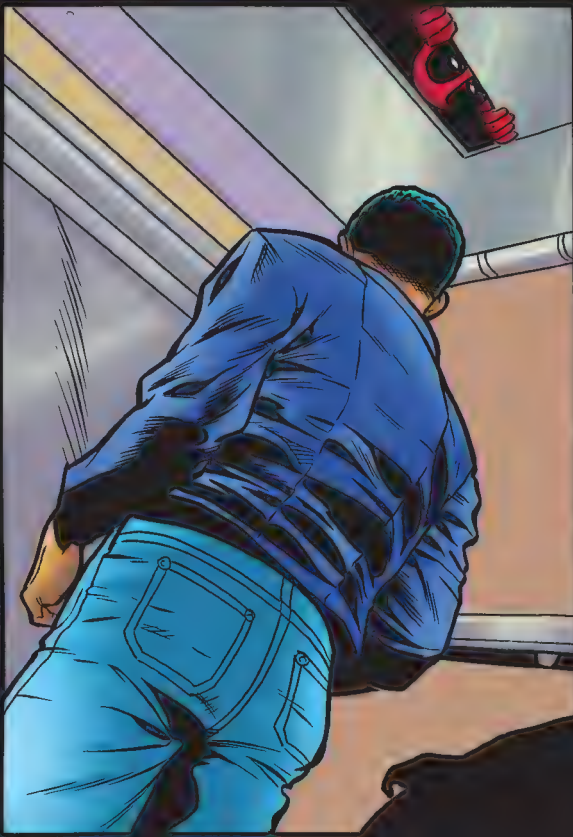
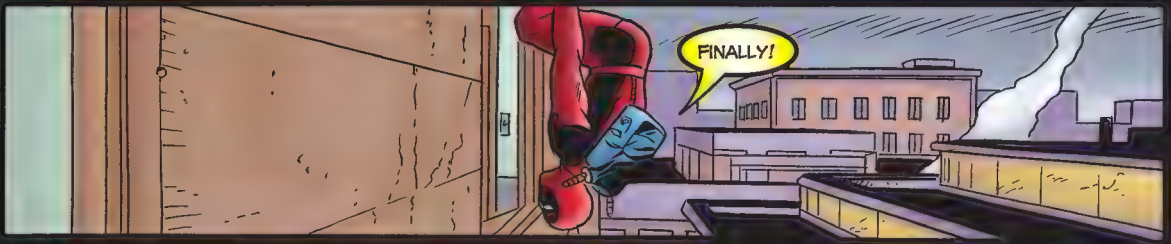
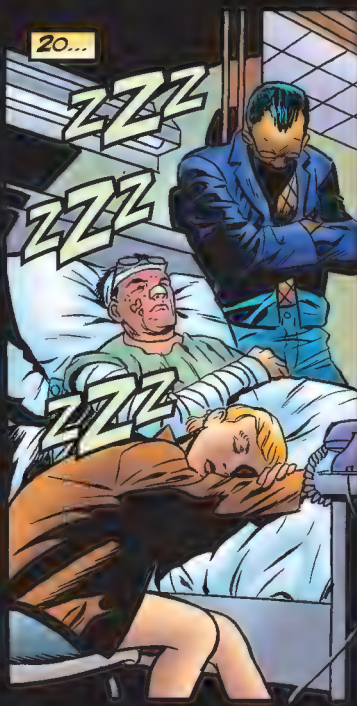
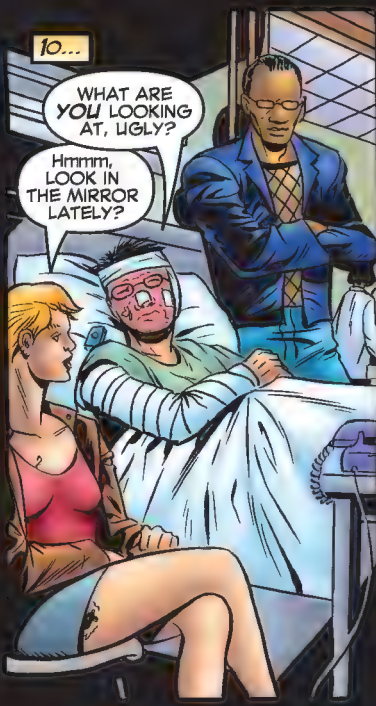




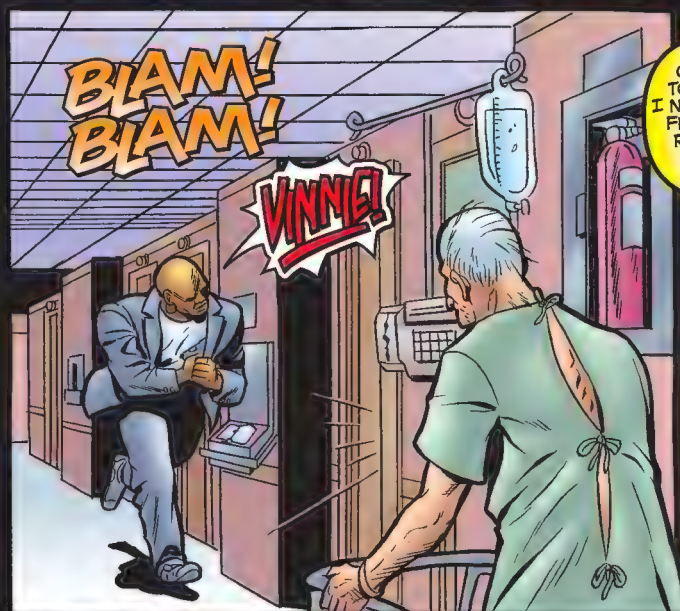
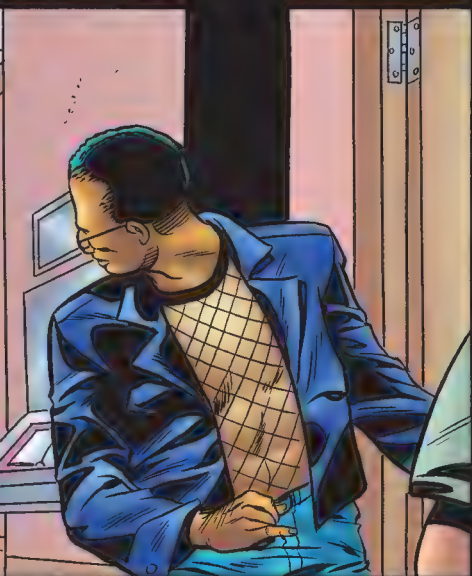
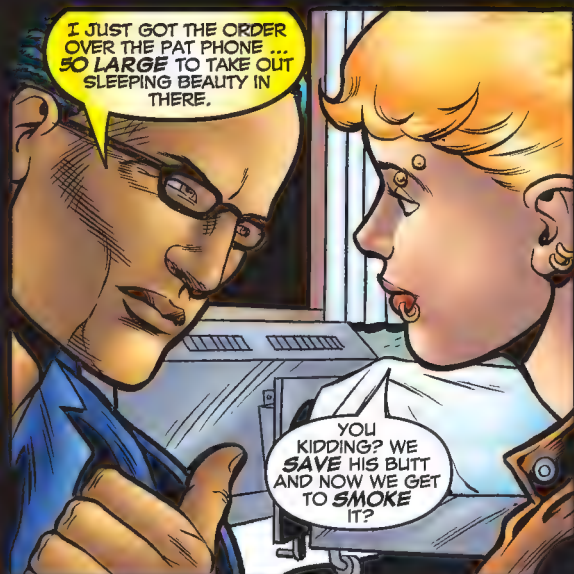




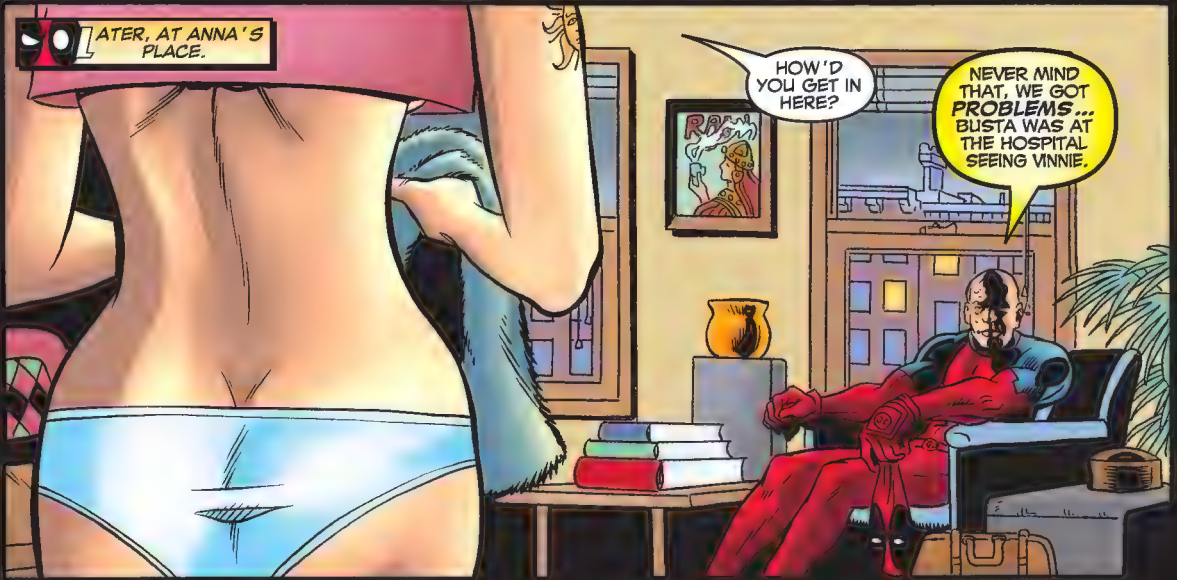




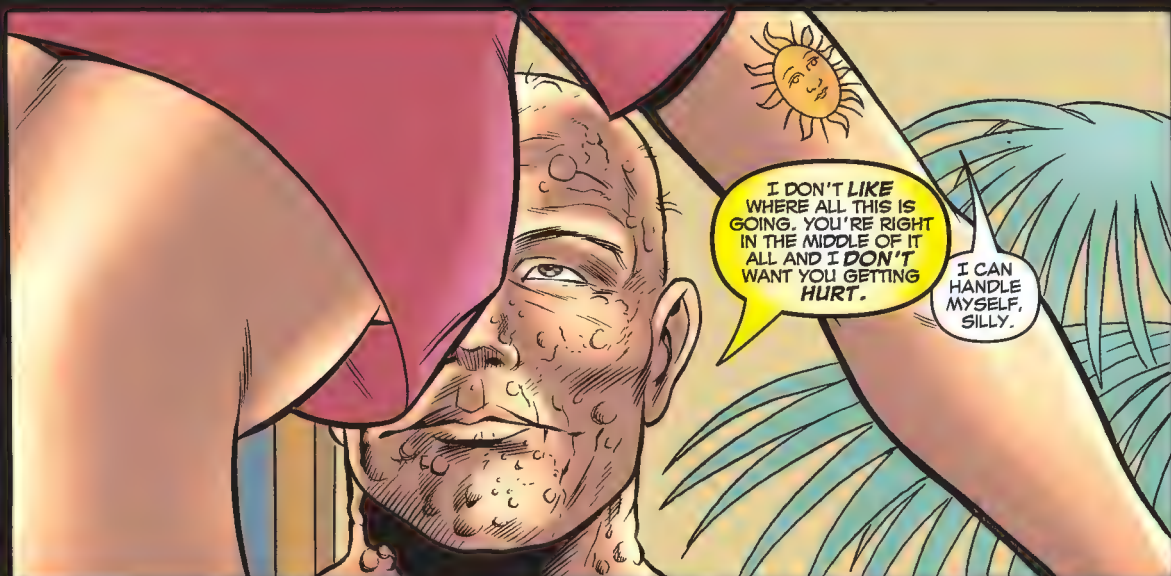






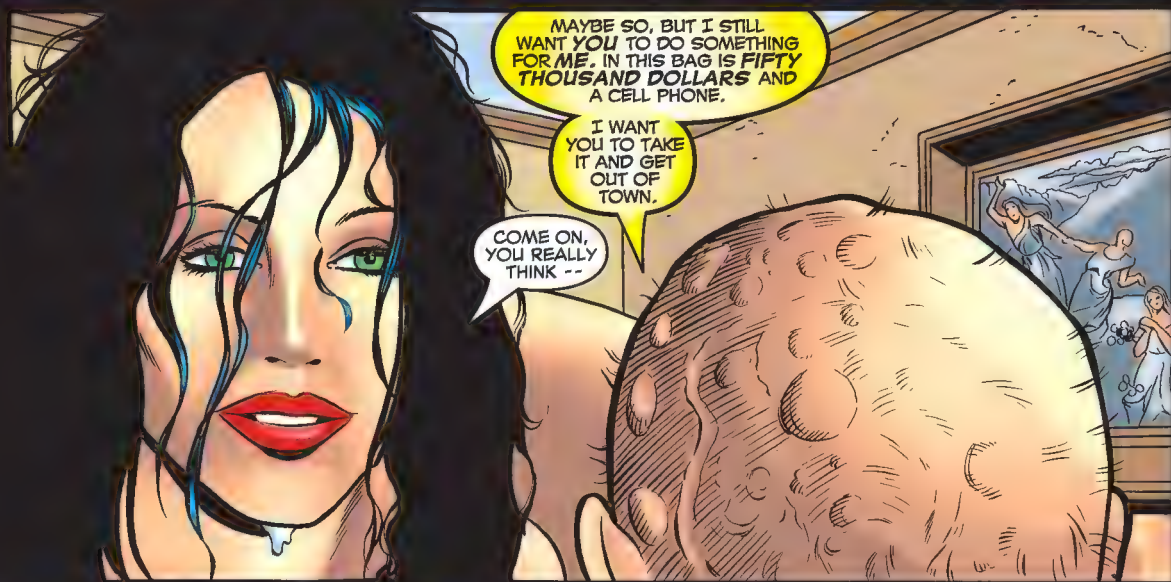






I DON'T LIKE WHERE ALL THIS IS GOING. YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL AND I **DON'T** WANT YOU GETTING HURT.

I CAN HANDLE MYSELF, SILLY.



MAYBE SO, BUT I STILL WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME. IN THIS BAG IS FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AND A CELL PHONE.

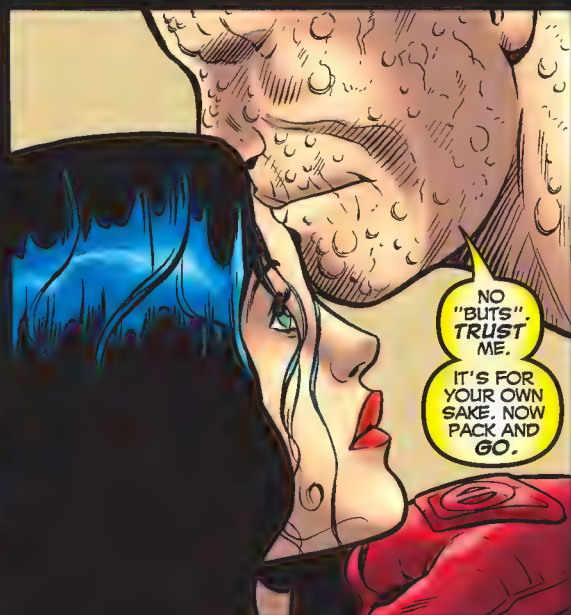
I WANT YOU TO TAKE IT AND GET OUT OF TOWN.

COME ON, YOU REALLY THINK --



I'M SEEING FRED TONIGHT AND GETTING THE REST OF THE MONEY. AS SOON AS THE DUST SETTLES, I'LL CALL YOU AND YOU CAN COME BACK.

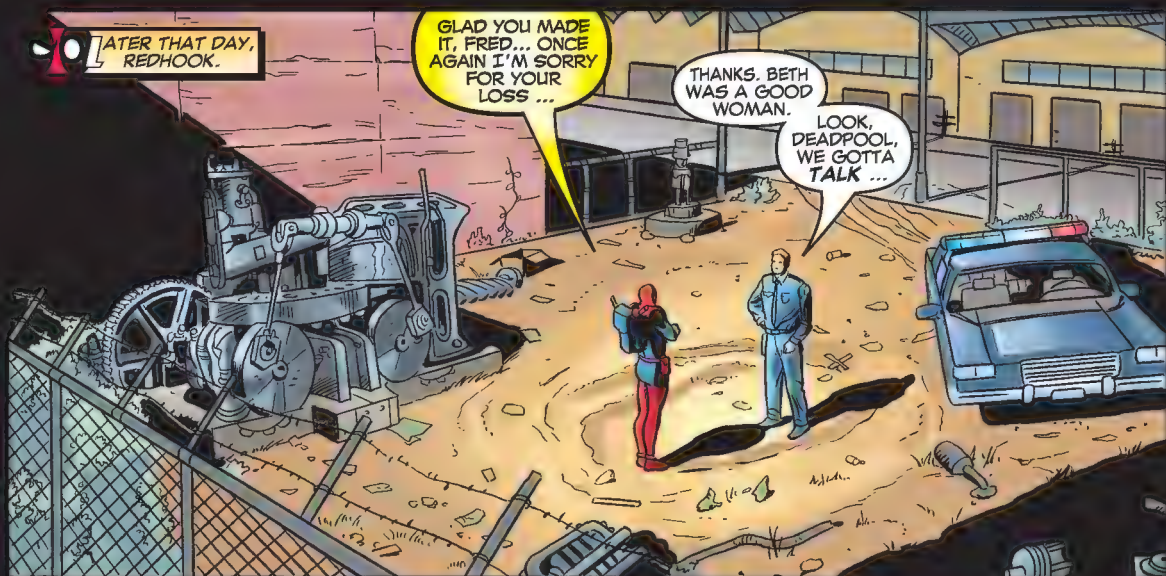
BUT WHAT IF--



NO "BUTS". TRUST ME.

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, NOW PACK AND GO.









GET  
OVER IT,  
JOHNNY.

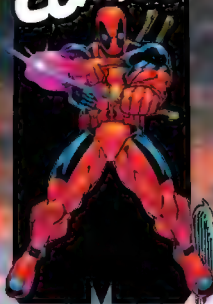
LIFE  
SUCKS...

... THEN  
YOU DIE!

**CONCLUSION  
NEXT ISSUE!**



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# DEADPOOL

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CRUEL  
SUMMER **PART 3**



PALMIOTTI  
CHADWICK  
RANDALL





SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER! STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# DEADPOOL

## CRUEL SUMMER

PART THREE

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FIRST THING I SEE IS  
BRIGHT LIGHTS.  
THEN COMES A FLOOD  
OF IMAGES.

I FIXATE  
ON ONE IN  
PARTICULAR.

ANNA...







HER VOICE SOUNDS  
LIKE IT'S A HUNDRED  
MILES AWAY...

DEADPOOL...

... JOHNNY ...

SUDDENLY HER  
WHISPER TURNS TO  
A SCREAM.



... COME  
TO ME!

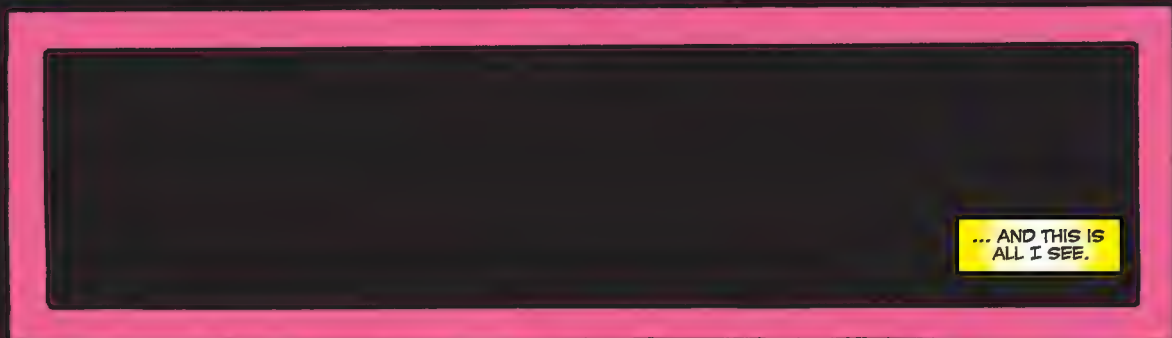
THE COPPERY  
SMELL OF BLOOD  
OVERWHELMS ME.

PROBLEM IS,  
IT'S NOT HER  
BLOOD.



IT'S MINE...  
DREAM'S OVER,  
DUDE.

I OPEN  
MY EYES...



... AND THIS IS  
ALL I SEE.



ELT PARKWAY,  
BROOKLYN,  
NEW YORK.

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT.  
I'M ON THE RUN  
WITH FRED THE  
COP!

WELL, ANNA, I  
WOULDN'T EXACTLY  
CALL IT **RUNNING**.  
I'M JUST GLAD THAT  
**DEADPOOL** TOOK  
CARE OF THINGS  
FOR US.

AND WE TOOK CARE  
OF HIM. I FEEL KIND  
OF BAD ABOUT THAT, BUT  
I'M SURE THE \$1 MILLION  
FROM YOUR WIFE'S LIFE  
INSURANCE WILL MAKE US  
FEEL A WHOLE LOT  
BETTER.

ANNA, ABOUT  
THE MIL... WE  
GOT A **SMALL**  
PROBLEM.

THERE WAS A CLAUSE IN MY  
WIFE'S POLICY THAT I WAS  
**UNAWARE** OF. AND BECAUSE  
OF IT, WE ONLY COLLECT  
\$200,000.

STILL,  
PLENTY  
TO LIVE ON,  
I'D SAY.

SORRY,  
SWEETHEART.

I'M  
SORRY,  
TOO.





YOU MUST THINK I'M A COMPLETE IDIOT! DON'T YOU THINK I ALREADY CHECKED THAT OUT?

YOU GOT THE FULL MILLION. I KNOW IT... AND YOU KNOW IT.



TURN THE CAR AROUND OR I'LL BLOW YOUR PATHETIC LITTLE BRAINS OUT.



MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

I DON'T KNOW WHAT POSSESSED NICKY... BUT SHE HAD TO BE AN IDIOT TO THINK I WASN'T PACKING MY OWN HEAT.

LISTEN, BUSTA, BAG THIS TRASH AND GET RID OF IT. I GUESS HER PARTNER IN CRIME RAN OFF.

SEE LAST ISSUE FOR NICKY'S UNFORTUNATE DEMISE--MIKE



YOU SEEN ANYTHING STRANGE GOING ON AT THE TATTOO PARLOR LATELY?

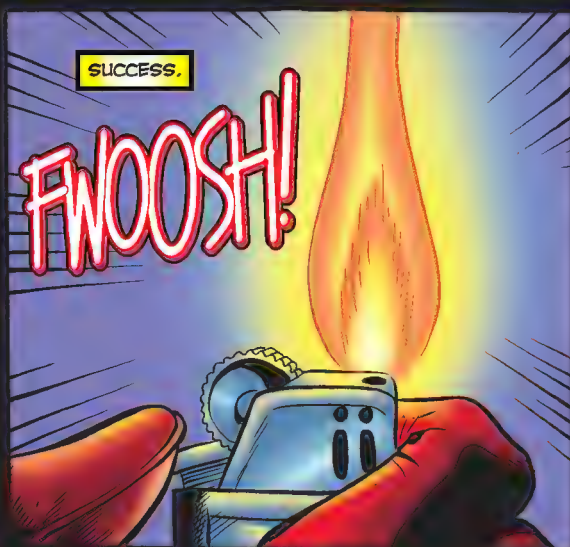
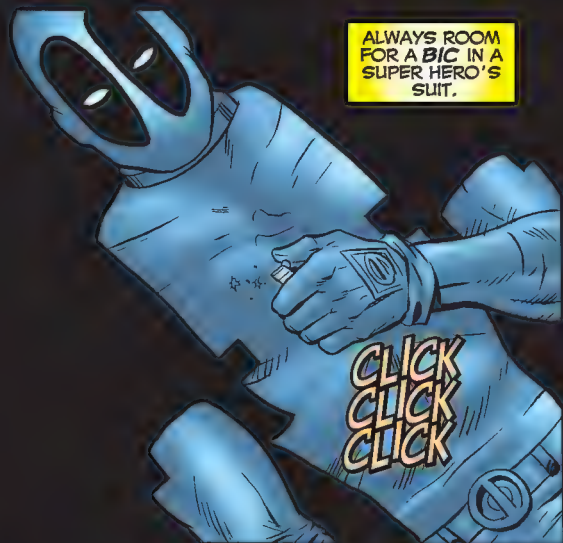
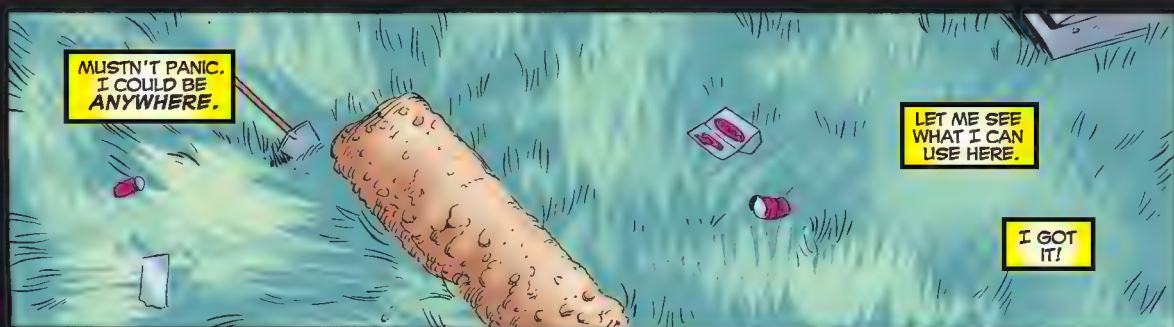
ACTUALLY, YEAH, VINNIE. ANNA'S BEEN ACTING STRANGE, AND THERE'S THIS DUDE JOHNNY WHO'S BEEN COMING IN FOR A LOT OF WORK.

I THOUGHT SOMETHING MIGHT BE GOING ON WITH THOSE TWO, SO I HAD THEM FOLLOWED.

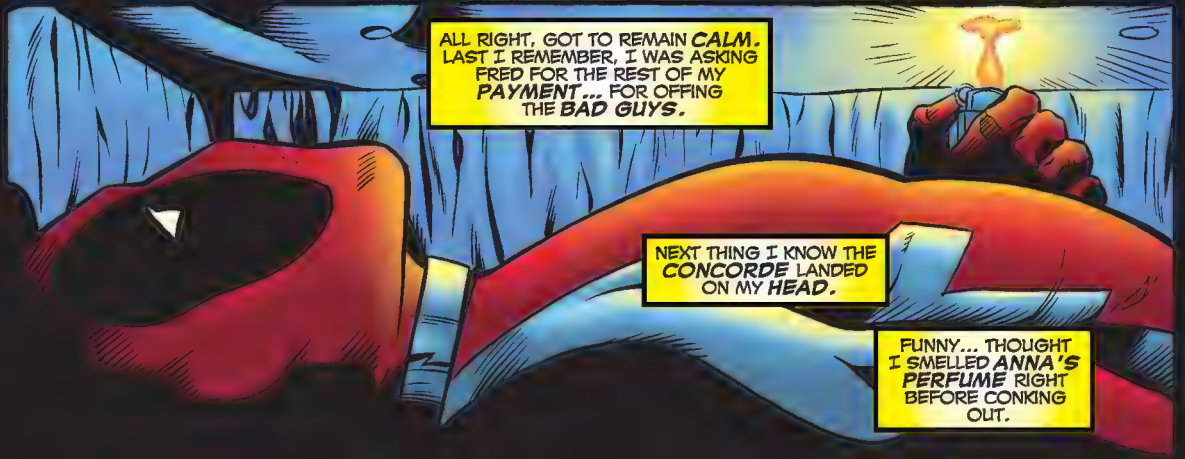


LET ME GIVE A CALL. MY FRIEND SANDEE'S ALL OVER IT.









ALL RIGHT, GOT TO REMAIN **CALM**.  
LAST I REMEMBER, I WAS ASKING  
FRED FOR THE REST OF MY  
**PAYMENT...** FOR OFFING  
THE **BAD GUYS**.

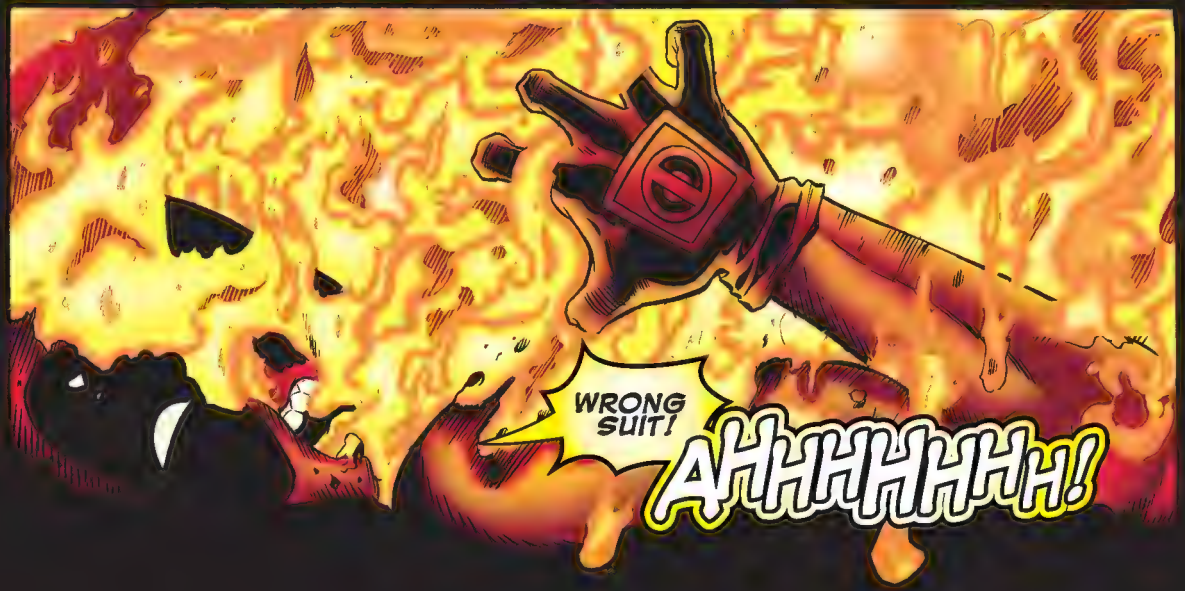
NEXT THING I KNOW THE  
**CONCORDE** LANDED  
ON MY **HEAD**.

FUNNY... THOUGHT  
I SMELLED **ANNA'S**  
**PERFUME** RIGHT  
BEFORE CONKING  
OUT.

HMM...  
NAH.



OOPS! THIS IS  
NO **HELP...** THANK  
GOD THIS SUIT IS  
**FIREPROOF!**



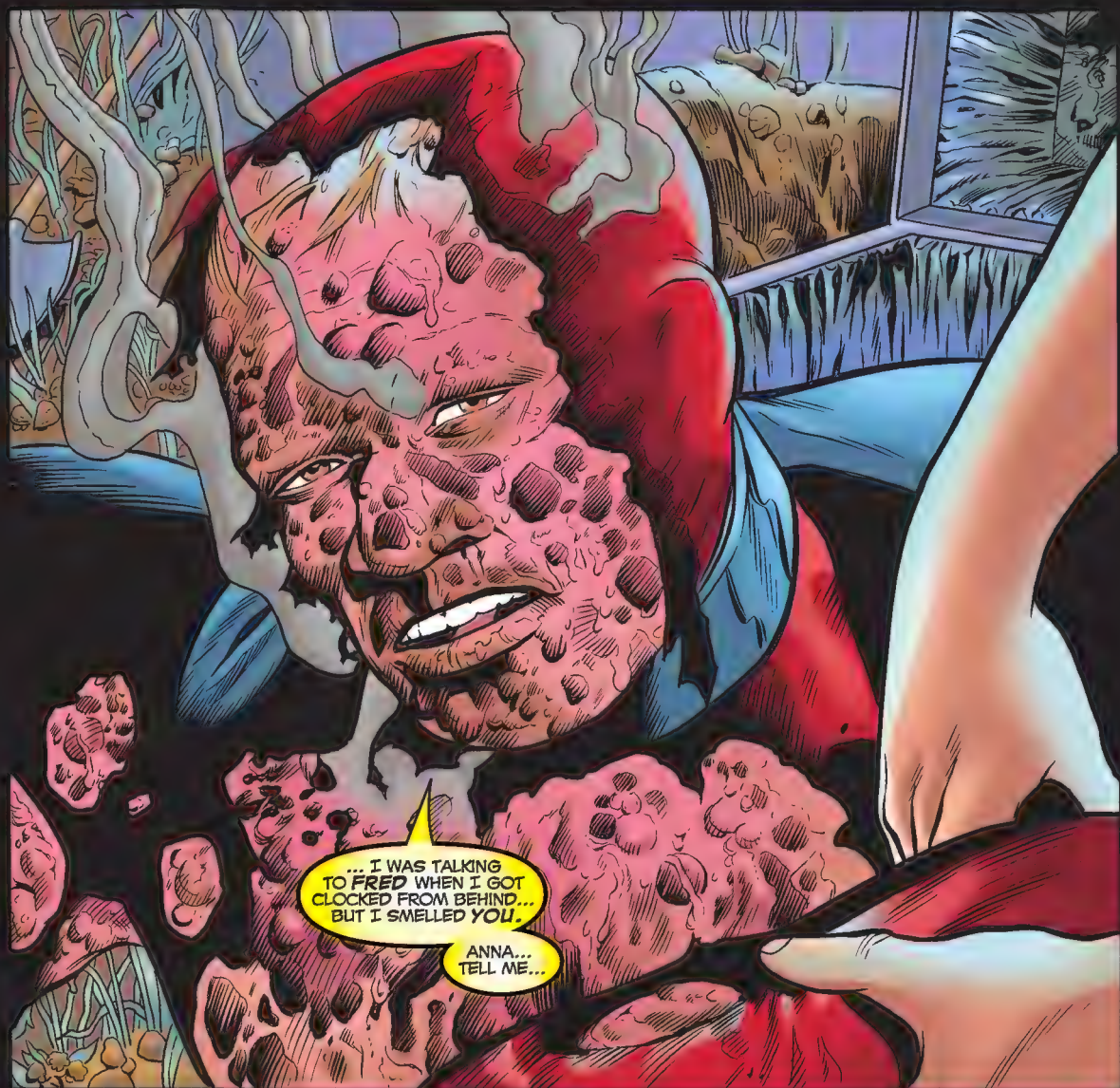
WRONG  
SUIT!

**AAAAHHHHH!**













YEAH, BUSTA,  
THIS IS SANDEE...  
YOUR GIRL'S BEEN  
VERY BUSY.

HER AND SOME  
SQUARE-LOOKING  
DUDE BURIED A SUPER  
HERO... HOW THE HELL  
AM I SUPPOSED TO  
KNOW WHICH ONE?  
FOR ALL I KNOW IT'S  
AQUABOY ...

... ANYWAYS, THEY  
TOOK A DRIVE AND  
CAME BACK. FUNNY  
THING IS SHE *DIGS* HIM  
UP AGAIN... YEAH, I'M  
IN RED HOOK, CORNER  
OF FIRST AND  
CHANNEL..

BUSTA,  
WHY DON'T YOU  
TELL ME WHAT'S  
GOING ON?



DEAD. THEY'RE  
ALL GOING TO  
BE DEAD.

DEAD.

DEAD.

DEAD.

NOW SANDEE,  
DON'T BE ASKING  
STUPID QUESTIONS...  
JUST BE *CAREFUL*,  
GIRL..

HANG BACK  
AND OBSERVE  
UNTIL I GET  
THERE.

WHICH  
SHOULD BE  
ANY MINUTE  
NOW.





SORRY ABOUT THAT, JOHNNY.

BUT I THOUGHT WE...

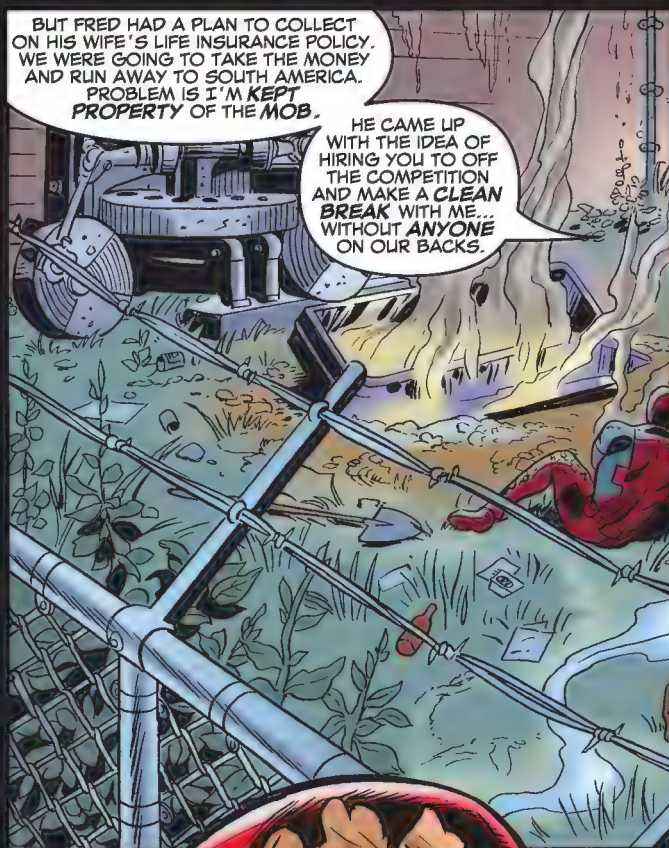
... WE HAD...



HANG ON A SECOND AND LET ME EXPLAIN.

IT'S NOT AS CLEAR CUT AS YOU MIGHT THINK.

THOSE MEN YOU KILLED, THEY WERE ALL BAD MEN. YOU KNEW THAT. THAT'S WHY YOU TOOK THE JOB.



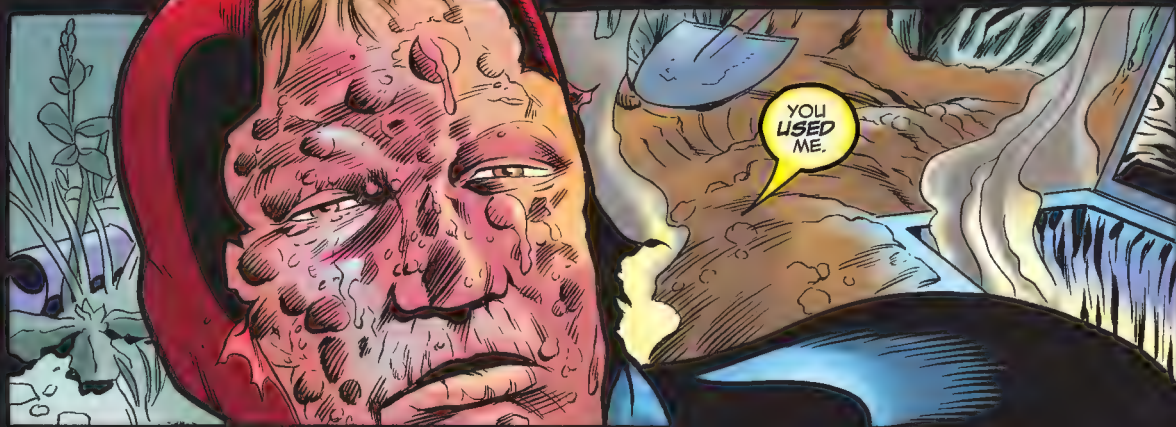
BUT FRED HAD A PLAN TO COLLECT ON HIS WIFE'S LIFE INSURANCE POLICY. WE WERE GOING TO TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN AWAY TO SOUTH AMERICA. PROBLEM IS I'M KEPT PROPERTY OF THE MOB.

HE CAME UP WITH THE IDEA OF HIRING YOU TO OFF THE COMPETITION AND MAKE A CLEAN BREAK WITH ME... WITHOUT ANYONE ON OUR BACKS.

THE ONLY COMPLICATION WAS YOU. NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS DID I FIGURE ON CARING ABOUT YOU.

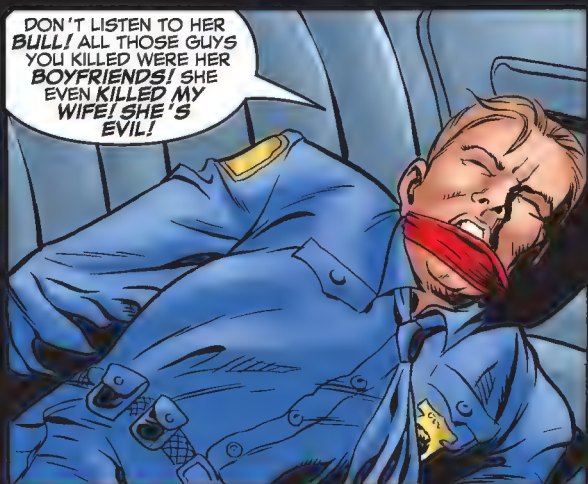
AND YOU SHOW ME THIS HOW? BY PLAYING WHACK-THE-MOLE WITH MY HEAD?

HE WANTED YOU DEAD. I DIDN'T.

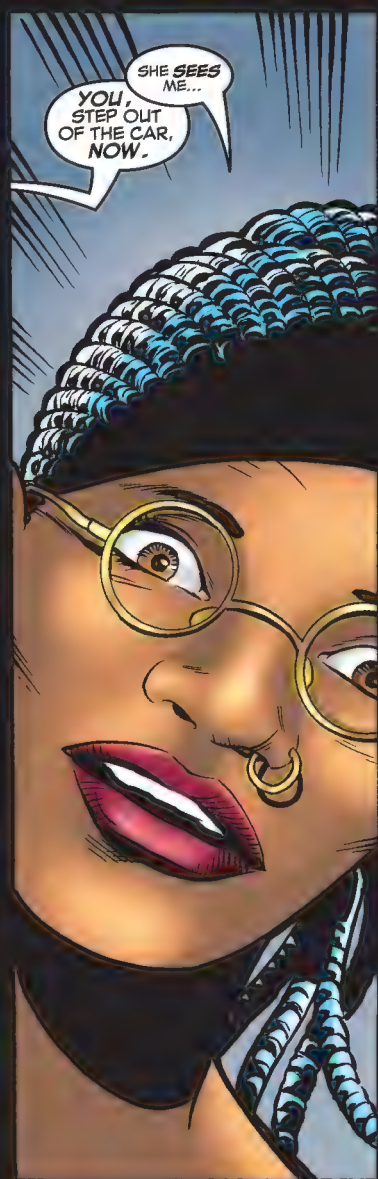


YOU USED ME.













I KNOW  
YOU... YOU'RE  
BUSTA'S FRIEND  
SANDEE.  
HAND ME  
THAT CELL  
PHONE,  
NOW.

DON'T  
SHOOT.

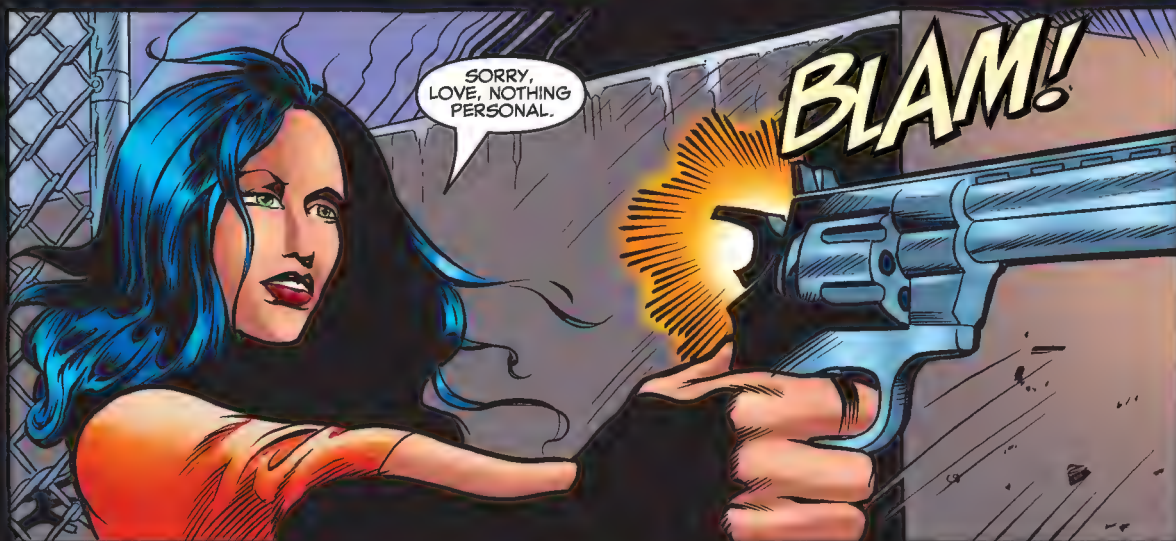
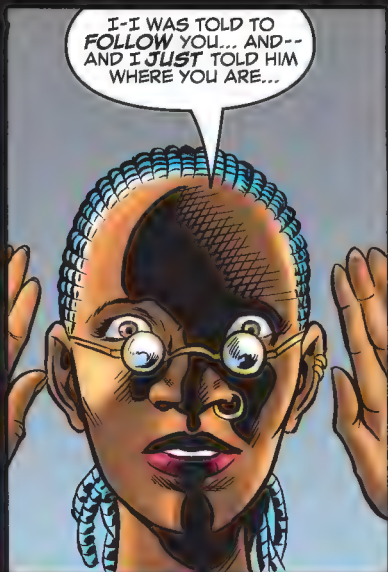
BUSTA  
HERE.  
WHO'S --

LET'S  
SEE... JUST  
HIT REDIAL...  
THEN...  
Ah.

WHAT DID  
YOU TELL  
HIM?  
TELL ME  
AND I'LL LET  
YOU LIVE.

CLICK







THEN I'LL START AT THE **BEGINNING**. I MET FRED AT THE TATTOO PARLOR WHILE HE WAS OFF DUTY. WE BECAME FRIENDS AND I CONFIDED IN HIM ABOUT THE POSITION I WAS STUCK IN.

THESE GUYS WERE **KILLERS**... AND I WAS RIGHT IN THE **HEART** OF THE STORM. EACH DAY I GOT DRAWN DEEPER AND **DEEPER** INTO THEIR WORLD.

EVERYTHING WAS OUT OF CONTROL AND **FRED** WAS MY TICKET OUT OF THERE. IF I TRIED TO LEAVE WITH ALL THE INFORMATION I KNEW, I WOULDN'T MAKE IT TO **NEW JERSEY** ALIVE.

WHY DIDN'T FRED JUST CALL HIS **POLICE BUDDIES** IN?

COME ON, JOHNNY, DON'T PLAY **STUPID**. EVEN YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T TRUST PEOPLE JUST BY THE **UNIFORM** THEY WEAR.

CORRUPT COPS?

HALF THE POLICE FORCE IS ON THE TAKE.

THEN WHY THE SHOVEL-IN-THE-HEAD AND COFFIN ROUTINE?

I NEEDED TO CONVINCE FRED WE WERE A **TEAM**... THEN GET THE MONEY AND COME BACK TO DIG YOU OUT.



SHE KEEPS TALKING AS I ZONE IN AND OUT... I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT. MY FACE AND BODY ARE ON FIRE AND I'M NOT THINKING STRAIGHT. CAN HARDLY FEEL MY HEALING FACTOR AT WORK.

I HAD IT ALL PLANNED. I WAS GOING TO **SAVE** HER. **IDIOT!**

BUT I ASK, ANYWAY.

SO WHY HAVE **ME** DO IT?

WHO **ELSE?** YOU KILL... YOU KILL FOR **HIRE**.

WE'RE JUST REGULAR PEOPLE WITH REGULAR PROBLEMS... YOU'RE A SUPER HERO. YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND...

BUT YOU **KILLED** FRED'S WIFE.

I'LL COME CLEAN WITH YOU. FRED **WANTED** HIS WIFE DEAD. IT WAS A TWO-FOR-ONE DEAL. SHE DIES AND WE GET THE MILLION DOLLARS IN LIFE INSURANCE.

IF IT WASN'T ME, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN **SOMEONE ELSE**. EITHER WAY IT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.

THAT WAS **YOU** AT THE FUNERAL... UNDER THE UMBRELLA COMFORTING FRED. ☹

I FELT **BAD** ABOUT WHAT I DID TO HER. THERE ISN'T A MINUTE THAT GOES BY THAT I WISH I DIDN'T --

**WHAT?** YOU EXPECT ME TO **BELIEVE** YOU?!

SEE LAST ISSUE. --MIKE

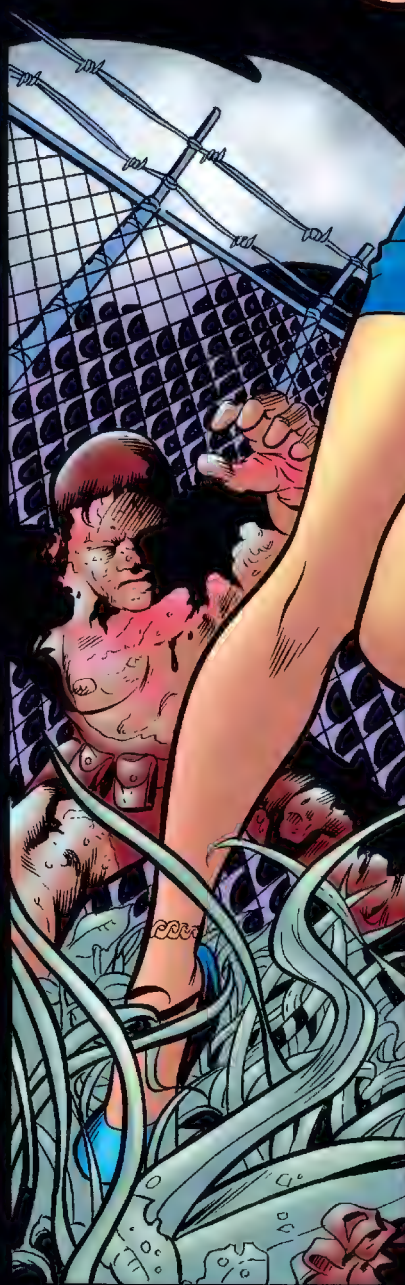
NO. I EXPECT YOU TO **RUN AWAY** WITH ME.



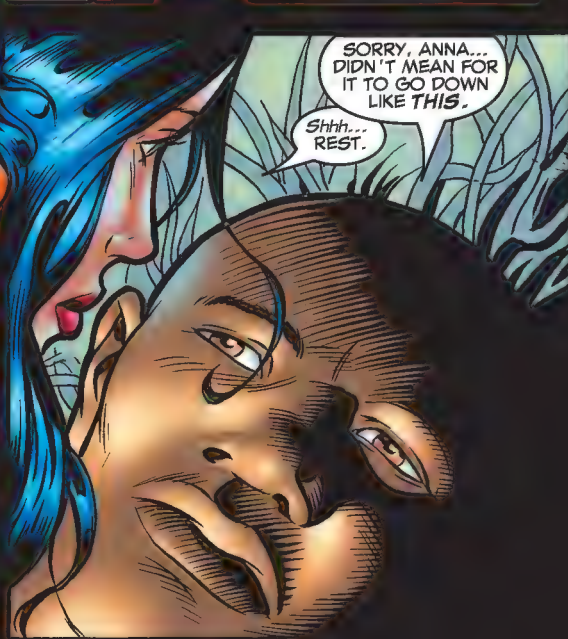




**KATHOOM!  
KATHOOM!  
KATHOOM!**









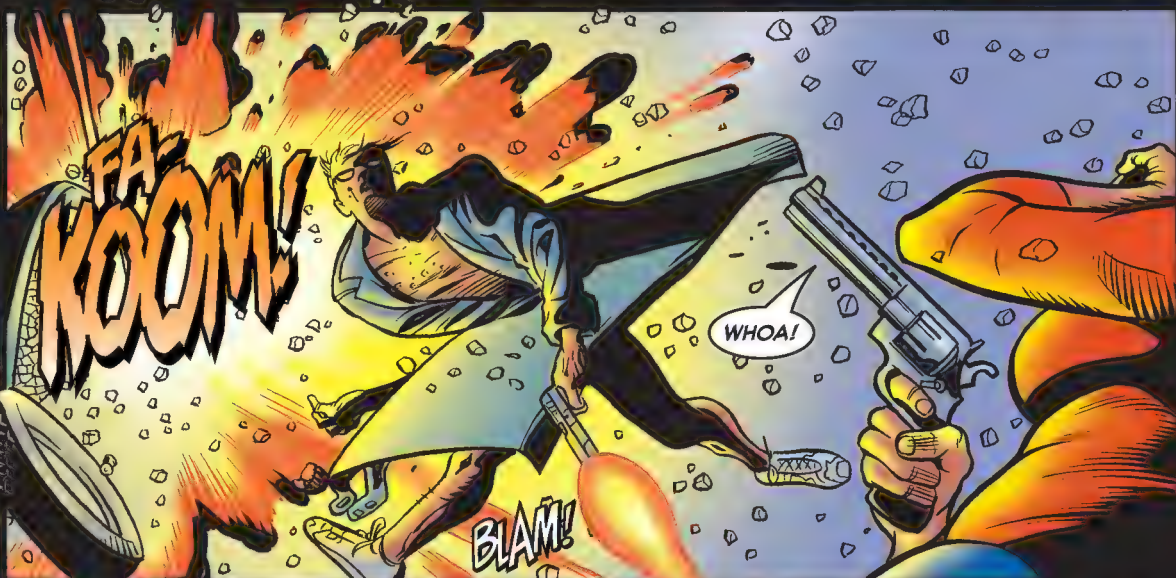
SO THIS IS HOW IT IS... I  
TAKE CARE OF YOU! SET  
YOU UP IN A BUSINESS  
AND PROVIDE YOU WITH  
EVERYTHING YOU  
NEED.

YOU  
WENCH!

VINNY.

DON'T "VINNY" ME, IT'S  
VINCENT CALABRESSE  
TO YOU.

YOU PLAYED  
ME... SO NOW IT'S  
TIME FOR YOU TO  
PLAY DEAD.



CAN'T SAY  
I'VE SEEN THAT  
BEFORE.

HOW'S  
BUSTA  
DOING?

DOING BETTER  
THAN YOU. HE  
PASSED OUT.

LUCKY  
HIM.

CAN BARELY  
STAND... THIS IS  
IT, ANNA, IT'S  
GOT TO STOP  
HERE.





STOP??

IT'S JUST BEGINNING FOR US ... COME ON, JOHNNY, THERE'S A **MILLION DOLLARS** IN THE TRUNK. WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE **CLEAN**.

**CLEAN?** WE'RE LEAVING BEHIND A **BOATLOAD OF BODIES**.

CORRECTION--  
**BAD GUYS.**



FRED'S WIFE ...

CASUALTY OF WAR. I REGRET THAT.

THE GIRL YOU JUST KILLED, WHAT'S HER NAME ...

SANDEE, DRUG DEALER.

ANNA...

LOOK, WE'RE BOTH BAD GUYS IN **SOMEONE'S** EYES, RIGHT?



THE FACT IS THAT WE **BELONG TOGETHER**. YOU KNOW IT.

I KNOW I CAN'T TRUST YOU.

TRUST ME?



I TRUST YOU.

I UNDERSTAND YOU.

TAKE IT, TAKE THE GUN.

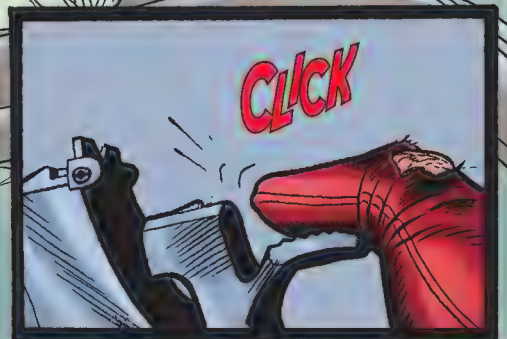
IF YOU THINK WHAT WE HAD WASN'T REAL, **USE IT.**

I KNOW WHAT I FELT WAS REAL. WE ARE SO MUCH **ALIKE**. WE **BELONG TOGETHER**.

YOU WON'T SHOOT ME. I KNOW YOU.



YOU DON'T  
KNOW ME AT  
ALL.



THE END





#49

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# DEADPOOL

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY



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PALMIOTTI

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RANDALL





SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER! **STAN LEE PRESENTS:**

# DEADPOOL

C  
A  
T  
M  
A  
G  
N  
E  
T

RED HOOK,  
BROOKLYN.

CAN'T BELIEVE  
HOW **STUPID** I AM.

JIMMY PALMIOTTI  
w/ BUDDY SCALERA  
WRITING

MICHAEL LOPEZ  
PENCILING

JON HOLDREDGE  
INKING

TOM CHU &  
ILLUSTRATION ART STUDIOS  
COLORING

CHRIS ELIOPOULOS  
LETTERING

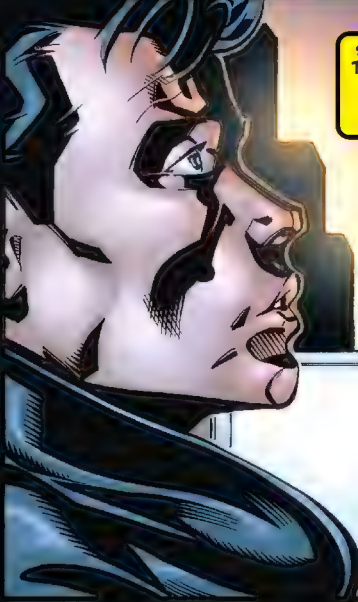
KEVIN NOWLAN  
COVER

MIKE RACUIT  
ASSISTANT

MIKE MARTS  
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF





SHOULD HAVE SEEN  
THAT BUSINESS WITH  
**ANASTASIA**  
COMING A MILLION  
MILES AWAY.

COST ME MORE  
THAN JUST **MONEY**  
THIS TIME. DON'T  
LIKE THAT.

ONCE AGAIN, I WAS  
THINKING WITH THE  
**WRONG** PART OF  
MY ANATOMY.

BAD ENOUGH EVERYONE  
INVOLVED SCAMS ME OUT  
OF **MY MONEY**... BUT FRED  
"THE COP" MANAGES TO  
HIDE THE CASH SOMEWHERE  
I'LL NEVER FIND IT.

WHAT'S GOTTEN  
INTO ME LATELY? 

 A BRIEF RECAP OF "TRUEL SUMMER", DP #46-48. -- MM



LIFE WAS A LOT  
EASIER WHEN IT  
WAS ALL JUST  
**BULLETS** AND  
**BAD GUYS**.

USUALLY I CAN  
JUST **LAUGH** THIS  
CRAP OFF, MERC-  
WITH-THE-MOUTH  
STYLE.

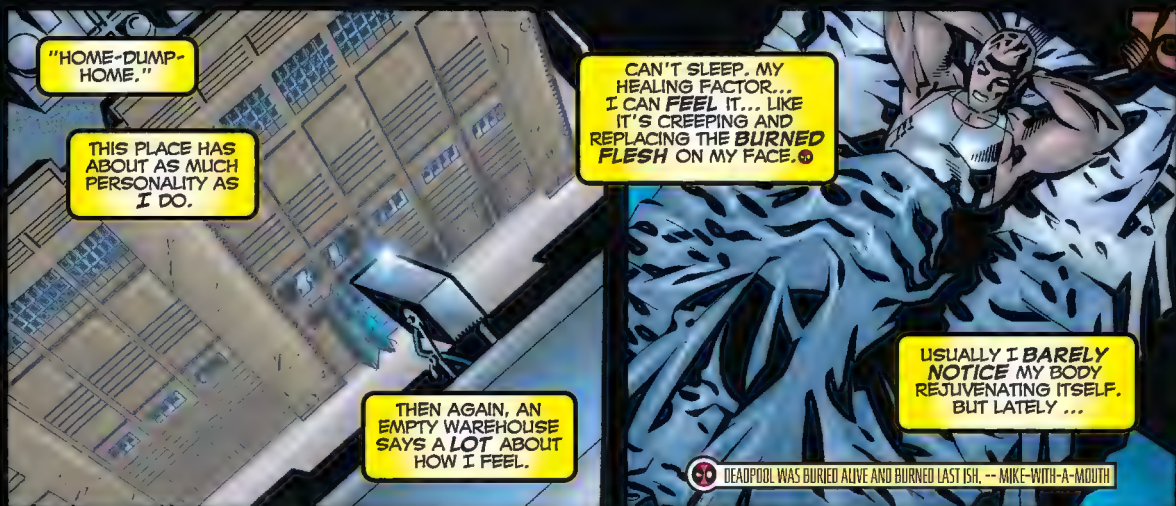
GUESS WHAT?  
DON'T FEEL MUCH  
LIKE **TALKING**  
ANYMORE.

ANNA ...

GOD, I'M  
SEEING HER  
**EVERYWHERE**.

I NEED  
SOME SLEEP.





"HOME-DUMP-  
HOME."

THIS PLACE HAS  
ABOUT AS MUCH  
PERSONALITY AS  
I DO.

CAN'T SLEEP. MY  
HEALING FACTOR...  
I CAN FEEL IT... LIKE  
IT'S CREEPING AND  
REPLACING THE **BURNED  
FLESH** ON MY FACE.

THEN AGAIN, AN  
EMPTY WAREHOUSE  
SAYS A LOT ABOUT  
HOW I FEEL.

USUALLY I **BARELY  
NOTICE** MY BODY  
REJUVENATING ITSELF.  
BUT LATELY ...

DEADPOOL WAS BURNED ALIVE AND BURNED LAST ISH. --MIKE-WITH-A-MOUTH



OUR TOP STORY  
TONIGHT IS THE  
LATEST IN A SERIES  
OF **UNUSUAL  
KILLINGS**. ONE  
IN A LONG LIST  
OF **UNSOLVED  
MANHATTAN  
MURDERS**.

POLICE FOUND  
THE BODY OF **FRED  
ROSEN** HOG-TIED AND  
STABBED REPEATEDLY  
WITH A NAIL FILE IN A  
BLOOMINGDALE'S  
DRESSING ROOM.

AUTHORITIES ARE CHECKING  
ALL POSSIBLE LEADS AT THIS  
TIME. IF YOU HAVE ANY  
INFORMATION, PLEASE CALL  
**DETECTIVE ARNOLD HUFF**  
AT THE POLICE HOTLINE.

FAMILIES OF  
THE VICTIMS ARE  
OFFERING A  
**REWARD...**

THIS IS WHY I  
NEVER GET **BORED**  
WITH TV.

SOMEBODY!  
PLEASE HELP  
ME!



Huh?  
Wuzzat?

I'M  
**OFF DUTY,  
LADY.**

PLEASE ...  
HELP ME!

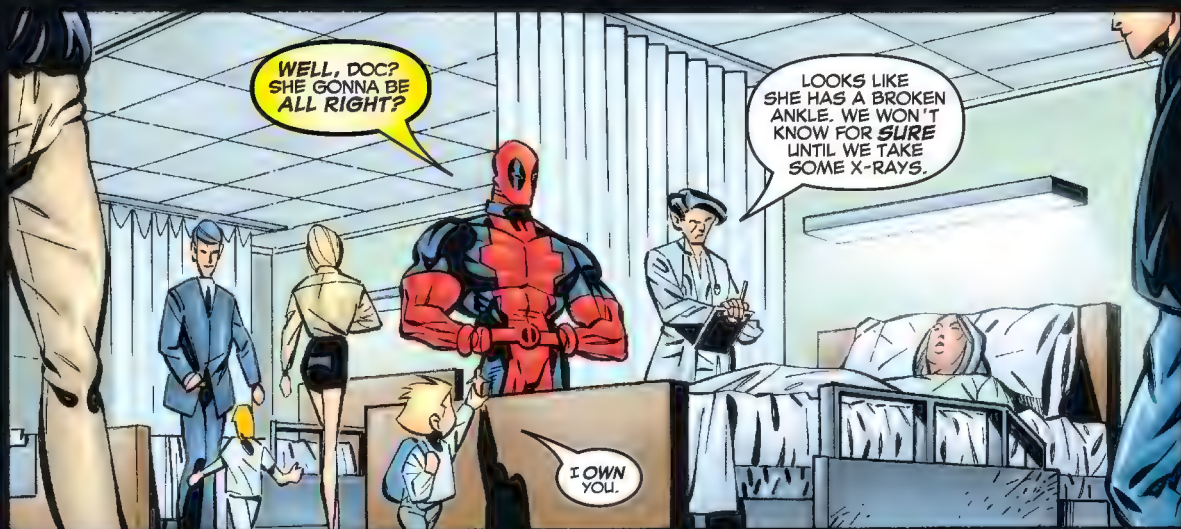
AHH, WHO AM I  
**KIDDIN'?**

MAYBE  
DOG-SLAPPING  
SOME BAD GUY'LL  
HELP ME GET  
TO **SLEEP.**

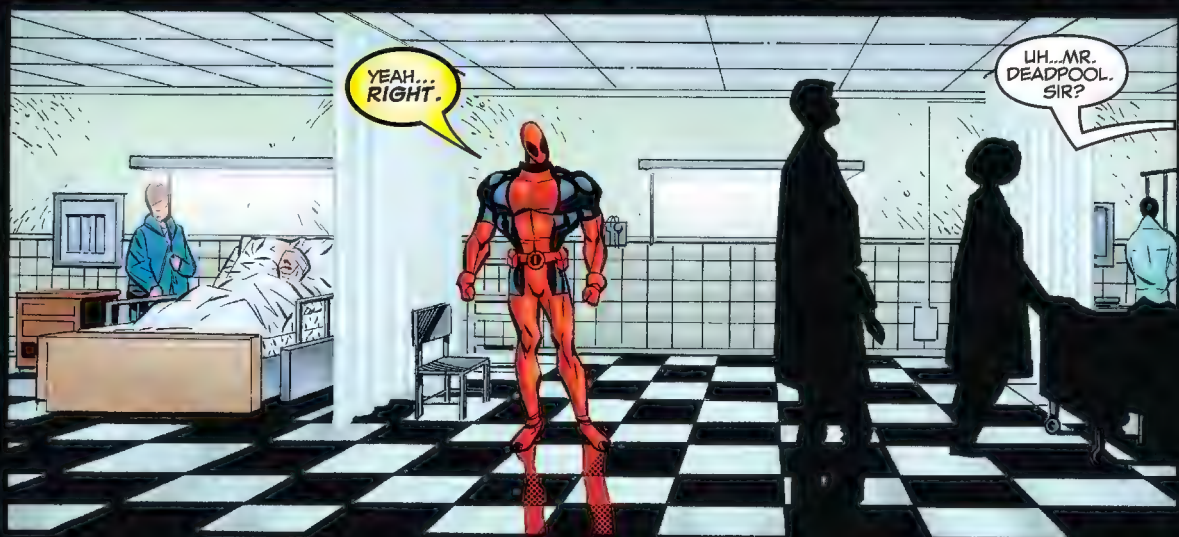
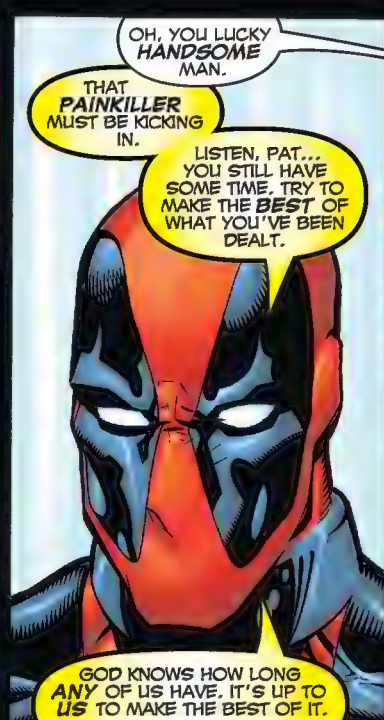
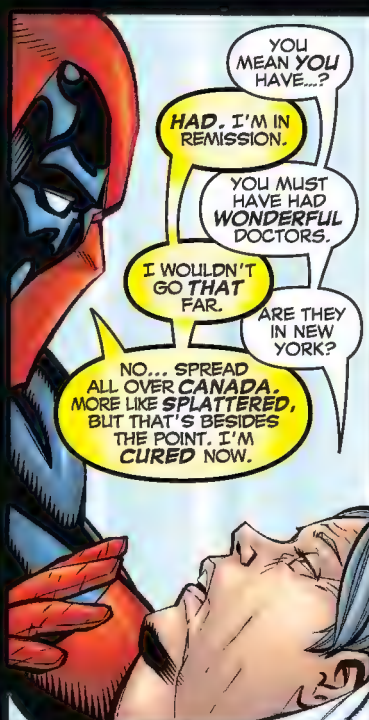




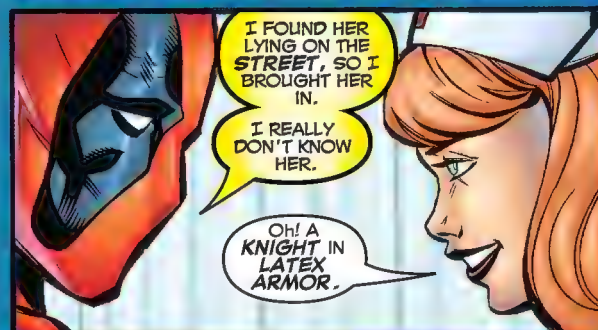




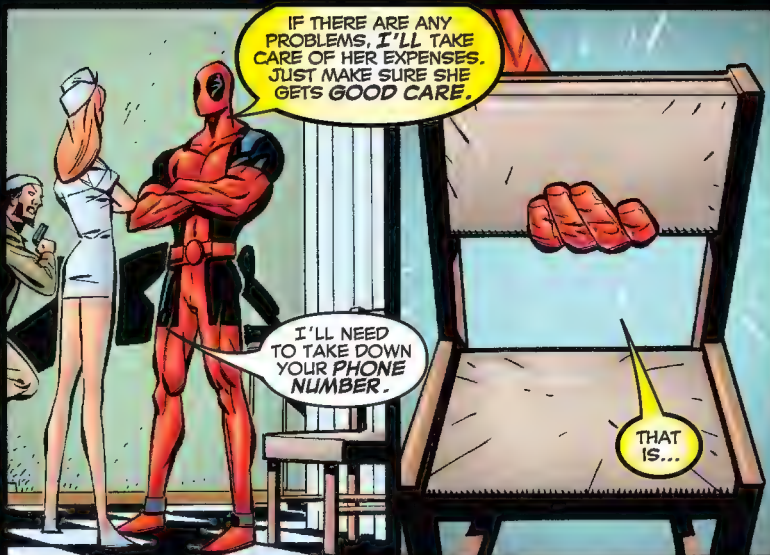




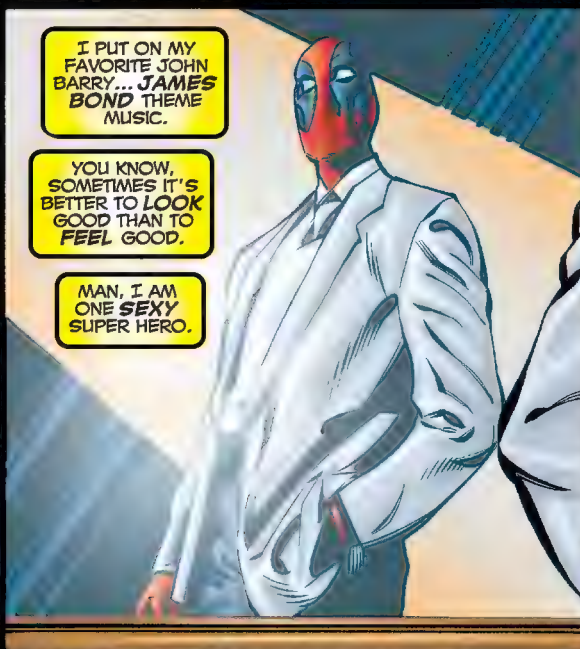












I PUT ON MY  
FAVORITE JOHN  
BARRY... **JAMES  
BOND** THEME  
MUSIC.

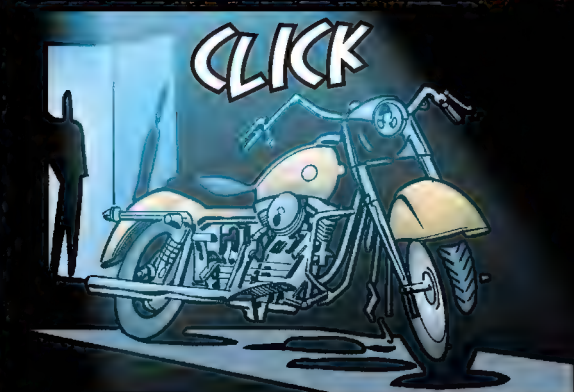
YOU KNOW,  
SOMETIMES IT'S  
BETTER TO LOOK  
GOOD THAN TO  
**FEEL** GOOD.

MAN, I AM  
ONE **SEXY**  
SUPER HERO.



Ahhh,  
**LADYKILLER.**

SORRY,  
ANNA.



**CLICK**



I KNOW IT'S  
ONLY **TWO**  
**BLOCKS**  
AWAY...

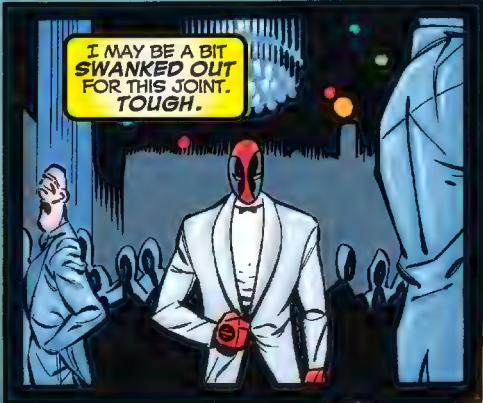
...BUT MAN,  
I **LOVE** THIS  
HARLEY!





"FLOODS". ONE OF THE OLDEST PUBS IN BROOKLYN. OPEN BEFORE, DURING AND (MORE IMPORTANTLY) AFTER PROHIBITION.

THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THIS ANYMORE.



I MAY BE A BIT SWANKED OUT FOR THIS JOINT. TOUGH.



WHOA.

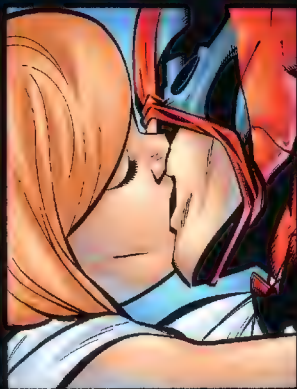
SORRY, DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CHANGE. HOPE THIS IS OKAY?

SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET CHANGED? I USUALLY PAY EXTRA FOR AN OUTFIT LIKE THAT!

















HAH HAH  
HAH HAH  
HAH!

THAT'S THE  
FUNNIEST THING  
I'VE EVER...

...SEEEEEEENNN!

HAHA  
HAHA  
HAA!

CRASH!!

THAT'S A PAIN  
THAT'S GONNA  
LINGER.

Ohhhh.  
HEAD. HURTS.  
GRAVITY  
SUCKS.

MY  
HERO!

COULD  
YOU USE A  
HAND?



COME ON,  
BIG FELLA. I  
OWE YA  
ONE.

ONE MORE  
DRINK?

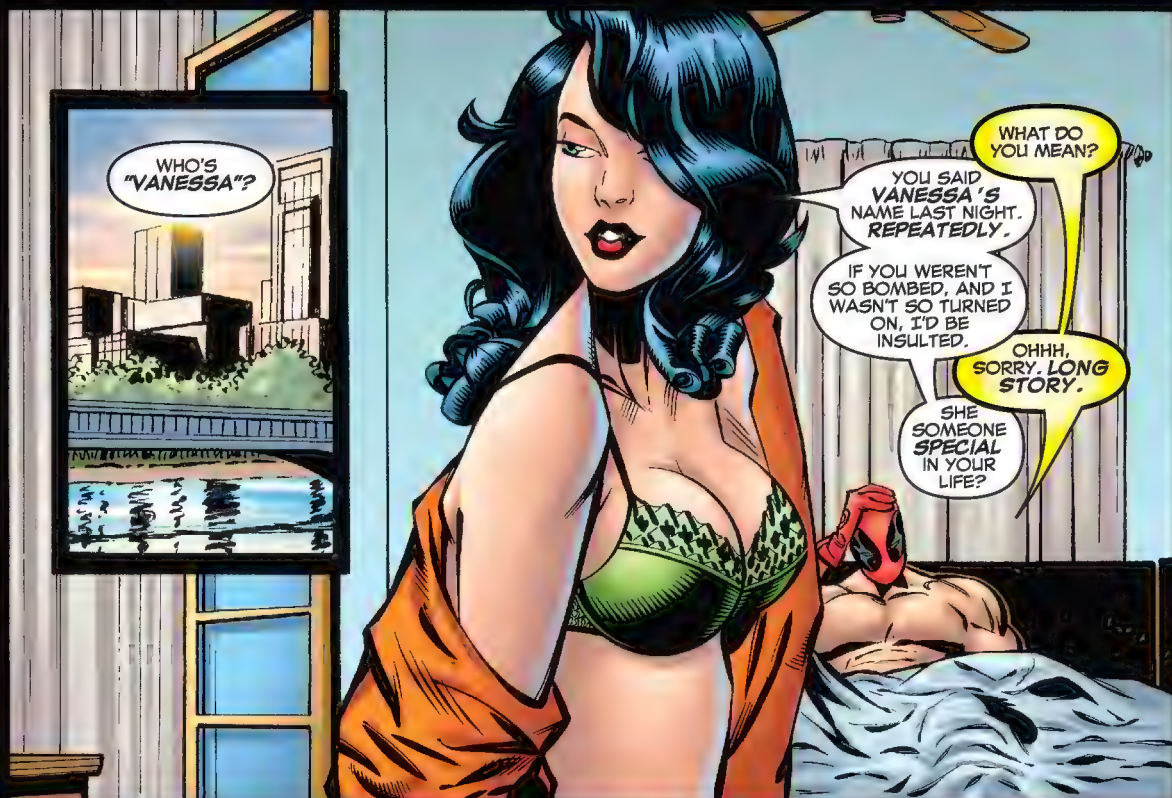
NO WAY.  
YOU'RE GONNA  
NEED ALL THE  
ENERGY YOU  
CAN WHERE I'M  
TAKING YOU.



DETOX?

NO. MORE LIKE  
MY VERSION OF  
DISNEY WORLD.





WHO'S  
"VANESSA"?

YOU SAID  
VANESSA'S  
NAME LAST NIGHT.  
REPEATEDLY.

IF YOU WEREN'T  
SO BOMBED, AND I  
WASN'T SO TURNED  
ON, I'D BE  
INSULTED.

OH, OH,  
SORRY. LONG  
STORY.

SHE  
SOMEONE  
SPECIAL  
IN YOUR  
LIFE?



JUST SOME LUNATIC  
SUPER-VILLAINESS NAMED  
COPYCAT THAT USED  
TO HAVE THE HOTS  
FOR ME.

OH,  
I SEE.

NOW GET  
DRESSED, I HAVE  
TO GO TO WORK.



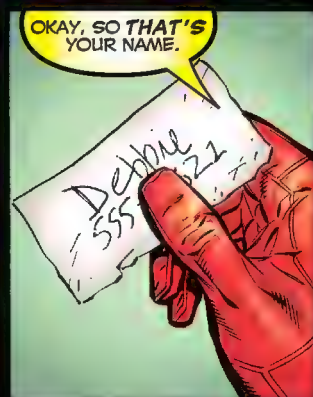
YOU COULD HAVE  
AT LEAST WIPED  
THE BARF OFF  
YOUR TUX.

IS THAT  
MINE?



HOW CAN  
I CONTACT  
YOU AGAIN?

CHECK  
YOUR COAT  
POCKET.  
CALL ME.



OKAY, SO THAT'S  
YOUR NAME.



MY HEAD IS  
KILLING ME. I  
GOTTA GET  
ANOTHER  
DRINK.





**OUR LADY OF PASSION  
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.  
UPTOWN MANHATTAN.**

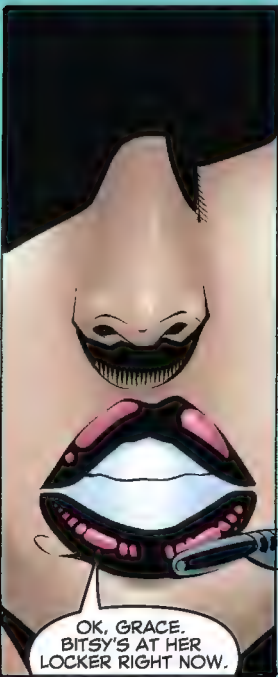


OKAY, BITSY, HIT THE  
SHOWERS! THE REST  
OF YOU GIRLS, GIVE  
ME FOUR LAPS.

THANK  
YOU, COACH  
YANCY!

BYE, GIRLS.  
HAVE A NICE  
RUN.

**TWEEEEETTTT**



OK, GRACE.  
BITSY'S AT HER  
LOCKER RIGHT NOW.



DEE, DEE,  
DEE. I LOVE  
ME.  
OH.  
WHO--?



WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE? YOU  
DON'T EVEN GO  
TO THIS SCHOOL.

NO, YOU'RE  
RIGHT. I DON'T.  
BUT DO YOU  
REMEMBER  
ME?



SURE I  
REMEMBER YOU.  
I KICKED YOUR  
TEAM'S BUTT AT  
THE GAME  
YESTERDAY. NO  
SORE FEELINGS,  
RIGHT?

UGGHHH.  
RIGHTTTT.



**AEEEEEEEEEE!**



NICE JOB,  
GRACE. I THINK  
SHE'S DEAD. BUT  
JUST TO BE  
SAFE...

I KNOW  
WHAT TO  
DO...



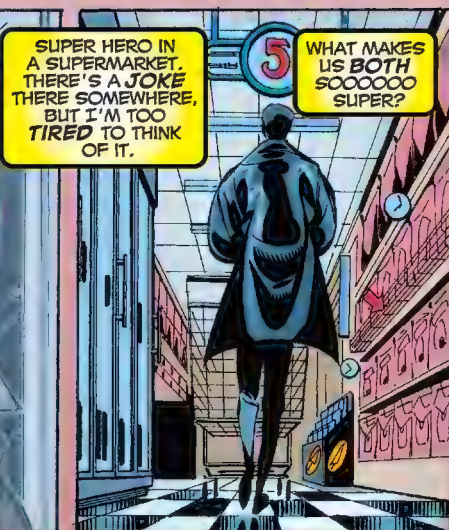
IF SHE'S NOT  
DEAD, I'LL MAKE  
SURE SHE NEVER  
PLAYS SOCCER  
AGAIN.





FOODWORLD.

MAYBE I NEED  
SOMETHING IN MY  
STOMACH TO BEAT  
THIS HANGOVER.



SUPER HERO IN  
A SUPERMARKET.  
THERE'S A JOKE  
THERE SOMEWHERE,  
BUT I'M TOO  
TIRED TO THINK  
OF IT.

5

WHAT MAKES  
US BOTH  
SOOOOOO  
SUPER?



AH, DAMSEL  
IN DISTRESS.

HERE, LET  
ME HELP YOU  
GET THAT,  
MISS.



EASY  
ENOUGH...

CRASH!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

THAT'S NOT  
FUNNY FROM  
WHERE I'M  
STANDING.





THANKS FOR YOUR "HELP."

YEAH, BIG HELP.

CAN YOU HELP ME FIND MY GLASSES?



OH MY GOD, I AM SO SORRY. I FEEL TERRIBLE. I THINK I CRUSHED THEM WITH MY GIANT EGO WHEN I FELL ON YOU.

Ha Ha. THAT'S ALL RIGHT...

NO, REALLY. HOW CAN I MAKE IT UP TO YOU?



HOW ABOUT YOU TAKE ME OUT FOR DINNER?

SERIOUS?

TOTALLY.

SOUNDS TOO EASY.



WELL, HERE'S THE THING.

I JUST MOVED TO BROOKLYN THREE DAYS AGO, AND IT'S BEEN NOTHING BUT ONE DISASTER AFTER ANOTHER.

MY APARTMENT'S A WRECK.

MY LANDLORD'S A PERVERT.

AND MY UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOR IS A TAP DANCING TROMBONE PLAYER.

I WAS STARTING TO FEEL LIKE I WAS CURSED. AND YOU'RE THE FIRST NICE PERSON I'VE MET HERE.

AND THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE REALLY, TRULY LAUGHED AT SOMETHING BESIDES MY SITUATION.

WHAT WOULD REALLY HIT THE SPOT WOULD BE A NICE QUIET DINNER WITH AN INTELLIGENT...

SEMI.

SEMI-INTELLIGENT GENTLEMAN.

I CAN BE THAT GUY.



GOOD. HERE'S MY NUMBER. I'M MARGUERITE.

Uhhh, YEAH. NAME'S WADE. SEE YA.

CALL ME. SOON.



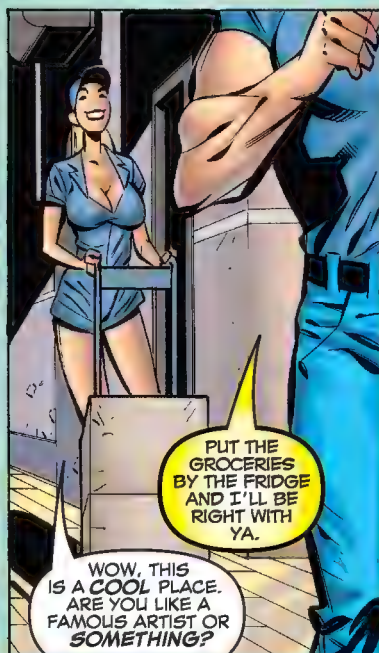
...



WOULD YOU LIKE THAT DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME, SIR?

Uhh, YEAH, SURE. HERE'S MY ADDRESS...







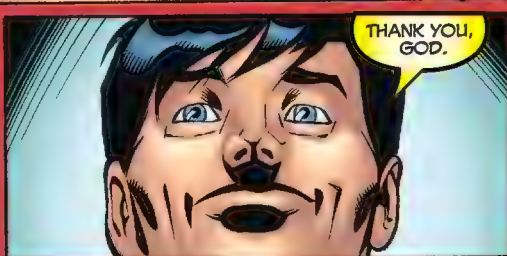


SURE. I KNOW  
WHATCHA MEAN.  
ANYTHING IS BETTER  
THAN A NINE-TO-  
FIVER.

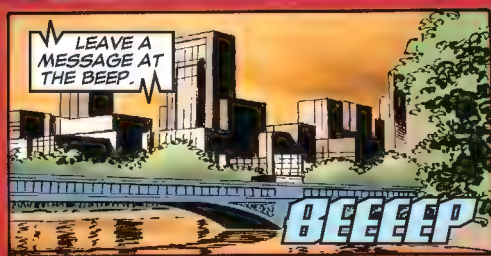
AND HERE  
WE GO. I GOT  
YOUR TIP.



NO NEED  
FOR A TIP.  
THIS ONE'S  
ON ME.



THANK YOU,  
GOD.



LEAVE A  
MESSAGE AT  
THE BEEP.

BEEP



BEEEEEP

BEEEEEP

BEEEEEP

BEEEEEP

BEEEEEP

HEY, MS. MUGGINS, THIS IS DEADPOOL. JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW THAT ANKLE WAS DOING. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BILLS. THEY'RE TAKEN CARE OF...

HEY, DEBBIE. IT'S ME, THE GUY WHO SAVED YOU IN THE BAR. JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU WERE FREE ON TUESDAY NIGHT. I WAS THINKING WE COULD CATCH AN ALCOHOL-FREE DINNER AT THE RIVER CAFE. GIMME A CALL BACK. HERE'S MY NUMBER... BYE.

HEY, AMY. HOW IS IT GOING AT THE STORE? JUST WANT TO LET YOU KNOW THAT BECAUSE OF YOU, I'LL NEVER SHOP AT ANOTHER SUPERMARKET FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. HA HA. ANYWAY, THERE'S A STREET FAIR ON SEVENTH AVE. THIS SATURDAY. WHY DON'T YOU COME BY AROUND NOONISH...

HEY, VERONICA. IT'S ME, WADE. JUST WANTED TO KNOW YOUR SCHEDULE FOR NEXT WEEK. LET ME KNOW IF YOU HAVE SOME TIME OFF. EVERY DAY IS GOOD FOR ME, EXCEPT TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. GIMME A CALL.

HEY, MARGUERITE. IT'S ME, WADE. HOW'S THAT APARTMENT WORKING OUT? LISTEN, HOW DOES FRIDAY NIGHT SOUND FOR THAT DINNER I OWE YOU FOR THE GLASSES? MAYBE, IF YOU WANT, WE CAN CHECK OUT A MOVIE FIRST. LET ME KNOW. HERE'S MY NUMBER...





...YOU  
KNOW WHERE  
I LIVE.

**CLICK.**

Oh, YEAH.  
I KNOW WHERE  
YOU LIVE. WE ALL  
KNOW WHERE  
YOU LIVE.

GET READY,  
WADE, THIS TIME  
COPYCAT PLAYS  
FOR KEEPS.

**NEXT ISSUE:**

**SPECIAL 50TH ISSUE!  
DEADPOOL GETS A  
SIDEKICK. AND IT'S  
A GUY!**



**MARVEL<sup>®</sup>**  
**COMICS**



**#50**

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**PALMIOTTI**  
**ROBERTSON**  
**HOLDREDGE**

THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH HITS **50!**

# DEADPOOL<sup>®</sup>

# POOL

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY





SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER! **STAN LEE PRESENTS:**

# DEADPOOL

THINGS ARE LOOKIN' UP FOR ME LATELY. THIS HIT ALONE BRINGS IN A **HUNDRED CLAMS** CLEAN. NO STRINGS ATTACHED.

HIS NAME IS **MAXY MILLIONS**. MOB PUNK EXTRAORDINAIRE. YOU'D SWEAR HE WAS JUST OFF **THE BOAT** THE WAY HE GOES AROUND BREAKING LAWS.

SEE THAT FATHER AND SON IN THE WINDOW? **NEITHER** OF THEM IS HIM. **MAXY'S** DUE TO MEET THE KID'S OLD MAN IN ABOUT **FIVE MINUTES**.

HOPE THE KID CLEARS OUT **QUICKER**, THOUGH. IN A FEW MINUTES, MY **LATEST PAYCHECK** IS GONNA WALK THROUGH THAT **DOOR**. AND I DON'T GET PAID FOR **EXTRAS**.

I'M **DEADPOOL**. A **KILLER FOR HIRE**. I PUT PEOPLE OUT OF **OTHER PEOPLE'S MISERY...** FOR A **PRICE**.

Story

Jimmy

Palmiotti

& Buddy

Sealari

Inks

Jon

Heldredge

Art

Darick

Robertson

Colors

Mike

Marks

Letters

Chris

Ellis

Assistant

Editor

Mike

Editor

in

Chief

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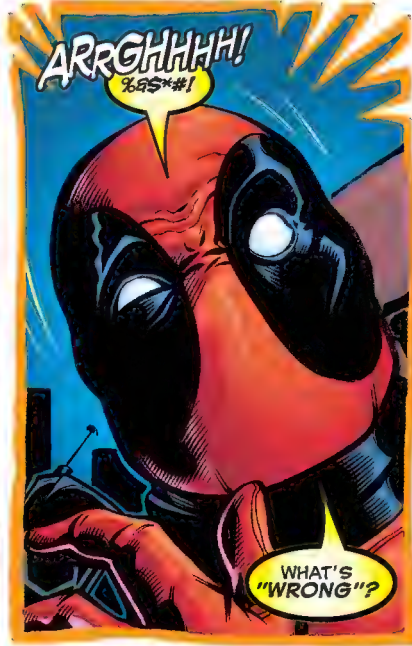
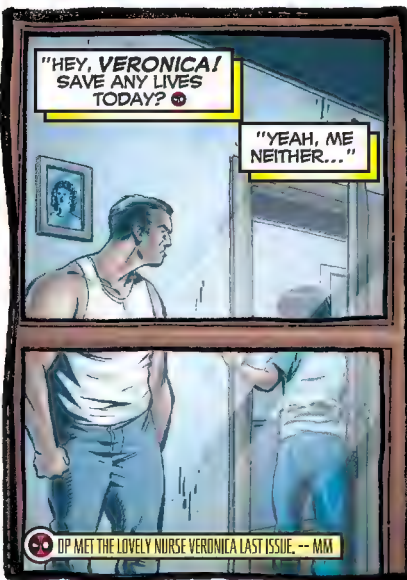
Quaranta

Editor

in

Chief







"REMEMBER THAT THING I WAS WAITING AROUND FOR TO HAPPEN? IT JUST HAPPENED WITHOUT ME. GOTTA GO. BYE."

GAS CAN. HE HAD A GAS CAN IN HIS HAND!

THIS WAS GOING TO BE SUCH AN EASY JOB!

WHY DOES HE HAVE A GAS CAN IN HIS HANDS?!

YAGOTTA, BEL

DUMMY. WHY ELSE WOULD HE HAVE A GAS CAN?

HEY. JUST WAIT A MINUTE... THAT'S...

MAXY MILLIONS. I JUST RAN PAST MY MARK. WONDERFUL.

Uh Oh.

NO PROB, I'LL SIMPLY PIVOT ON MY LITTLE PIGGIES AND--

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S BOUND TO BE ...





AAAAGHHHHHHH!

HELP ME.

... BURNING FLESH.



KEEP ROLLING. SNUFF THE FLAMES!

YOU'RE GONNA BE FINE. QUIT FIDGETING. RELAX.



OR NOT.

THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE ME ON A GOOD DAY.



D-DAD... ?

OH GREAT. THE KID'S BACK.



KID, YOU **DON'T** NEED TO SEE THIS. CALL 911. GET AN AMBULANCE. DON'T DO DRUGS.

YEAH?

... CLOSER ...

WHAT--? FIRST YOU **BURN** HIM AND NOW YOU WANT ME TO GET AN AMBULANCE?!

CHRISTOPHER... HE DIDN'T... IT WASN'T HIM ...

... YOU... **DEADPOOL**... COME CLOSER...

PTOOOHHH!

IT'S YOUR FAULT THIS HAPPENED TO ME! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO TAKE MAXY OUT, BUT YOU GOT ME INSTEAD.

I'M DYIN' HERE, YOU OWE ME.

OWE YOU WHAT?

PROTECT MY SON. HE WON'T BE SAFE UNTIL MAXY'S DEAD. PROMISE ME... PROM--

KID. LET'S GO.

GO...? BUT MY DAD...

HE'S GONE NOW.





C'MON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE WHOLE PLACE BLOWS UP!

BUT--!

MOVE IT.

DEADPOOL'S WAREHOUSE PAD, BROOKLYN SHIPYARDS.

SO EXPLAIN TO ME WHY I'M HERE.



AH, THAT'S A LITTLE TOUGH TO EXPLAIN. YOUR DAD, HE... HE WAS MIXED UP IN... STUFF.

HE WAS IN WAY OVER HIS HEAD.

SO... WHAT ELSE IS NEW?



AND IT LOOKS LIKE I'M ABOUT TO BE IN THE SAME BOAT. NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE THOUGH.

RINGGGG



'LO? NO, IT'S NOT DONE... WE GOT ONE CASUALTY. YEAH. JOHN CASSERA IS DEAD. AND HIS KID IS WITH ME.

NO, NO. MY FAULT, MY RESPONSIBILITY. HEY, WATCH YOUR MOUTH ...



YEAH, YEAH. SO WHERE'S MAXY GONNA BE TONIGHT? OKAY... AN' THIS VALDEZ GUY KNOWS WHERE I CAN FIND HIM?

HE'S GONNA BE IN "FRANK'S HOLE"? THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK.

OHhhh. I GET IT! NO, NO, NO. DON'T WORRY. OH, AND CALL ME THAT AGAIN, AND I DO YOU FOR FREE. GOT IT?

CLICK! Uh... GOTTA GO.



EXCUSE ME. I WAS ON THE PHONE.

WHA--?

KID, I PRACTICALLY INVENTED "EYES IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD."

NOW PAY ATTENTION TO ME.

LIKE I CARE ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS?

THIS GUY YOU BLAME FOR MY FATHER'S DEATH... WHERE IS HE? I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM MYSELF. HE'S ONLY ONE GUY.

ONE HEAVILY CONNECTED GUY. WHY DO YOU THINK THEY HIRED ME TO TAKE HIM OUT?

THEY HIRED YOU TO TAKE HIM OUT? NICE JOB. WHAT'S NEXT? A CURE FOR CANCER?

I MADE A PROMISE TO YOUR FATHER...

WAS THAT BEFORE OR AFTER YOU BURNED HIM TO DEATH?

I PROMISED I'D KEEP YOU SAFE TILL I TOOK OUT MAXY... THE GUY WHO DID THIS TO YOUR DAD.

KID, I'M GONNA BODYBAG MAXY. THEN I'M GONNA GET MY MONEY. AND THEN FINALLY, I'M GONNA GET YOU OUT OF MY LIFE. YOU DON'T LIKE IT? TOUGH.



LATER, AFTER SOME  
QUALITY DISCUSSION  
TIME...

STUPID TO  
THREATEN ME  
WITH THE COPS.  
REAL STUPID.

AT YOUR AGE,  
I WAS IN THE MILITARY  
READY TO FIGHT FOR  
MY COUNTRY. INSTEAD,  
I WOUND UP FIGHTING  
FOR MY LIFE AGAINST  
CANCER.

MRRPH  
DEMF.

DROP DEAD? I  
WISH IT WERE THAT  
EASY. IF SOMETHING  
SHOULD HAPPEN TO  
ME TONIGHT, I WONDER  
HOW LONG IT WOULD  
TAKE THE RATS IN THIS  
WAREHOUSE TO MAKE  
A MEAL OUT OF  
YOU.

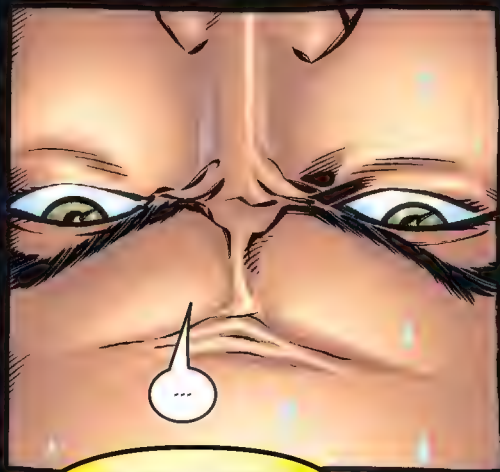
AND YOU'RE RIGHT, I  
KNOW. YOU'RE SAYING, HE'S  
NOT ABLE TO STRETCH INTO  
FUNNY SHAPES, HE'S NOT SOME  
IMMOVABLE JUGGERNAUT,  
HE DOESN'T HAVE POISON  
LIPSTICK, HE DOESN'T HAVE  
AN ADAMANTIUM SKELETON  
OR AN OPTICAL EYEBLAST  
THINGAMAJIG.

HECK, HE DOESN'T  
EVEN SHOOT WEBS  
OUT OF HIS BUTT. NOT  
THAT THAT'S EVER BEEN  
A REAL THREAT.

HE'S JUST A  
BULLY WITH A  
WEAPON.

WELL, THAT  
MAKES TWO  
OF US.

MRRRRRPPH!



AND WHILE I RESPECT  
YOUR LUST FOR REVENGE...  
IT'S IN YOUR BEST INTEREST TO  
STAY HERE WHILE I WORK.  
Y'KNOW, I'VE BEEN A  
MERCENARY FOR YEARS.



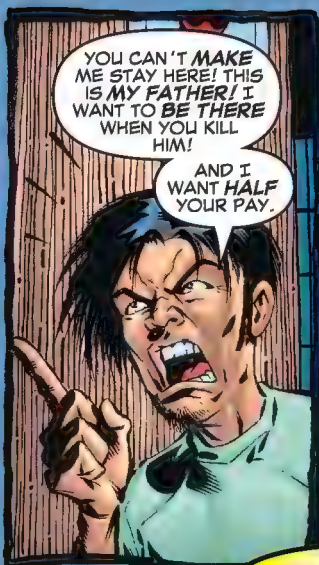




WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY? "THANK YOU"?

NO. I WANT YOU TO SAY "I'M GOING TO STAY HERE, NOT PLAY WITH THE TOYS AND WAIT TILL MR. DEADPOOL GETS BACK."

I'LL TAKE THIS MAXY GUY OUT AND MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE TO BOOT.



YOU CAN'T MAKE ME STAY HERE! THIS IS MY FATHER! I WANT TO BE THERE WHEN YOU KILL HIM!

AND I WANT HALF YOUR PAY.



Hahaha... Heh. Heh. **EX-SQUEEZE** ME? YOU WANT HALF THE PAY? THEN YOU TAKE HALF THE RISK! FOLLOW ME.



LESSEE WHAT I GOT HERE... **DEATH RAY... MEAT PUMP... LOUISVILLE SLUGGER... NIGHTVISION... POINTY SHOE...** AH, HERE WE GO.



PUT THIS ON.

**MOON.**



HOW ABOUT **DEATHMATE?** OR, Uh, **DEAD LAD?** WAIT! I GOT IT...

**POOL BOY!**



KILL ME NOW.







MEANWHILE...

HOW COME WE DIDN'T TAKE THE HARLEY?

SHADDUP AND LISTEN.

MY SOURCE SAYS WE HAVE TO FIND SOME GUY NAMED VALDEZ AT FRANK'S HOLE. HE KNOWS WHERE MAXY'LL BE TONIGHT.

NOW, STAY OUT OF THE WAY AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE BIKE WHILE I CHECK THINGS OUT.

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME. I GOT INTO THIS SUIT TO BABYSIT A MOTORCYCLE? LOCK IT LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE. I'M ARMED AND DANGEROUS, DUDE.

LET'S DO THIS PUNISHER STYLE.

THAT'S NOT HOW I DO THINGS.

YOU DO NOW, OR I GO TO THE POLICE.

➤SIGH. OKAY, JUST THIS ONCE. I GUESS I OWE YOU THAT MUCH.

FRANK'S HOLE

WAIT HERE.

FOLKS! COULD EVERYONE JUST MOVE AWAY FROM THE WINDOW FOR A FEW SECONDS?

THANK YOU.

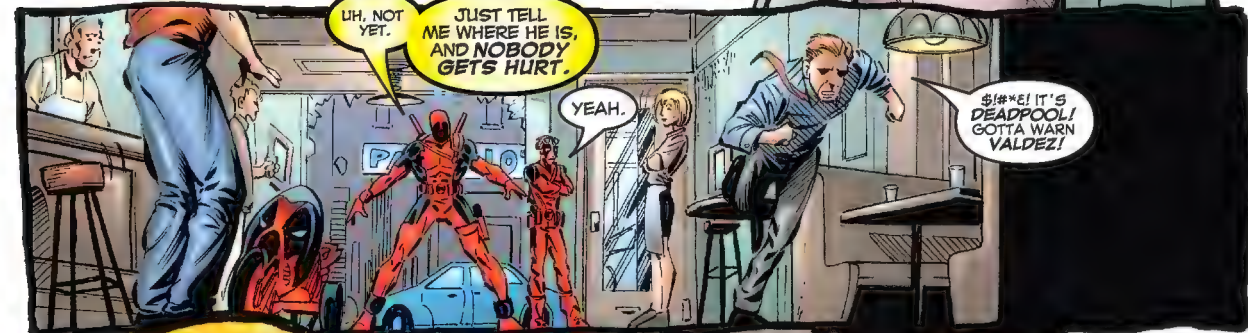
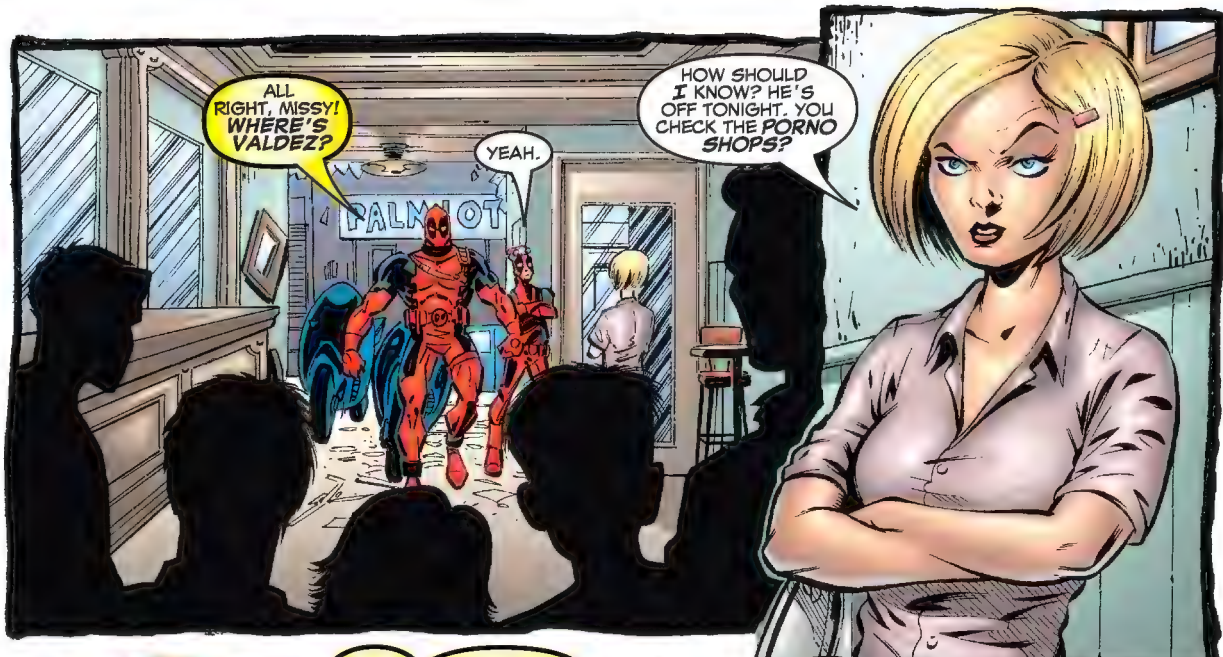


# CRASHHHH!!



OH  
YEANNNN!









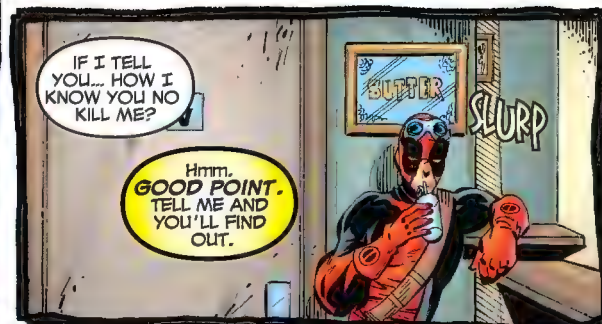
YOU MUST BE VALDEZ.

QUE?

JEEEEEZE. SMELLS LIKE BURRITO BUTT IN HERE.

PLEASE DON'T KILL ME. PLEASE DON'T KILL ME.

I NEED SOME INFORMATION. SO BEFORE YOU DROP THE KIDS OFF AT THE POOL. TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND MAXY MILLIONS TONIGHT.



IF I TELL YOU... HOW I KNOW YOU NO KILL ME?

Hmm. GOOD POINT. TELL ME AND YOU'LL FIND OUT.



DERE'S A JOCKEY AT DE AQUADUCT NAMED PIKE. EEE'S MAXY'S JOCKEY. EEE KNOW WHERE MAXY BE.

THAT IT?

DAT'S IT. I SWEAR. YOU NO GONNA KILL ME, RIGHT?



WRONG.

SPAK!



LET'S MOVE. WHAT'S THAT YOU GOT IN YOUR HAND?

A DRINK.



WHAT? BUT YOU'RE NOT EVEN LEGAL!



RELAX. IT WAS A COKE. I SWEAR.

RIGHT, SMARTGUY.



I DON'T KNOW  
WHO YOU THINK  
YOU ARE! YOU  
DON'T OWN  
ME!

WOULDN'T  
WANT TO.

THAT'S  
THE STORY OF  
MY LIFE!

DON'T GET ME  
WRONG, I *MISS* MY  
DAD... BUT HE WAS  
NEVER *AROUND*  
FOR ME.

YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO WIN *POINTS*  
WITH HIM BY SLAPPING  
A *DRINK* OUT OF MY  
HAND!

JUST BECAUSE  
YOU *KILLED* MY FATHER  
DOESN'T MAKE YOU MY  
NEW *GUARDIAN*! IT MUST  
SUCK WHEN *GUILT* IS  
YOUR PRIMARY  
MOTIVATION.

YOU HAVE  
*NO IDEA* WHAT  
ABUSE I'VE TAKEN  
FROM EVERYONE.

EVERYWHERE  
I GO, I GET  
*STARED* AT. PEOPLE  
LOOK *DOWN* ON ME.  
THEY JUDGE ME BY  
HOW I *LOOK*  
WITHOUT GETTING  
TO KNOW ME.

SUPER POWERS. SUPER  
LIFE. PROBABLY HAD EVERYTHING  
JUST HANDED TO YOU. YOU'RE JUST  
A *SPOILED* OLD MAN WITH A LOT OF  
NICE TOYS, AND NOT A CARE IN  
THE WORLD.

YOU'RE NOTHING  
BUT A WANNABE  
*PHONY*. YOU CAN'T  
EVEN DO A *SIMPLE*  
JOB RIGHT.







NOW I KNOW  
WHY YOU'RE ALL  
ALONE HERE. LOOK  
AT YOU.



YEAH, KID!  
LOOK AT ME!  
TAKE A GOOD  
LONG LOOK.



I... I  
DIDN'T  
KNOW.



WHAT'S  
TO KNOW...





LATER, THE NEXT MORNING.

COME ON, KID. RISE AND SHINE. GOTTA SEE A MAN ABOUT A HORSE.

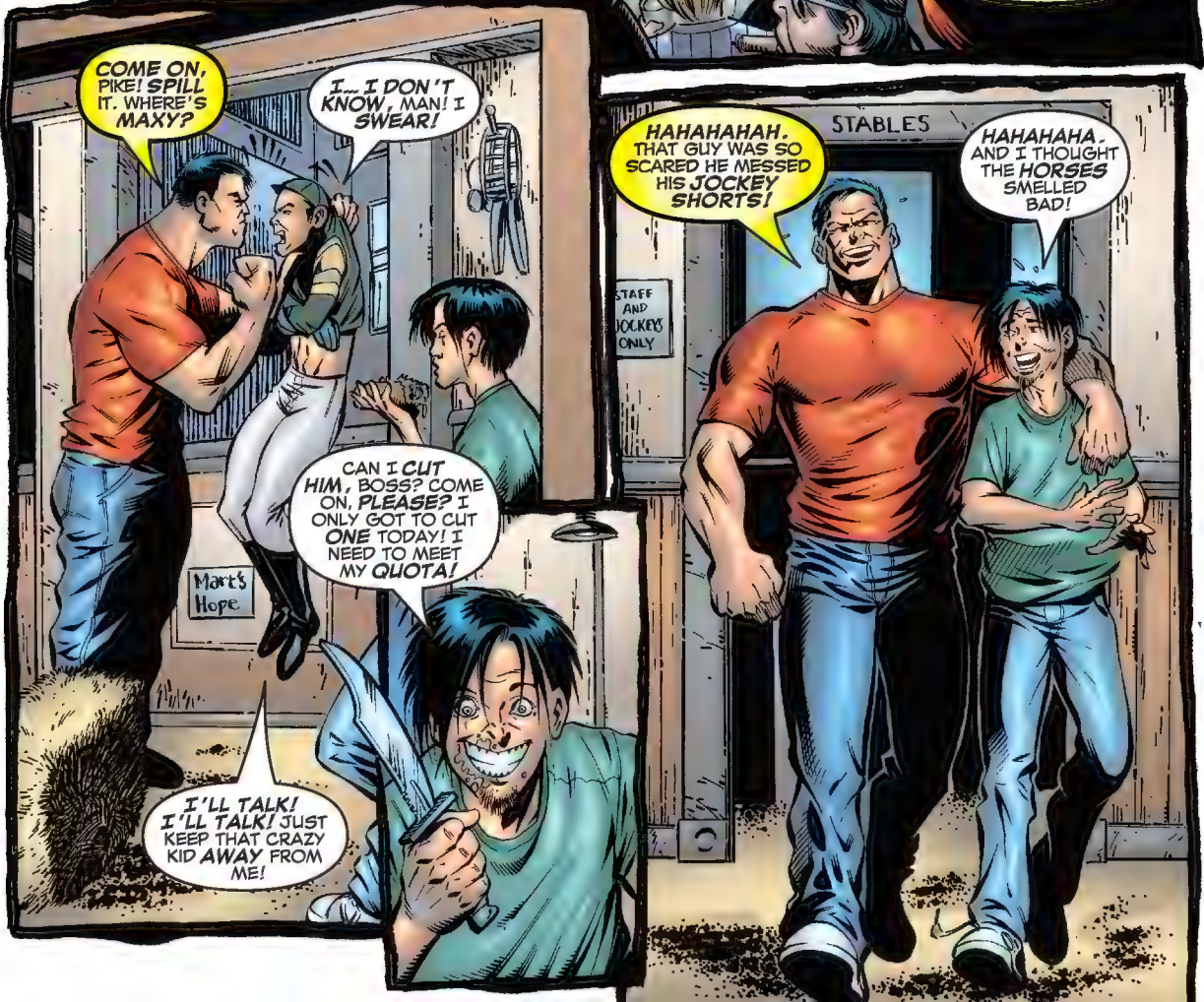
WHO-- WHO ARE YOU--?

OH, EXCUSE THE FACE. IT'S CALLED AN IMAGE INDUCER. IT LETS ME BE ANYONE I WANT.

AND YET YOU'RE STILL YOU, DEEP DOWN. HOW LOVELY.

NOT OLD ENOUGH FOR BOOZE, BUT OLD ENOUGH TO RUN THE HORSES! GO, BARBIE HEAD!

COME ON. LET'S GO GET INTO CHARACTER.



COME ON, PIKE! SPILL IT. WHERE'S MAX?

I... I DON'T KNOW, MAN! I SWEAR!

CAN I CUT HIM, BOSS? COME ON, PLEASE? I ONLY GOT TO CUT ONE TODAY! I NEED TO MEET MY QUOTA!

I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK! JUST KEEP THAT CRAZY KID AWAY FROM ME!

HAHAHAHAH. THAT GUY WAS SO SCARED HE MESSED HIS JOCKEY SHORTS!

HAHAHAHA. AND I THOUGHT THE HORSES SMELLED BAD!

STABLES

STAFF AND JOCKEYS ONLY





SO YOU'RE  
MAKING UP FOR  
IT BY TEACHING ME  
HOW TO *SHOOT*  
*PEOPLE?*

I'M GOING  
TO TEACH YOU  
HOW TO SHOOT A  
**SPECIFIC PERSON.**  
**MAXY, THE GUY WHO**  
**KILLED YOUR**  
**FATHER.**

Oh,  
Cooooool.

SO ALL I DO  
IS POINT AND  
**SHOOT?**

THERE'S A LOT MORE TO IT THAN THAT. THERE'S THE DISTANCE, THE CALIBER OF THE BULLET, THE WIND SHEAR...

YEAH, YEAH,  
I KNOW **ALL**  
ABOUT IT,  
OSWALD.

WHEN I WAS A KID GROWING UP ON FLATBUSH,  
I USED TO PICK OFF THE **PIGEONS** ON THE GIANT  
CARVEL ICE CREAM CONE SIGN... AND THE  
OCCASIONAL CAT.

**YOU  
DON'T LIKE  
CATS?**

THERE'S ONLY  
**ONE THING**  
I HATE WORSE  
THAN CATS.

## WHAT'S THAT?

## CLOWNS.





NURSE  
VERONICA.  
NIGHTCLUBBING  
DEBBIE. OUT-OF-  
TOWNER MARGUERITE.  
AND DELIVERY  
GIRL AMY.



BOYS ARE  
SUCH EASY PREY.  
ESPECIALLY MY BOY  
DEADPOOL.

GUESS IT  
WOULDN'T HURT  
TO CHECK IN WITH  
HIM ONE MORE  
TIME, TO SEE IF  
WE'RE STILL ON  
FOR TONIGHT.



YOU MUST REALLY  
HATE CLOWNS.  
IN MY LINE OF WORK,  
CLOWNS WITH  
CAPES... THAT'S ALL  
THERE IS.  
MYSELF INCLUDED.

RINNEGG

CELL  
PHONE,  
DUDE.

'LO. HEY,  
VERONICA.  
WHAT'S UP?



WE STILL ON  
FOR TONIGHT,  
BIG BOY?

TONIGHT?  
Ohhhh. I AM SO  
SORRY. I HAVE TO  
BABYSIT A... FRIEND  
OF MINE FROM OUT  
OF TOWN. CAN I TAKE  
A RAINCHECK?

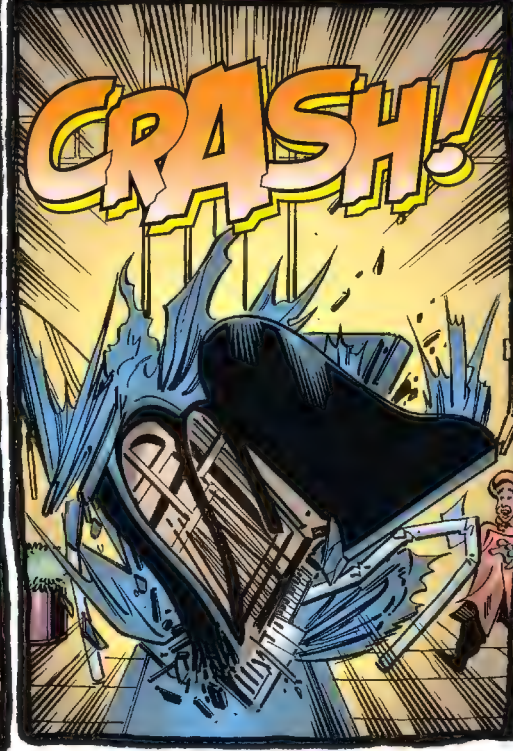
SURE,  
SWEETIE. NO  
PROBLEM.

SURE  
YOU'RE NOT  
MAD?



POSITIVE.









NEXT ISSUE:  
**THE PROMISE**  
PART 2  
WHAT ELSE?





ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO SO

Book **DEADPOOL**

Issue **50**

Story  
Page #

QUICK!  
INK MY LEGS!  
I'M  
MELTING!



**BONUS**  
**DEADPOOL**  
**PIN-UP**

BY  
/ RICK LEONARDI  
/ JON HOLDREDGE  
& TOM CHU

*glu* 00







DEADPOOL

No. 51



# Deadpool<sup>®</sup> COMICS

APRIL

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THE *Sensational* CHARACTER-  
FIND OF 2001 ....

## Kid Deadpool!

THE GLORIFIED GOPHER







SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

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# DEADPOOL

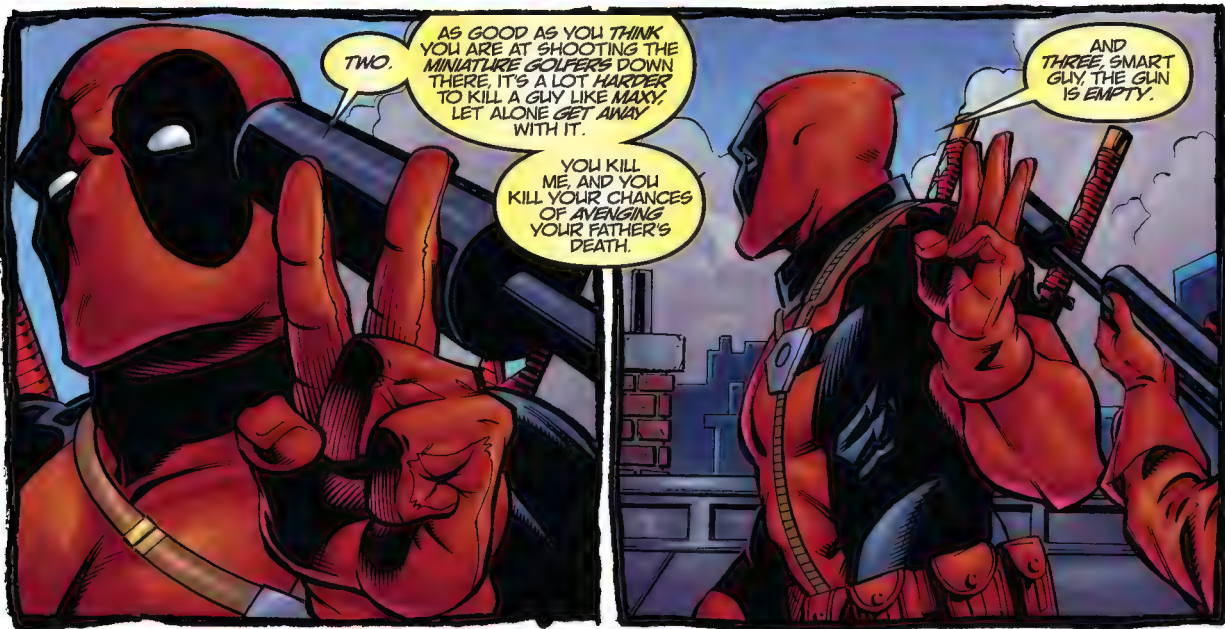
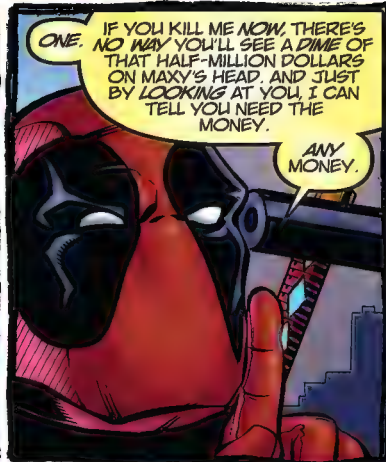
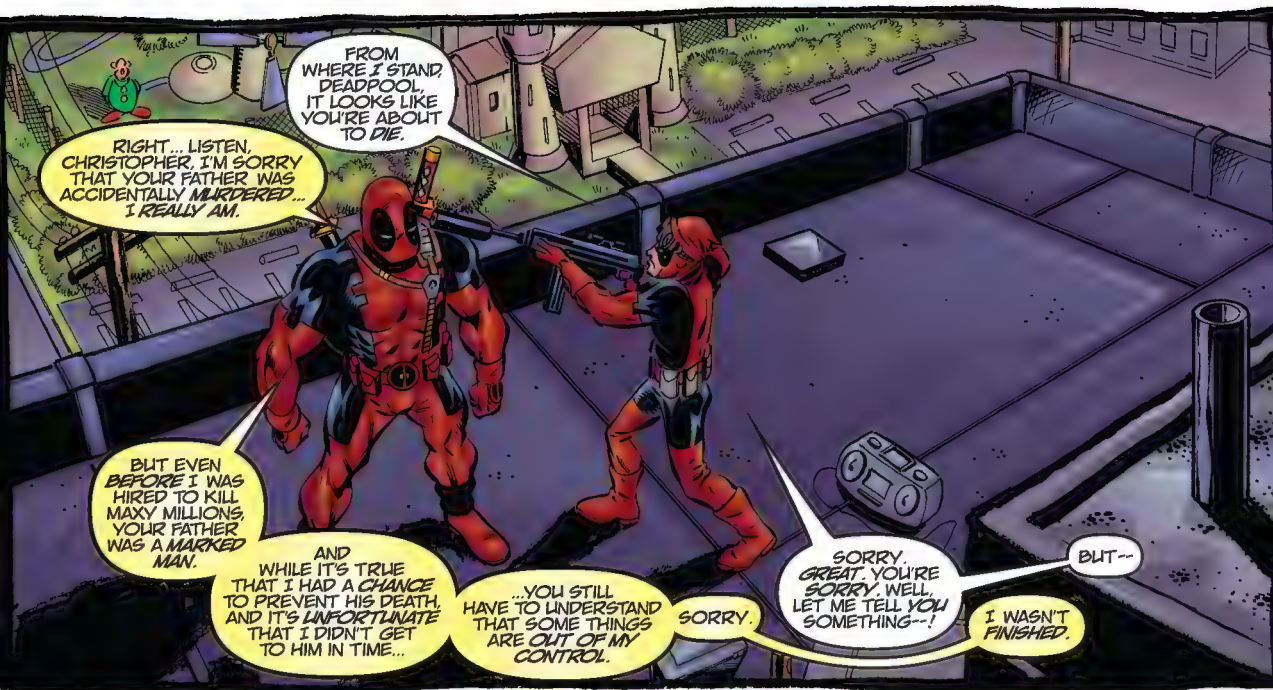
# THE PROMISE

## PART TWO OF TWO

JIMMY PALMIOTTI & BUDDY SCALERA story  
DARICK ROBERTSON pencils  
JON HOLDREDGE inks  
TOM CHU colors  
SHARPEFONT & PT letters  
MIKE RAICHT assistant  
MIKE MARTS editor  
Q editor in chief











WHAT  
IF IT *IS* LOADED?  
WHAT IF I LOADED  
ONE *EXTRA* BULLET  
IN BEFORE WE  
LEFT?

WHAT IF  
YOU JUST *COUNTED*  
WRONG? WHAT IF I'M  
JUST MORE *DANGEROUS*  
THAN YOU THINK?  
WHAT IF---

WHAT IF  
WHAT IF WHAT  
IF? GOD KID  
YOU SOUND  
LIKE A *BROKEN*  
RECORD.

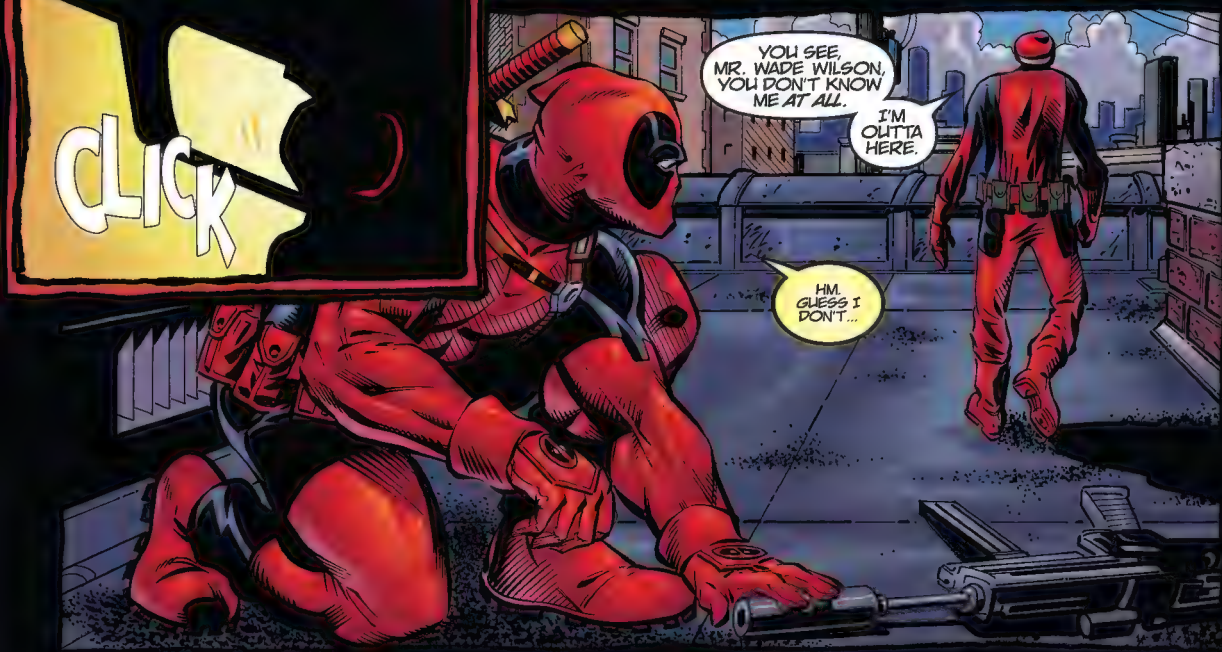
IF THERE *IS*  
A BULLET IN THERE,  
THEN I *GUESS* WE  
WON'T BE GOING TO THE  
MERCENARY/SIDEKICK  
SQUARE-DANCE.  
*BIG DEAL.*



SO YOU GOT ME  
ALL FIGURED OUT, huh,  
DEADPOOL?

SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT. I DOUBT  
YOU'VE GOT THE  
*GUTS* TO PULL THE  
TRIGGER.

YOU  
*'DOUBT'*?



YOU SEE,  
MR. WADE WILSON,  
YOU DON'T KNOW  
ME AT ALL.

I'M  
OUTTA  
HERE

HM.  
GUESS I  
DON'T...





INTERLUDE.

HI, I'M SARAH MOREELS FROM THE SCHOOL DISTRICT... HERE TO SEE EITHER MR. OR MRS. MERCY!

SI, BENE

'ALLO? SI, THIS IS MR. PROPELS FROM DOWNSTAIRS. A NICE LADY, SHE'S A HERE TO SEE YOU PARENTS.

IT'S A MISS EEELS FROM DA SCHOOL.

WHO?



SHE'S A FROMA DA SCHOOL.

SIGH: WHATEVER, JUST GET RID OF HER.

IT'S A TOO LATE. SHE'S ON HER WAY UP.

MARY! MISS MOREELS IS HERE FROM THE SCHOOL!

FIGURES HAD TO HAPPEN EVENTUALLY.



THAT IDIOT DOORMAN LET HER IN AND SHE'S ON HER WAY UP!

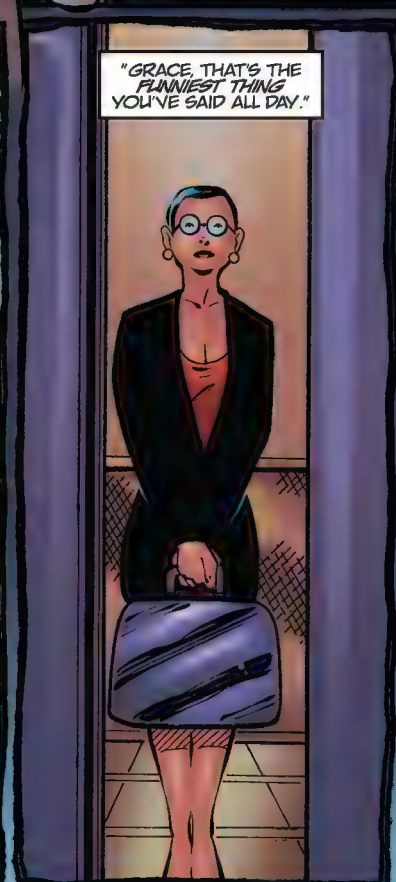
THERE GOES HIS BONUS.

GRACE, HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE WE WENT TO SCHOOL?



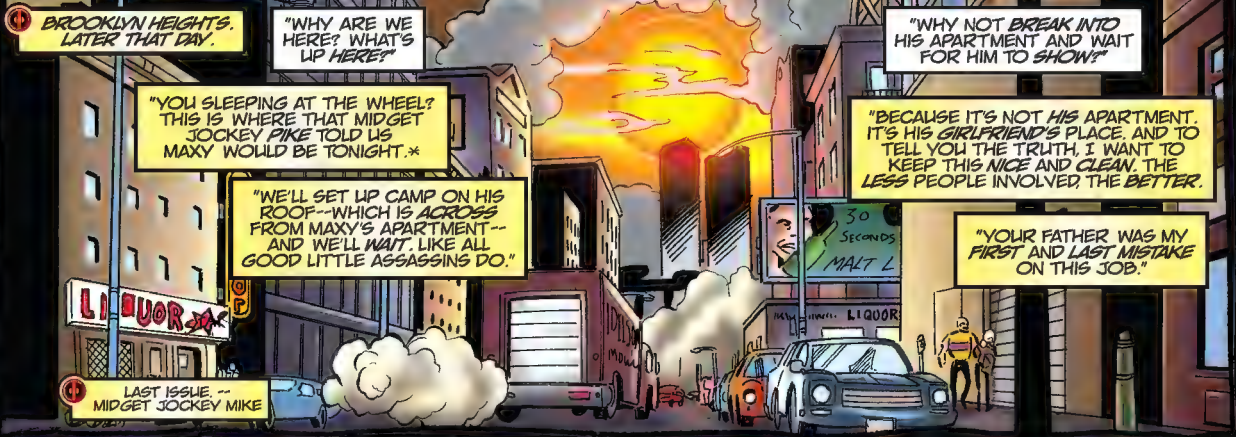
A DAY, A WEEK, TWO. I DON'T KNOW, WHATEVER IT IS, WE HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HER PERMANENTLY.

YOU KNOW SHE'S GONNA KILL US.



"GRACE, THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING YOU'VE SAID ALL DAY."





BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.  
LATER THAT DAY.

"WHY ARE WE  
HERE? WHAT'S  
UP HERE?"

"YOU SLEEPING AT THE WHEEL?  
THIS IS WHERE THAT MIDGET  
JOCKEY PIKE TOLD US  
MAXY WOULD BE TONIGHT.\*

"WE'LL SET UP CAMP ON HIS  
ROOF--WHICH IS ACROSS  
FROM MAXY'S APARTMENT--  
AND WE'LL WAIT LIKE ALL  
GOOD LITTLE ASSASSINS DO."

"WHY NOT BREAK INTO  
HIS APARTMENT AND WAIT  
FOR HIM TO SHOW?"

"BECAUSE IT'S NOT HIS APARTMENT.  
IT'S HIS GIRLFRIEND'S PLACE. AND TO  
TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WANT TO  
KEEP THIS NICE AND CLEAN. THE  
LESS PEOPLE INVOLVED THE BETTER.

"YOUR FATHER WAS MY  
FIRST AND LAST MISTAKE  
ON THIS JOB."

LAST ISSUE --  
MIDGET JOCKEY MIKE



YOU SHOULD DIE...  
SPANT... JUST  
FOR MAKING ME  
CLIMB FIVE  
STORIES!

POOR  
BABY.

WE'RE ON A  
STAKEOUT YOU'RE  
ON THE ROOFTOP  
OF A TURN-OF-THE-  
CENTURY BROWNSTONE.  
ELEVATORS WEREN'T  
EVEN INVENTED  
YET.

SO QUIT  
YER CRYIN', CUZ  
CLIMBIN' THOSE STAIRS  
IS THE ONLY EXERCISE  
YOU'RE GONNA GET  
TONIGHT!

FROM THE  
LOOKS OF YOU,  
DOESN'T SEEM  
LIKE YOU GET  
OUT TO THE GYM  
MUCH...



WHA--?  
LOOK, I JUST  
LUGGED THIS  
BAG OF--

--JUNK  
UP FIVE  
FLIGHTS.

WANT  
A MEDAL?



YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
THE FUNNY  
PART IS?

WHAT?

YOU  
BROUGHT  
THE WRONG  
BAG.

YOU  
KNEW  
THIS?!?

HEH.  
YEP.





OKAY, SO NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

WE SIT, WE WAIT.

WAIT FOR WHAT? WHY DON'T WE KILL HIM RIGHT NOW?

IT'S A PERFECT TIME FOR A MURDER!

NO WE WAIT.

CAN'T WE AT LEAST DISCUSS THIS?



WE DON'T "DISCUSS" ANYTHING. YOU DO AS I SAY, AND NOTHING ELSE. THIS IS MY STAKEOUT, AND THIS IS MY KILL.

WHEN I TELL YOU IT'S OKAY TO SHOOT HIM, THEN IT'S OKAY.

AND NOT A SECOND BEFORE.

GOT IT?

FUHHK YOU MUST BE SO IN LOVE WITH YOURSELF. THIS SITTING AND WAITING CRAP IS GOING TO KILL ME.



"I'M A MAN OF ACTION... IF YOU WON'T DO IT..."



...THEN  
I'LL DO IT  
MYSELF.

Click

CHRIS,  
GIVE ME BACK  
THAT GUN THIS  
INSTANT.

FINE,  
FINE, TAKE  
IT.

AND GET  
BACK INTO THE  
SHADOWS.

LIKE  
I TOLD YOU  
BEFORE, WE  
WAIT TILL HE'S  
ALONE.

WE DO  
THIS RIGHT.  
WE TAKE OUR  
TIME, AND WE  
DON'T INVOLVE  
OTHER  
PEOPLE.

WE'RE  
ONLY GETTING  
PAID TO KILL MAX.  
REMEMBER? WE  
DON'T KILL THE  
GIRLFRIEND...OR  
HER LOVER.

HER  
LOVER--  
WHAT?

HOW  
ABOUT I  
JUST WING  
HIM?

SIT DOWN,  
YOU MORON.  
THIS ISN'T THE  
SPECIAL  
OLYMPICS FOR  
SIDEKICKS.







I'M  
A PRETTY  
REASONABLE  
WOMAN...

... I'M  
SMART.  
I'M SEXY. I'M  
GIVING.

I CAN BE  
ANYONE THAT  
DEADPOOL WANTS  
ME TO BE, AND I  
HAVE THE POWER  
TO DO SO.

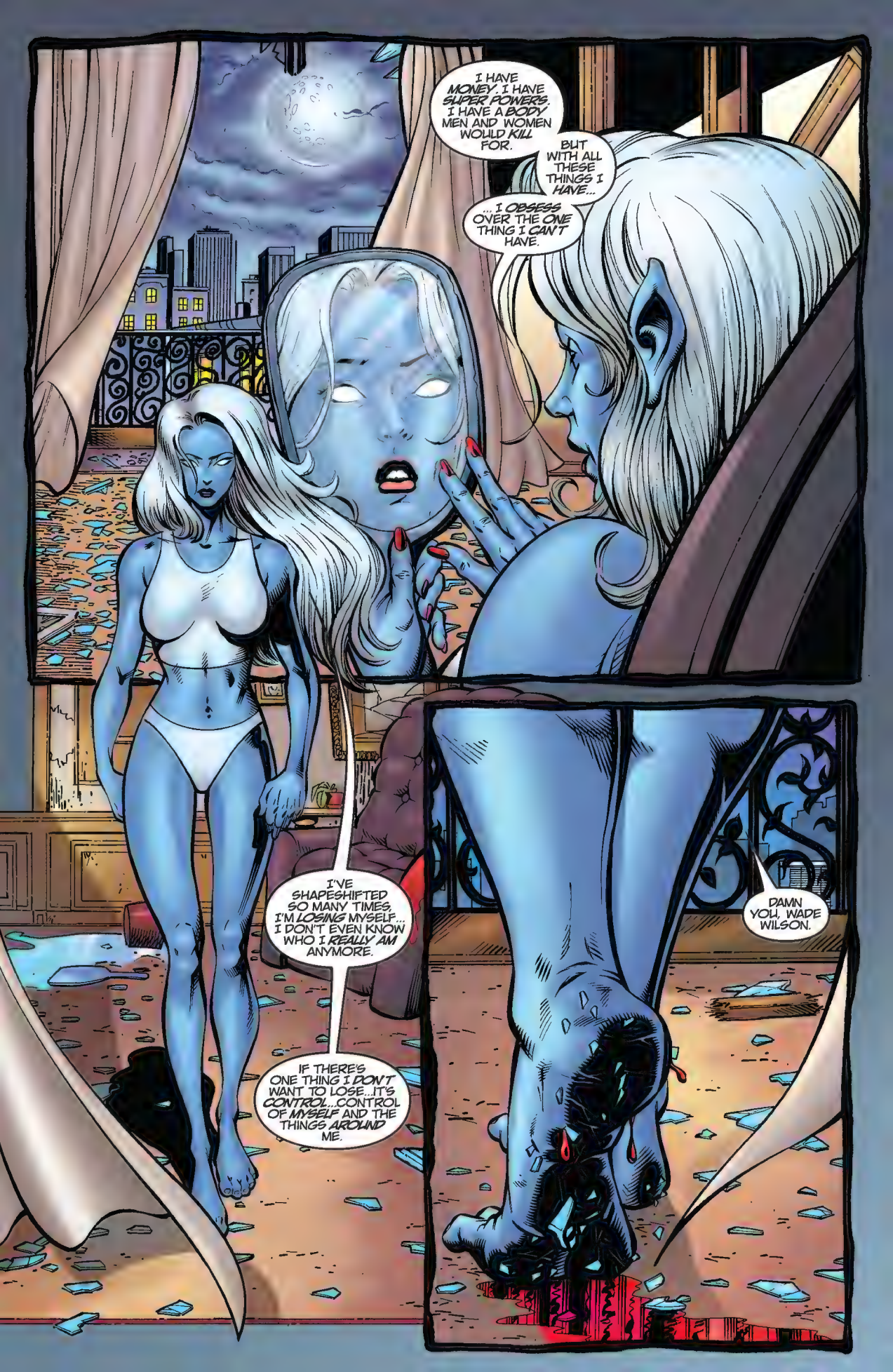
SO,  
ANSWER THIS  
SIMPLE LITTLE  
QUESTION...

WHY--

--DOESN'T--

--HE  
CALL  
ME?!?!





I HAVE MONEY. I HAVE SUPER POWERS. I HAVE A BODY MEN AND WOMEN WOULD KILL FOR.

BUT WITH ALL THESE THINGS I HAVE...

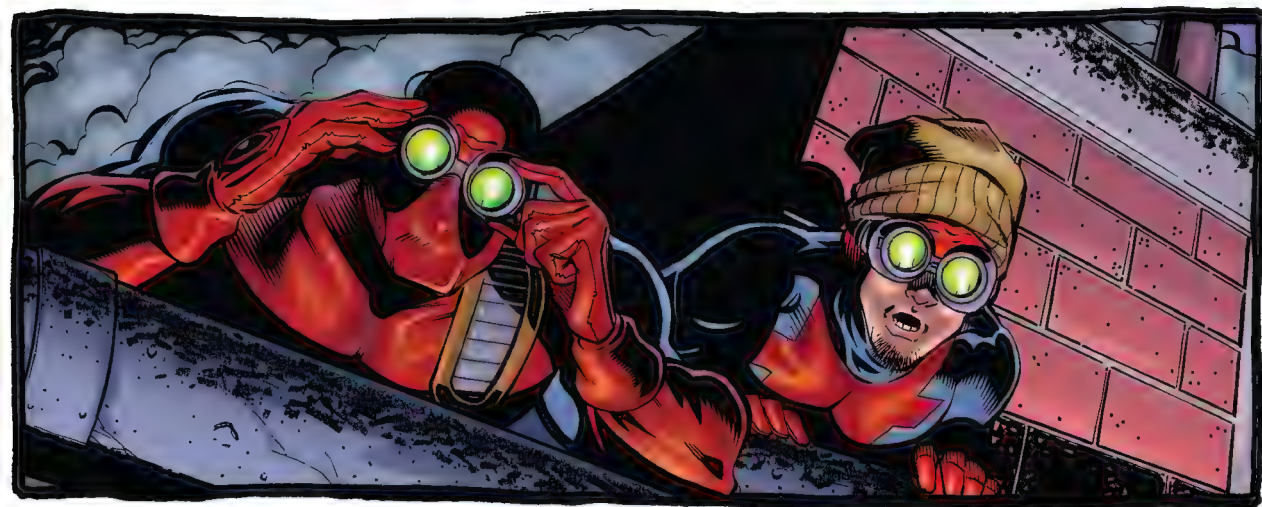
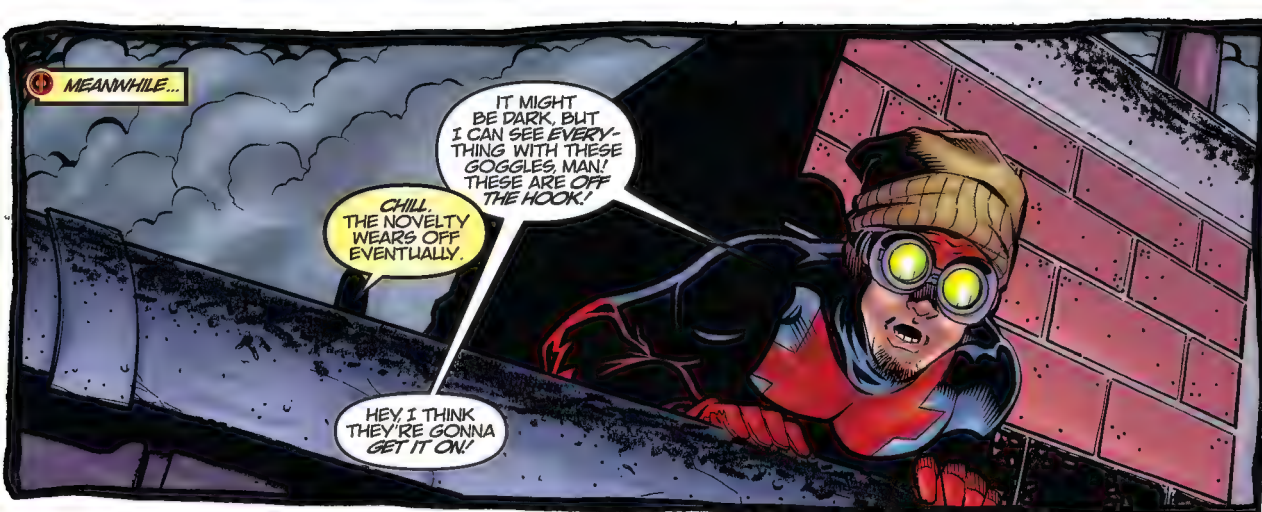
... I OBSESS OVER THE ONE THING I CAN'T HAVE.

I'VE SHAPESHIFTED SO MANY TIMES. I'M LOSING MYSELF... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I REALLY AM ANYMORE.

IF THERE'S ONE THING I DON'T WANT TO LOSE... IT'S CONTROL... CONTROL OF MYSELF AND THE THINGS AROUND ME.

DAMN YOU, WADE WILSON.

















CLOCK'S TICKING, AND I'M LOOKING FOR YOUR "FINAL ANSWER."

Click

SW-SW-SWING DADDY'S.

NAH, NOT ON A SCHOOL NIGHT.

IT'S A NIGHT-CLUB.

RIGHT, I KNEW THAT. NEAR THE BATTERY TUNNEL?

Y-Y-YEAH, THAT'S IT.

WHO GOES TO A NIGHT-CLUB IN THE MORNING?

HOW ABOUT: THEY HAVEN'T LEFT FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE? IT'S CALLED AN AFTER-HOURS JOINT.

I KNEW THAT.

HEY, NOT TO CHALLENGE YOUR SKILLS AS A RUTHLESS KILLER...

...BUT YOU LEFT THAT GUY'S HANDS FREE. HE COULD ESCAPE AND ALERT MAX, OR EVEN WORSE!

Hmm. MAKES SENSE, AFTER ALL, HE WAS COMING UP TO KILL US, SPEAKING OF WHICH...

...REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU EARLIER?

ABOUT ONLY KILLING THE ONES WE GET PAID FOR?

YEAH.

WELL, SOMETIMES YOU JUST SQUEEZE ONE IN AS A GOOF.

NO... PLEASE...





SO WILL YOUR MOTHER, FATHER... OR SOME OTHER LEGAL GUARDIAN BE BACK SOON?

NO... THEY'RE GOING TO BE OUT OF THE COUNTRY FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

WELL, I'LL JUST WAIT HERE UNTIL SOMEONE COMES HOME, THEN.

DO WHAT YOU MUST.

OH, EXCUSE ME, MISS MOREELS, BUT I THINK I HAVE TO GET SOMETHING FROM MY BEDROOM.

COULDN'T SHE BE LIKE EVERY OTHER SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR AND JUST NOT GIVE A CRAP?

Click

GRACE? CAN YOU HEAR ME, SIS?

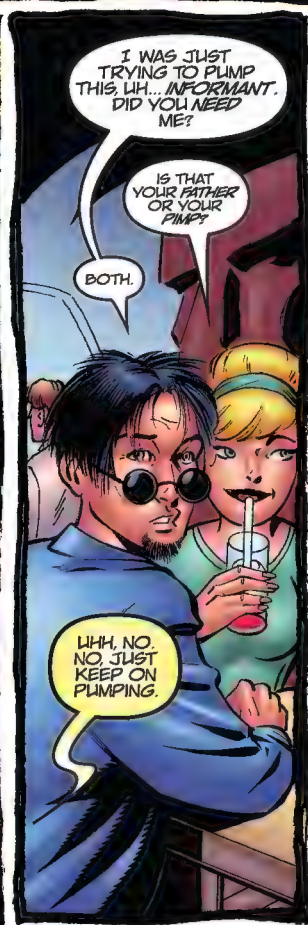
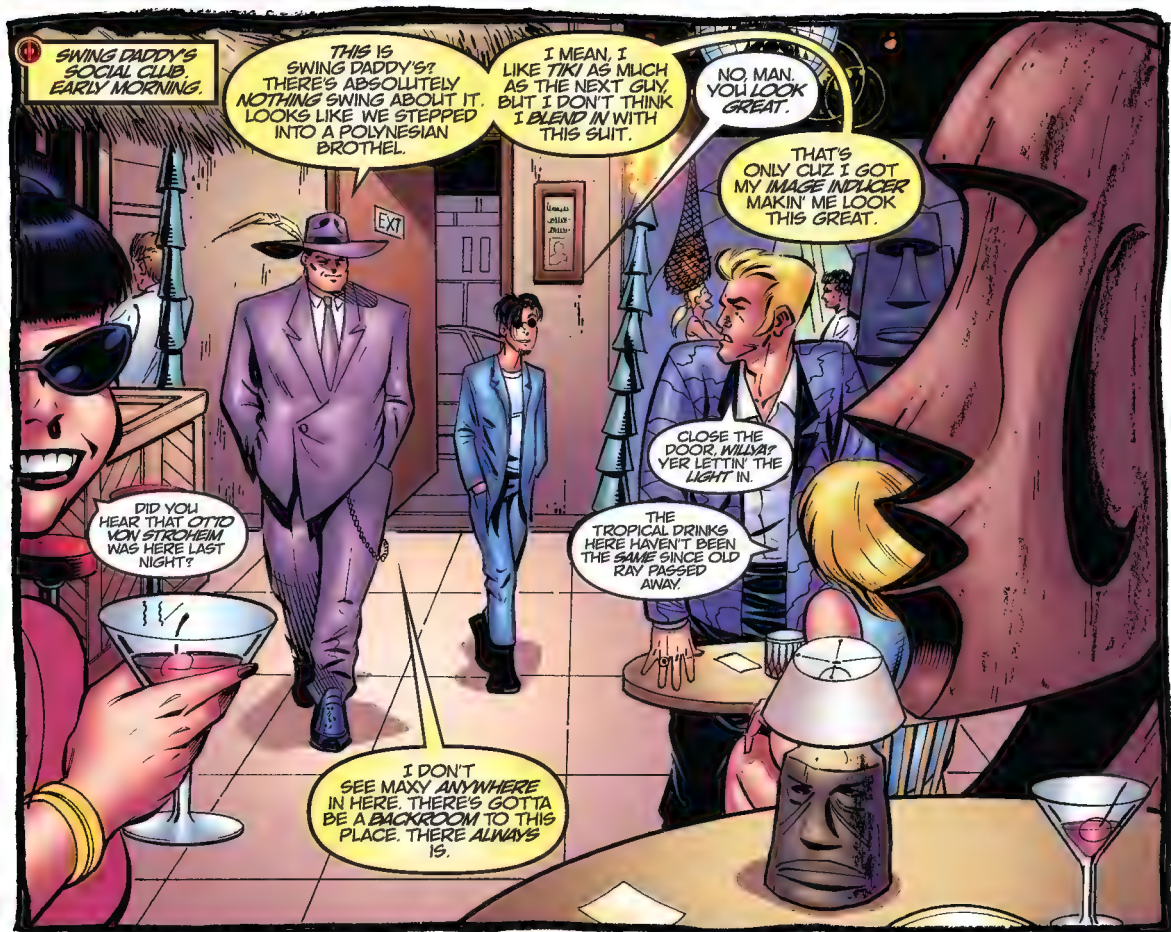
GOOD. KEEP HER BUSY, I'LL BE RIGHT OUT.

BINGO! WE NEED TO FINISH THIS. IT'S GOT TO BE QUICK AND QUIET.

SO, I HEAR YOU'RE REALLY GOOD AT SPORTS.

MY SISTER MORE THAN ME.











# SWING DADDY'S

"CHRIS, WHY'D YOU LET HIM GET AWAY?!"

"I HAVE A PLAN."

"YOU HAVE A PLAN? THIS I GOTTA HEAR."

I FOUND THIS LITTLE DOOHICKY IN A PILE OF JUNK AT THE WAREHOUSE.

AND?

AND I SLIPPED A THINGAMAJIG IN HIS JACKET WHILE WE WERE FIGHTING. BUT I AIN'T TOO SURE WHAT IT DOES.

HEH. PRESS THE BIG BUTTON TO FIND OUT.

KLIK

BWNAAMM

MOTHER\$#@#!

IT MAKES THINGS GO BOOM!

YEAH, BOOM.





DEADPOOL'S WAREHOUSE  
IN RED HOOK, BROOKLYN.

WELL, KID  
TODAY'S YOUR  
EIGHTEENTH  
BIRTHDAY, AND  
YOU MANAGED  
TO NOT GET  
KILLED.



AWWWW,  
YOU DIDN'T  
HAVE TO.

NO, I REALLY  
DID. I FIGURED IT  
WAS THE ONLY WAY  
TO GET YOU TO  
LEAVE.

DON'T WORRY,  
D.P. I WASN'T GONNA  
STICK AROUND. DON'T  
WANT TO END UP THE  
NEXT 'UNLUCKY  
BUCKY'.

I JUST  
WANT TO GET  
ON WITH MY  
LIFE, NOT  
YOURS.



WELL,  
BLOW OUT THE  
CANDLES, THEN,  
CUZ I ALREADY  
MADE YOUR  
WISH.

HERE, INSIDE IS  
YOUR NEW LIFE. THERE'S  
A ONE-WAY TICKET TO  
EUROPE, FULLY-PAID TUITION  
TO OXFORD, PICK YOUR OWN  
MAJOR, ALL THE PAPERWORK  
FOR A NEW IDENTITY, AND  
A NICE CASH BONUS,  
TO BOOT.

REALLY?  
OUT OF YOUR  
SHARE OF THE  
MONEY?

YUP, BUT  
MINUS THE WHITE  
CASTLES. STILL, IT'S A  
TON OF CASH FOR A  
KID YOUR AGE.



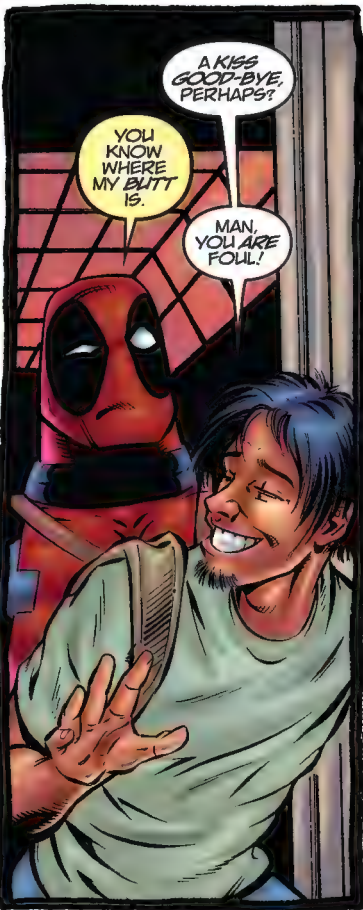
WOW,  
WELL, I  
GUESS  
THIS IS IT,  
THEN.

I  
APPRECIATE EVERY-  
THING YOU'VE DONE  
FOR ME, DEADPOOL.  
IN FOUR DAYS, YOU  
COMPLETELY CHANGED  
MY LIFE.

BUT I HAVE  
TO ADMIT... I DON'T  
KNOW IF I'M READY  
TO LET GO OF THE  
FACT THAT YOU WERE...  
WELL... PARTIALLY  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR MY FATHER'S  
MURDER.

GET  
OVER IT.

I UNDERSTAND  
NOT LETTING GO  
OF PAIN AND ANGER.  
IN MORE WAYS  
THAN YOU COULD  
IMAGINE.



A KISS  
GOOD-BYE,  
PERHAPS?

YOU  
KNOW  
WHERE  
MY BUTT  
IS.

MAN,  
YOU ARE  
FOUL!



SEE  
YA, KID  
GOOD  
LUCK.





WHATTA GUY. I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THEM **SUPER HEROES**.

OXFORD COULD NEVER AFFORD **APEX TECH**, MUCH LESS THE **IVY LEAGUE**.



STILL... IF YOU WERE A LITTLE MORE **EFFICIENT**, MR. **SUPER HERO**, MY **FATHER** MIGHT STILL BE **ALIVE**.

SORRY...



...BOOM!

KLICK



"BOOM!"

SMARTGLY.

BEEEEEEEEPPPP

NEXT ISSUE: DO KILLER  
CATHOLIC SCHOOL GIRLS  
TURN YOU ON? THEN  
GET READY FOR THE

MERCY  
SISTERS!

BOOM



# CAT FIGHT!

PIN-UP BY MICHAEL LOPEZ,  
JON HOLDREDGE AND TOM CHU



COULD THIS BE 'POOL'S DREAM COME TRUE OR JUST A  
SICK, TWISTED PIN-UP DESIGNED TO DRIVE HIM CRAZY!?!  
THE ANSWER WILL COME SOONER THAN YOU THINK...



MARVEL<sup>®</sup>  
COMICS



APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# DEADPOOL

#52

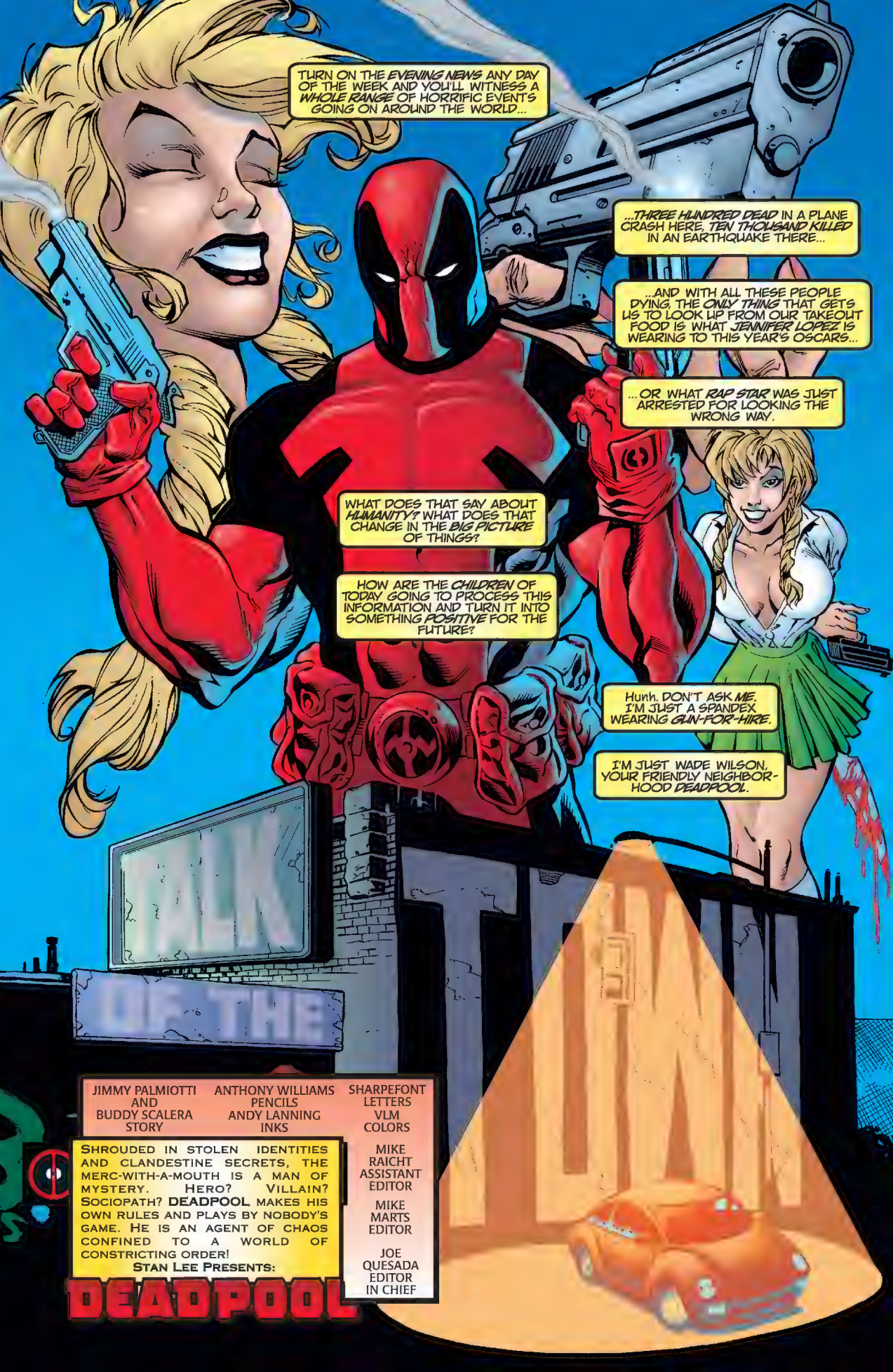


CONNOR - PALMIOTTI '00

Chy '00

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TURN ON THE EVENING NEWS ANY DAY OF THE WEEK AND YOU'LL WITNESS A WHOLE RANGE OF HORRIFIC EVENTS GOING ON AROUND THE WORLD...

...THREE HUNDRED DEAD IN A PLANE CRASH HERE, TEN THOUSAND KILLED IN AN EARTHQUAKE THERE...

...AND WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE DYING, THE ONLY THING THAT GETS US TO LOOK UP FROM OUR TAKEOUT FOOD IS WHAT JENNIFER LOPEZ IS WEARING TO THIS YEAR'S OSCARS...

...OR WHAT RAP STAR WAS JUST ARRESTED FOR LOOKING THE WRONG WAY.

WHAT DOES THAT SAY ABOUT HUMANITY? WHAT DOES THAT CHANGE IN THE BIG PICTURE OF THINGS?

HOW ARE THE CHILDREN OF TODAY GOING TO PROCESS THIS INFORMATION AND TURN IT INTO SOMETHING POSITIVE FOR THE FUTURE?

HUH. DON'T ASK ME. I'M JUST A SPANDEX WEARING GUN-FOR-HIRE.

I'M JUST WADE WILSON, YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD DEADPOOL.

JIMMY PALMIOTTI  
AND  
BUDDY SCALERA  
STORY

ANTHONY WILLIAMS  
PENCILS  
ANDY LANNING  
INKS

SHARPEFONT  
LETTERS  
VLM  
COLORS

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

**DEADPOOL**

MIKE  
RAICHT  
ASSISTANT  
EDITOR

MIKE  
MARTS  
EDITOR

JOE  
QUESADA  
EDITOR  
IN CHIEF



THE RITZ,  
NYC.

YES!  
THANK YOU!  
OKAY, WE'RE GONNA  
END TONIGHT WITH MY  
FAVORITE FROM THE  
NEW ALBUM...  
"DEMOLISH MY  
HEART"!

WHOOOOO!  
MORE DICK!

DO  
IT!

YEAH, JUST  
DO IT SO WE CAN  
GET OUT OF HERE  
ALREADY...

MARY,  
CHILL!

I LOVE  
DICK!

YEAH, HE'S  
A REAL KILLER,  
GRACE.

COME ON, DON'T  
MAKE FUN. I NEVER  
THOUGHT WE'D GET  
THIS CLOSE TO HIM.  
PEOPLE KILL FOR  
THESE TICKETS!

YEAH, WELL, HOW  
DO YOU THINK  
I GOT THEM,  
SILLY?

AND  
THIS ONE GOES  
OUT TO THOSE TWO  
BRITTANY-LOOKING  
TWIN...WHO TRULY  
ARE KILLER IN MY  
BOOK.

DOES HE  
MEAN LIST MARY?  
MARY? I THINK HE  
MEANS US!

GREAT.  
IT'S MY LIFE'S  
DREAM TO BE  
COMPARED TO  
BRITNEY.  
UGH.

MARY,  
COME ON! HE'S  
ASKING US TO GO  
BACKSTAGE!

BIG  
WHOOOP. DON'T  
GO ALL GROUPIE ON  
ME, GRACE. LET'S  
STICK TO THE  
JOB.



TWO BACKSTAGE PASSES, THREE GIN AND TONICS, AND SOME ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES LATER...

SO YOUR NAME ISN'T DICK? WHAT'S UP WITH THAT? THEN WHY'D YOU NAME YOUR BAND "KILLER DICK"?

IT'S A SECRET.

Mmmmm. SECRETS MAKE ME HOT.

COOL. SO WANNA SWAP SECRETS?

SURE! HERE'S A SECRET... MY TWIN SISTER MARY AND I DO EVERYTHING TOGETHER, AND I MEAN EVERYTHING.

OH, MAN. KILLAH, SO YOU GONNA SHOW ME?

IT'S A  
**SECRET.**

COOL.  
SO WANNA  
*SWAP*  
SECRETS?

OH, MAN.  
KILLAH. SO YOU  
GONNA SHOW  
ME?

**YOUR  
WIFE? YOU'RE  
MARRIED?**

Uh,  
Y-YEAH...  
WITH THREE  
KIDS, THAT A  
PROBLEM?

B-BUT  
WAIT... YOU WERE  
GOING TO SHOW ME  
HOW YOU AND YOUR  
SISTER--

THIS  
SUCKS. THIS  
REALLY  
SUCKS.

CHUCK  
JUST GOT SOME  
BAD NEWS, TOO.  
WENT STRAIGHT  
TO HIS HEAD.

DOESN'T  
MAKE FOR MUCH  
GOOD NEWS, NOW,  
DOES IT?

WIRRRRRRRRRRR

HEY! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
DRIVING THE LIMO?  
WHERE'S  
CHUCK?!

**Ж.СНЖ**





PROSPECT PARK,  
BROOKLYN.

MON-O-MON,  
FOLKS BE KILLIN'  
EACH OTHER OVER  
DA STRANGEST  
THINGS.

MAKES  
ME GLAD TO  
BE LIVIN' IN DA  
DESERTED SECTION  
O' TOWN. ALL  
BRICKS AN' BIRDS.  
NO YUPPIES  
NO TIME  
SOON.

DON'T BET  
ON IT, MR. JAMBO...  
WITH RENTS IN  
MANHATTAN AND  
ALL...



MR. KELLY, NICE  
O' YOU TO STOP  
BY AN HOUR  
LATE.

SORRY, MAN.  
WAS HELPING A  
SCHIZO FRIEND WITH  
SOME IDENTITY  
PROBLEMS.

YAH, YAH,  
SPEAKIN' OF  
PROBLEMS,  
HOW'S MINE  
COMING?

YOU HAVE A  
LITTLE SOMETHING  
FOR ME?



YOU BET.  
ALL OF IT RIGHT  
HERE.

ALL?

SHOULD  
TAKE CARE OF THE  
REST OF THE  
PAYMENTS FOR MY  
WAREHOUSE.

YOU'LL  
ALSO FIND A  
LITTLE BONUS  
FOR YOURSELF...  
FOR KEEPING  
EVERYTHING  
VERY LOW  
PROFILE.



EY, DIS CASE  
IS VERY LIGHT, MR.  
KELLY... YOU WOULDN'T  
BE PULLIN' NO FAST ONE  
ON YOUR NEW BEST  
FRIEND, EH?

NOPE,  
IT'S ALL  
THERE.



THOUSAND  
DOLLAR BILLS, THREE  
HUNDRED OF THEM.  
UNMARKED NONSEQUENTIAL.  
NOT EVERY DAY I LET SO  
MUCH GO, BUT A DEAL'S  
A DEAL.

BUT, "BEST  
FRIENDS"? IF I WERE  
YOU, I'D FORGET WE  
EVER MET, KNOWING ME  
JUST GETS EVERYONE  
IN DEEP DOODOO,  
YOU KNOW?



WELL, NO, BUT I  
REALLY DON'T CARE  
TO. ANYWAYS, ENJOY  
YA NEW HOME,  
MR. KELLY.

I WILL,  
MR. JAMBO...

...OR  
SHOULD I SAY,  
DEADPOOL  
WILL.



**POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS,  
DOWNTOWN.**

Wm  
Laa.



255065

DEATH

...POLICE FORENSICS  
CONFIRMED THAT THE  
STAB WOUNDS  
SHOW THAT AT LEAST  
TWO ATTACKERS  
STABBED THE VICTIM  
SIMULTANEOUSLY.

INTERESTINGLY ENOUGH, INSIDE SOURCES REPORT THAT PERFUME AND HAIR SAMPLES HAVE LED POLICE TO BELIEVE THAT THE CRIMES COULD HAVE BEEN COMMITTED BY TWO YOUNG WOMEN. AND EYEWITNESS REPORTS INDICATE THAT KILLER DICK LEFT THE RITZ CLUB WITH TWO YOUNG LADIES THAT NIGHT.

AS OF YET, CHIEF INVESTIGATOR **ARNOLD HUFF** STILL HAS NO LEADS IN THE CASE THAT SOME ARE CALLING "THE SWITCH-BLADE SISTER SLAYINGS." ALSO IN THE NEWS...

EVER  
SEE THAT MOVIE,  
DETECTIVE HUFF?  
*SWITCHBLADE SISTERS?*  
YOU THINK MAYBE IT WAS  
ONE OF THOSE GIRLS WHO  
KILLED THESE PEOPLE?  
WOULDN'T THAT BE  
*WEIRD?* WOULDN'T  
IT?

GEEZ,  
ENOUGH ALREADY.  
MAKE YOURSELF  
USEFUL AND GO  
GET SOME  
CHINESE FOOD. I'M  
STARVING.

AND  
WHILE  
YOU'RE AT IT,  
GET SOME  
FRESH  
AIR...

... YOU'RE  
STARTING  
TO SOUND  
MENTAL.

HEY, HUFF,  
YOU HEAR WHAT  
THEY'RE SAYING  
'BOUT YOUR CASE  
ON T.V.?

I DON'T  
GIVE A DUMP WHAT  
THEY'RE SAYING... I GOT  
ENOUGH TO WORRY  
ABOUT WITH THE FEDS  
AND REPORTERS  
WALKING ALL OVER  
ME.

ONLY REASON  
THAT REWARD GOT  
BLUMPED UP IS CUZ  
THEY KILLED A  
SO-CALLED ROCK  
STAR.

YEAH, BUT,  
ARNOLD, YOU  
GOTTA--

I AIN'T GOTTA  
DO NUTHIN'. LISTEN,  
WARREN, THAT KILLDICK  
GUY MADE THE REWARD  
GO UP TO A HUNDRED  
GRAND...

... SO NOW I  
GOT MY HANDS FULL  
WITH AMATEUR BOUNTY  
HUNTERS EVERYWHERE!  
IT'S A CITY OF  
BOBBY FATS!

THAT'S BOBA FETT, ARNOLD... YOU KNOW, FROM *STAR WARS*? I HEARD UNDERNEATH HIS MASK--OH WAIT, HERE IT IS, LISTEN TO THIS...





... RECORD COMPANY AS WELL AS FAMILIES OF THE VICTIMS HAVE PLEDGED \$100,000 FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE CAPTURE OF THE SWITCHBLADE SISTERS.

HELLO? WHO'S THIS?

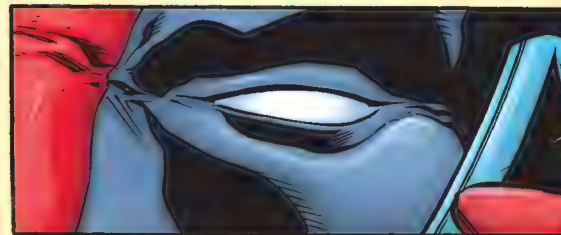
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WHO'S THIS?" IT'S VERONICA, SILLY... YOU CALLED ME, WADE.

OH, YEAH, VERONICA! WHAT'S DOING?



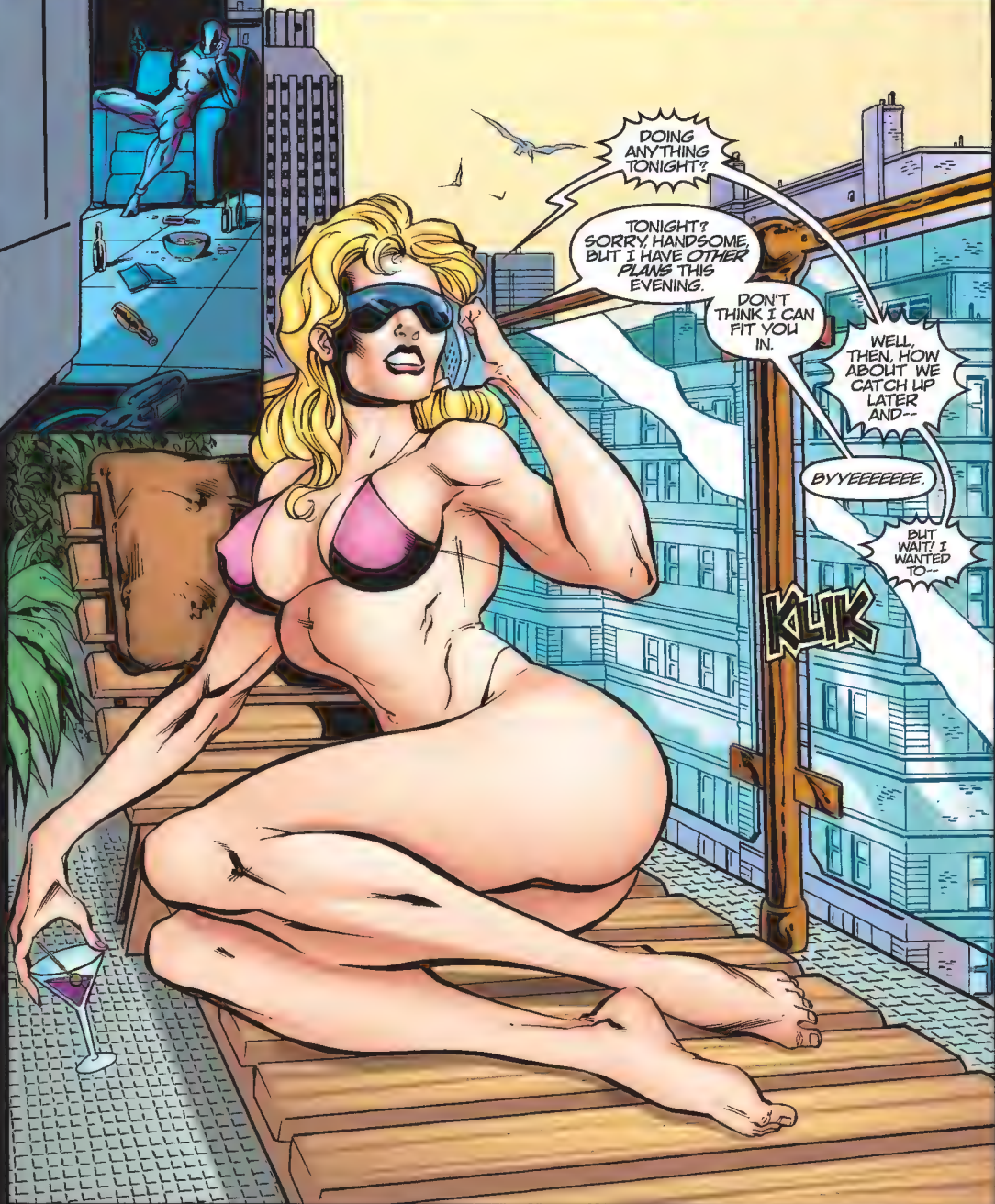
OH, JUST GETTING A LITTLE REST... JUST FINISHED A SHIFT AT THE HOSPITAL.

I'M STILL IN MY NURSE'S UNIFORM, YOU KNOW... JUST WAITING TO TEND TO A NEEDY PATIENT...



I'M YOUR MAN! NOW I'M IN PAIN!

I CAN TELL... SO WHY THE CALL, HERO?



DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT?

TONIGHT? SORRY, HANDSOME, BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS THIS EVENING.

DON'T THINK I CAN FIT YOU IN.

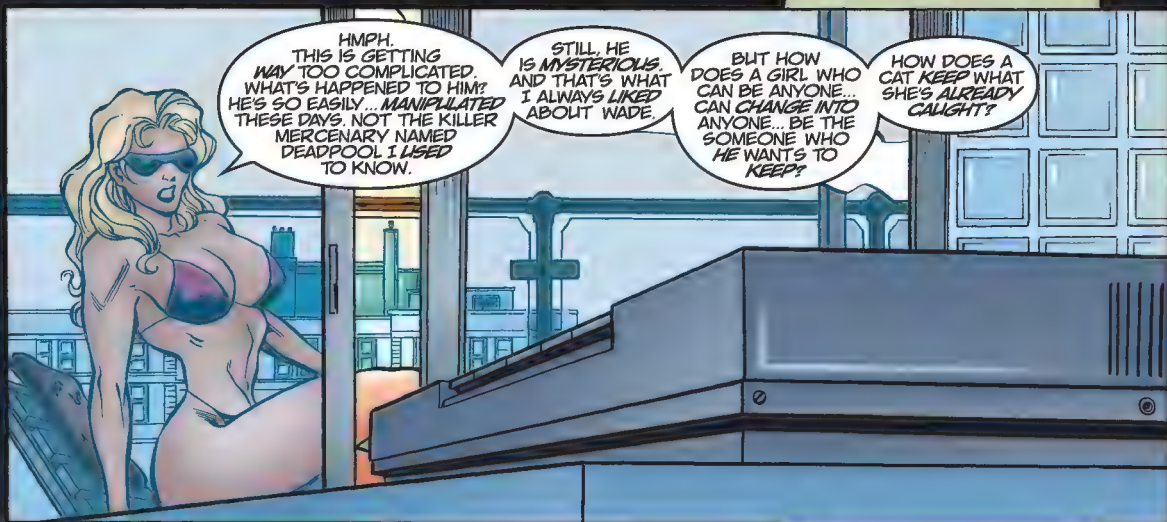
WELL, THEN, HOW ABOUT WE CATCH UP LATER AND--

BYEEEEEEEEE.

BUT WAIT? I WANTED TO--

**KLIK**



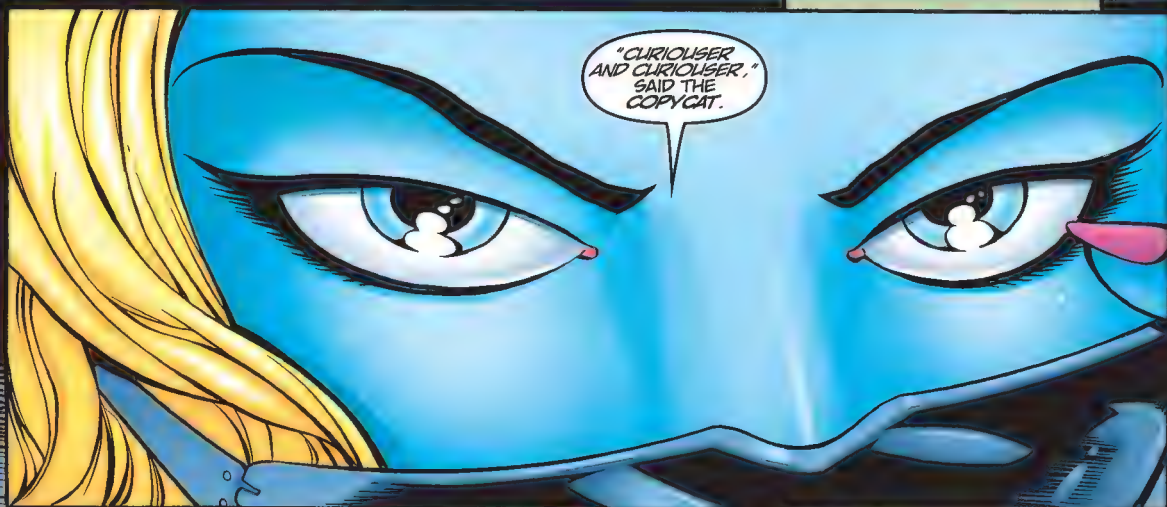


HMPH. THIS IS GETTING WAY TOO COMPLICATED. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM? HE'S SO EASILY... MANIPULATED THESE DAYS. NOT THE KILLER MERCENARY NAMED DEADPOOL I USED TO KNOW.

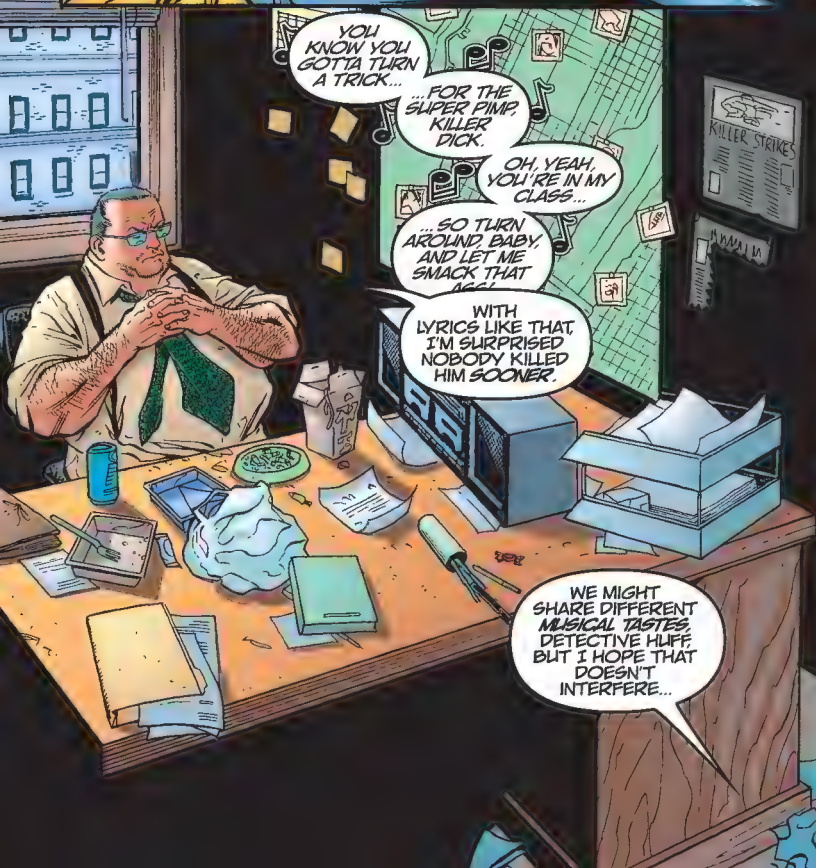
STILL, HE IS MYSTERIOUS. AND THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS LIKED ABOUT WADE.

BUT HOW DOES A GIRL WHO CAN BE ANYONE... CAN CHANGE INTO ANYONE... BE THE SOMEONE WHO HE WANTS TO KEEP?

HOW DOES A CAT KEEP WHAT SHE'S ALREADY CAUGHT?



"CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER," SAID THE COPYCAT.



YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA TURN A TRICK...

FOR THE SUPER PIMP, KILLER DICK.

OH, YEAH, YOU'RE IN MY CLASS...

SO TURN AROUND BABY, AND LET ME SMACK THAT ASS!

WITH LYRICS LIKE THAT, I'M SURPRISED NOBODY KILLED HIM SOONER.

WE MIGHT SHARE DIFFERENT MUSICAL TASTES, DETECTIVE HUFF, BUT I HOPE THAT DOESN'T INTERFERE...



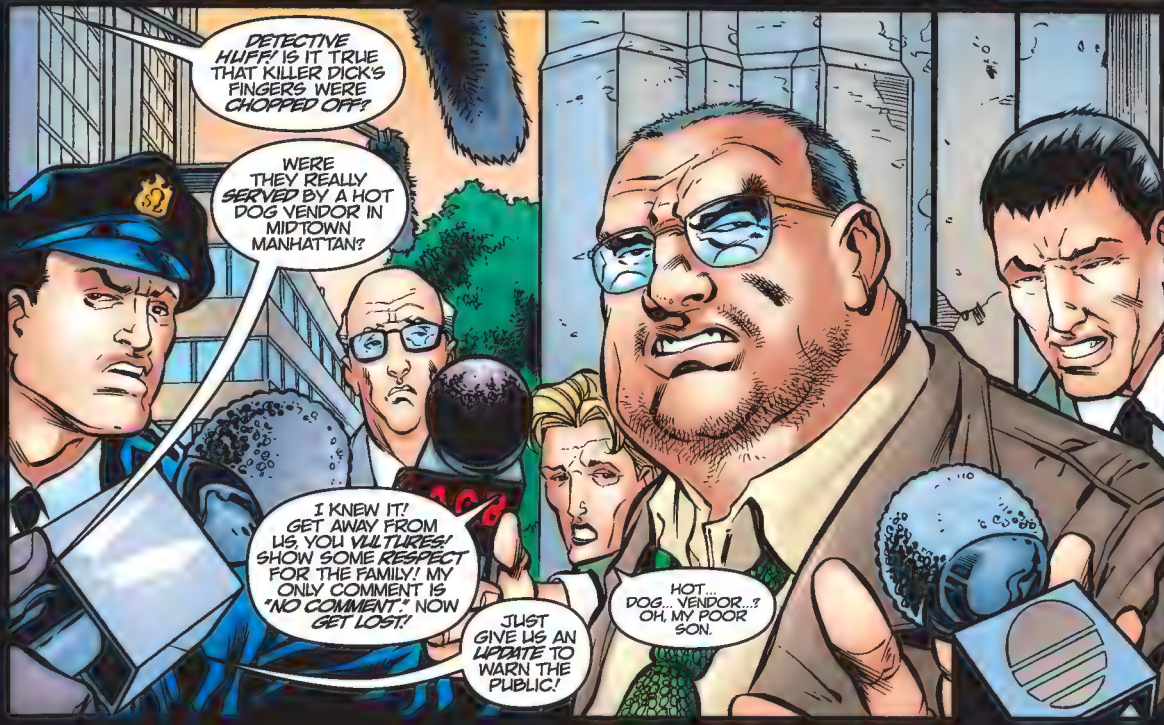
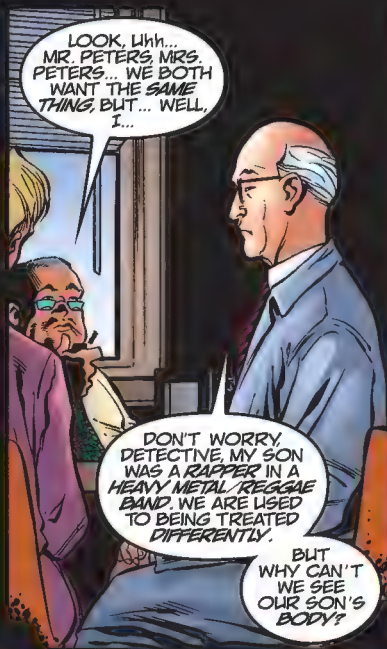
... WITH BRINGING OUR SON'S KILLERS TO JUSTICE.

UH, DETECTIVE, KILLAH DICK'S FAMILY IS HERE. THE PETERS.

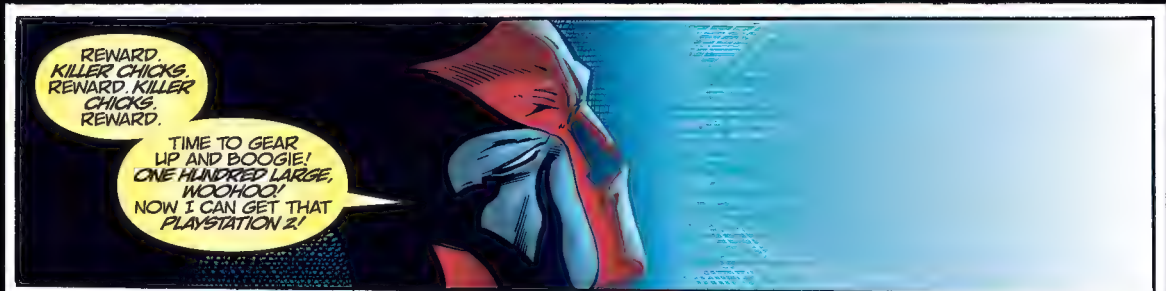
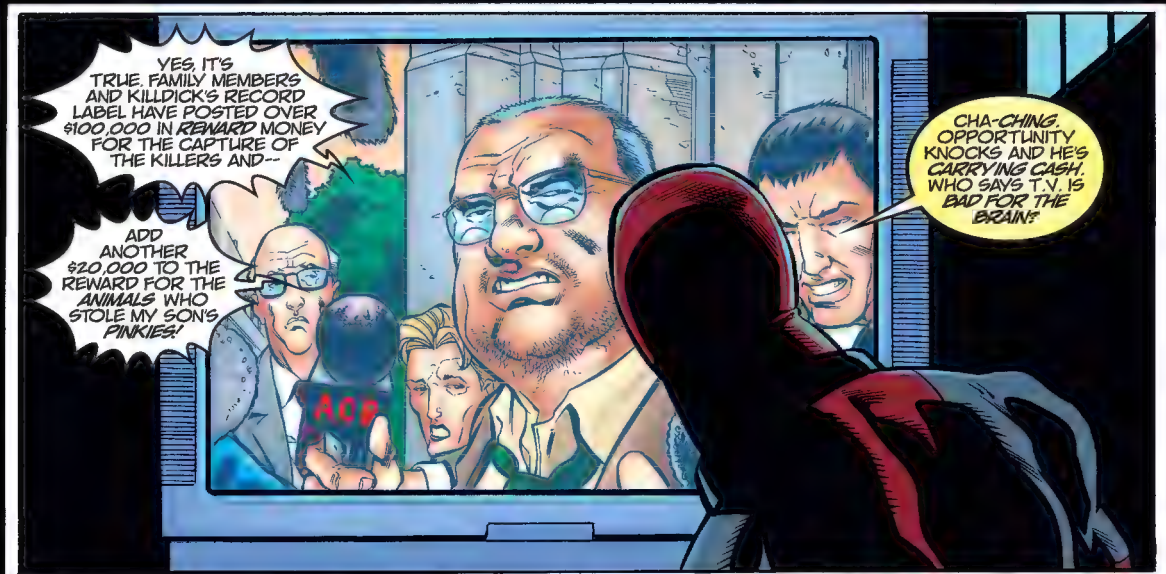
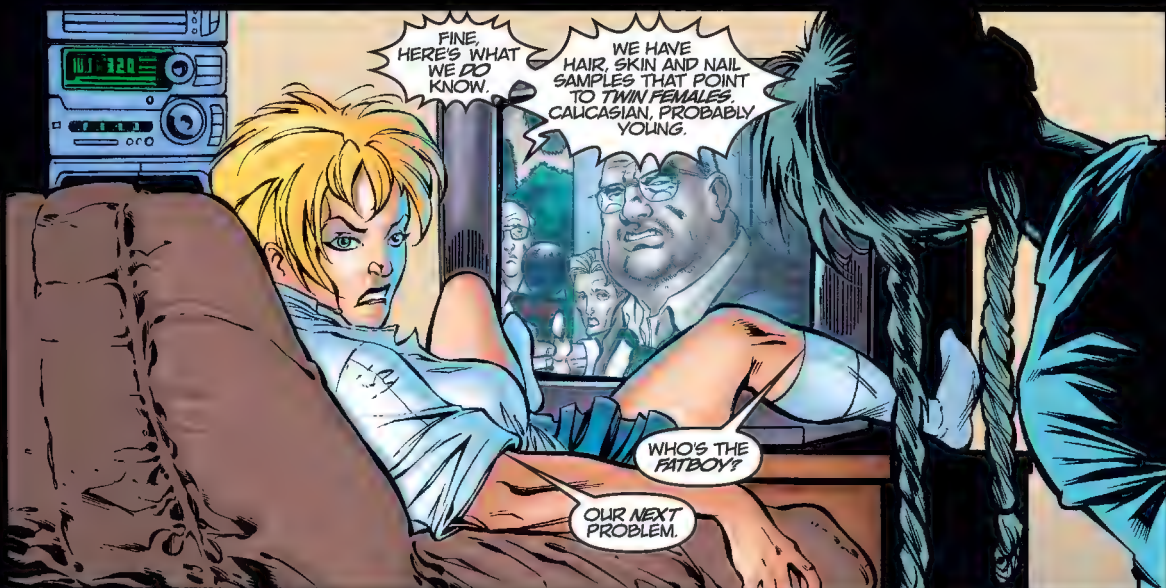
THANKS FOR THE ADVANCE NOTICE, WARREN.

DESPITE THE MISFORTUNE OF OUR SON'S CHOSEN CAREER PATH, WE ARE QUITE SERIOUS ABOUT HAVING THESE "SWITCHBLADE SISTERS" PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES.











"I HOPE OUR CARS DON'T GET TOWED."

"SHHH. STAY SHARP, MARY. THIS BUILDING IS JUST FULL OF COPS!"

"IT'S LIKE A POLICE DORM, GRACE... HOW SAD."

"WE'RE ACTUALLY DOING THIS GUY A FAVOR."



**KNOCK KNOCK**

HI, DETECTIVE HUFF! BOY, YOU'RE EVEN CUTER IN PERSON THAN ON T.V.! WANNA BUY SOME COOKIES?

HOW'D YOU--

OOOF.

**WHAM**

DING DONG! MOVE IT, FATTY! I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER!

YOU'D THINK THAT SOMEONE AS PUBLIC AS YOURSELF WOULD HAVE AN UNLISTED NUMBER.

SCALPEL?

SCALPEL.

TURN YOURSELVES IN AND I CAN GET YOU SOME HELP! YOU DON'T KNOW THE TROUBLE YOU'RE IN!

I'M IN TROUBLE?

WHAT ABOUT YOU? MAKING A LIVING BY CHASING DOWN NICE SCHOOL GIRLS LIKE US, PERVERT?

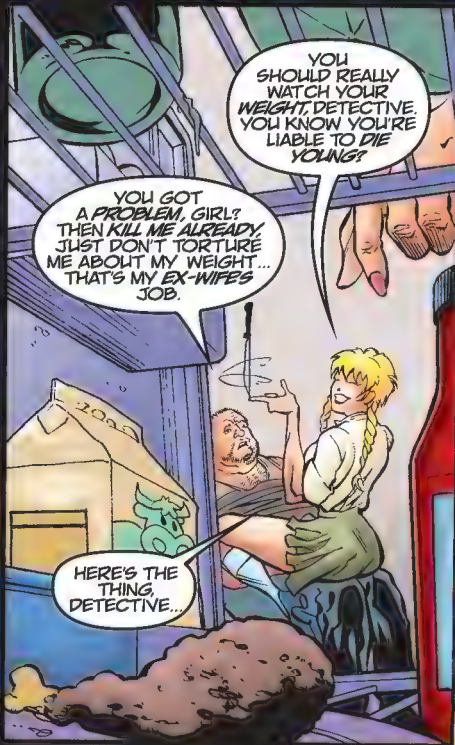
I BET YOU HAVE PICTURES OF GIRLS IN YOUR BEDROOM DRAWERS...

...YOU MAKE ME SOOO SICK! ALL OF YOU! JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE BIGGER THAN US!

**CHUNK!**

WHAT ARE YOU-- AAGHHH!!

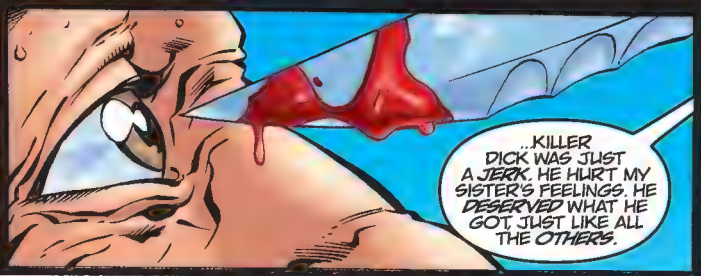




YOU SHOULD REALLY WATCH YOUR WEIGHT, DETECTIVE. YOU KNOW YOU'RE LIABLE TO DIE YOUNG?

YOU GOT A PROBLEM, GIRL? THEN KILL ME ALREADY. JUST DON'T TORTURE ME ABOUT MY WEIGHT... THAT'S MY EX-WIFE'S JOB.

HERE'S THE THING, DETECTIVE...



...KILLER DICK WAS JUST A JERK. HE HURT MY SISTER'S FEELINGS. HE DESERVED WHAT HE GOT. JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.



FREEZE, BRITNEY!

FLORINDA, BE CAREFUL! THERE'S TWO OF THEM!

WHAT'S WITH ALL THE "BRITNEY" CRAP?



TWO--?

TWO. ME AND MY SISTER. ONE, TWO.

NOW HERE'S ANOTHER NUMBER FOR YOUR COLLECTION: 357.

THAT SHOULD BE AN EASY ONE TO REMEMBER. SAY GOODNIGHT, SKANK.

ARNOLD...





MY SISTER JUST PERSUADED  
YOUR FRIEND FLORINDA TO  
DROP THE CASE.

HOW  
ABOUT YOU  
DO THE SAME?  
WE'LL  
LET YOU LIVE  
MAYBE.

S-SHE...  
SHE... JUST  
I CAN'T...



THAT  
DOESN'T  
SOUND LIKE  
THE RIGHT  
ANSWER...

PLEASE--  
AAAGGGHHH!

LET ME  
ASK YOU  
AGAIN... AND  
AGAIN... AND  
AGAIN...

CHAK CHAK  
CHAK CHAK



SHOTS  
FIRED. OFFICER  
MAY BE DOWN. THE  
BORGMAN BUILDING  
ON 5TH.

PERPS  
IDED AS TWO  
SCHOOLGIRLS.  
MAY BE ARMED AND  
DANGEROUS.

USE EXTREME  
CAUTION. OFFICERS IN  
PLAINCLOTHES.

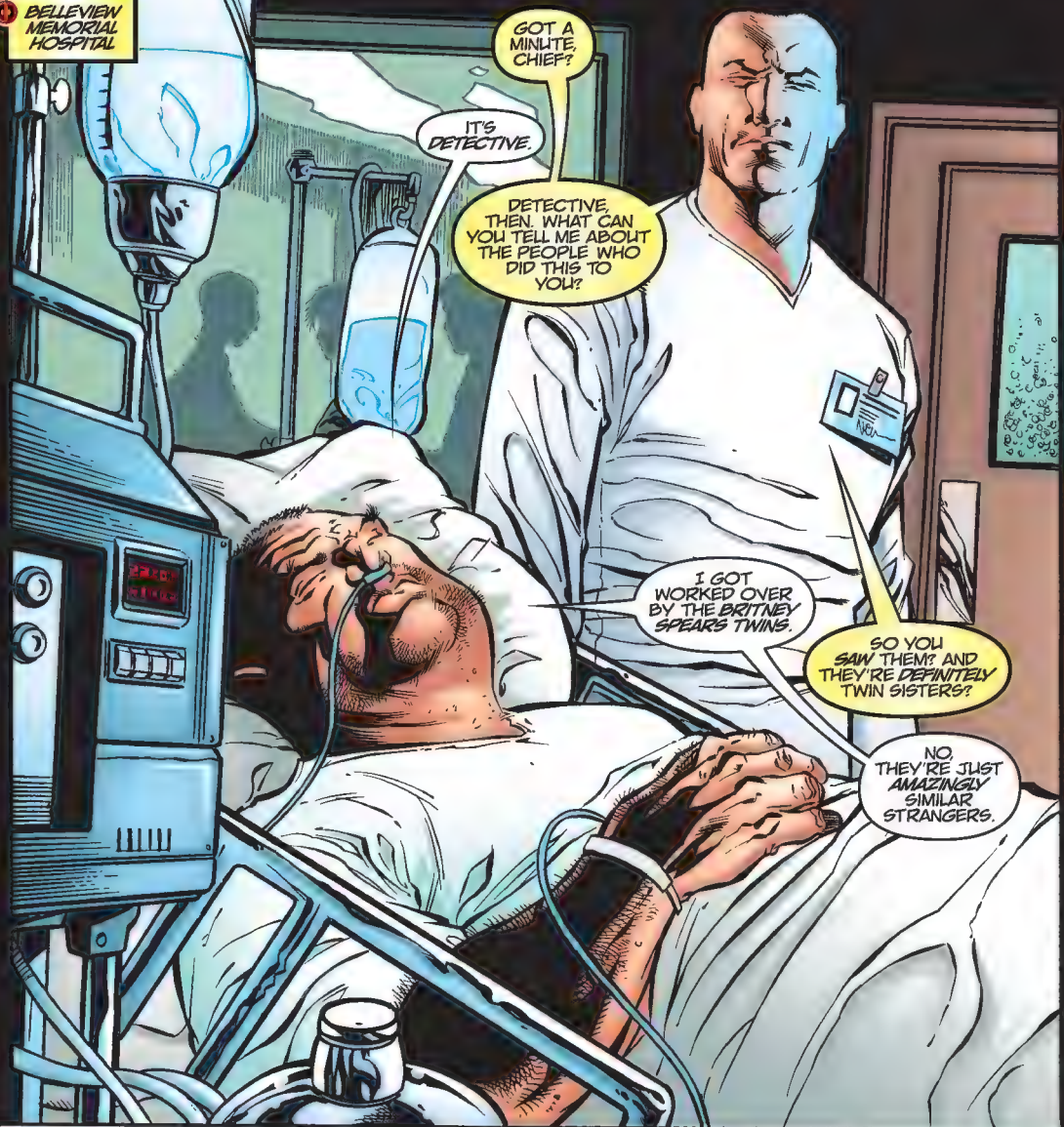
HOW THE  
DARK KNIGHT DID  
THIS GIG BEFORE  
WIRELESS HANDSPRING  
VISORS IS BEYOND  
ME.



YAHOOO!  
I'M OFF TO  
RUIN SOME-  
ONE'S DAY!

I  
HOPE!





GOT A MINUTE, CHIEF?

IT'S DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE, THEN. WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO DID THIS TO YOU?

I GOT WORKED OVER BY THE BRITNEY SPEARS TWINS.

SO YOU SAW THEM? AND THEY'RE DEFINITELY TWIN SISTERS?

NO, THEY'RE JUST AMAZINGLY SIMILAR STRANGERS.



I'M HERE TO HELP DETECTIVE.

NO YOU'RE HERE FOR THE REWARD. DON'T TRY TO B.S. ME.

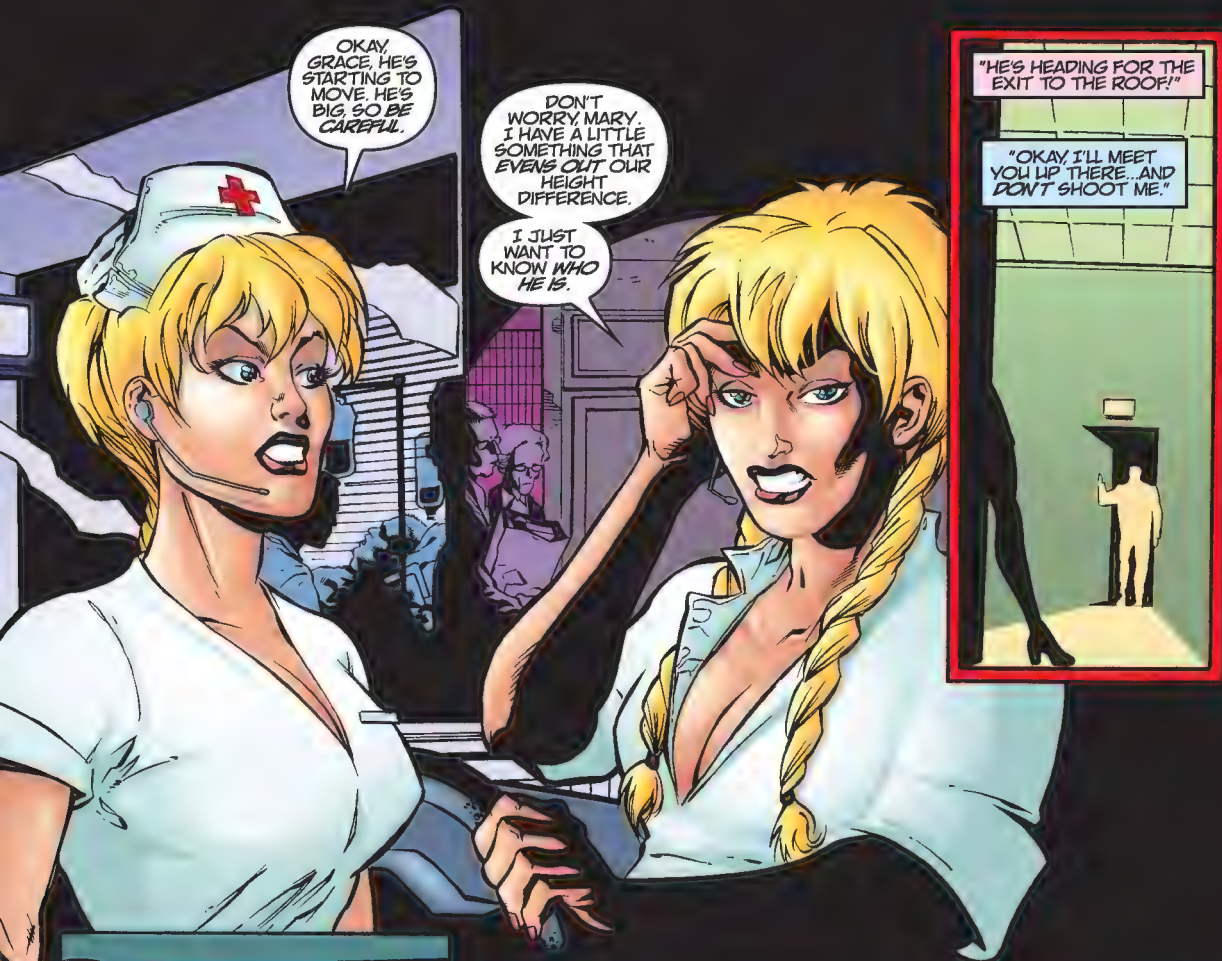
WELL, TRUE. IT IS BIG MONEY.

BUT IF YOU TELL ME HOW TO FIND THEM, I PROMISE TO BE REALLY, REALLY UNPLEASANT TO THEM WHEN I FIND THEM.

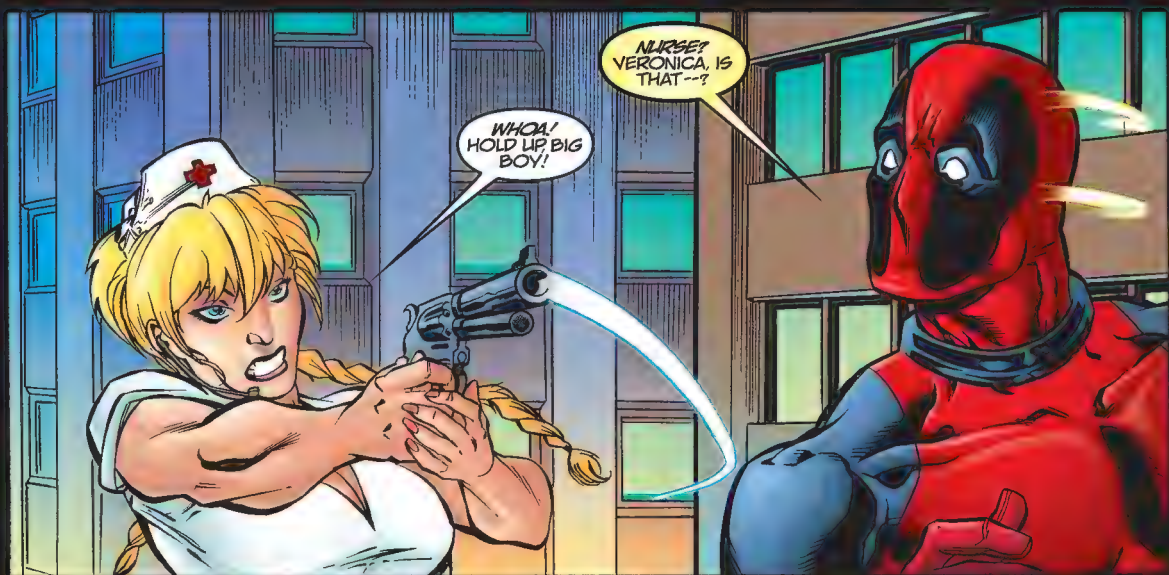
YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TORTURE, KID?

I LEARNED AT THE HANDS OF THE MASTERS. LITERALLY.













OKAY, I GOT HEALING POWERS... BUT THIS HURTS EVERY TIME. MAN, I HATE THAT.







GOTCHA!



TH-TH-THIS  
M-M-M-MAKES  
M-M-M-MY  
V-V-V-VOICE...  
V-VIBRATE.



KEPAAK

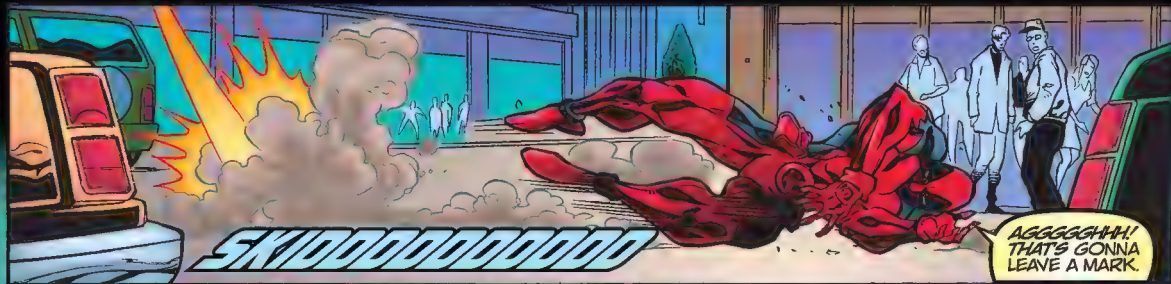
THANK  
GOODNESS I  
WAS WORRIED  
ABOUT HOW I  
WAS GOING TO  
GET DOWN FROM  
HERE!



ALL I GET  
IS A FAST MOUTH  
AND DAZZLING GOOD  
LOOKS! I THINK I'D  
RATHER HAVE THE  
POWER TO...

KRUNCH

..FLY..



SKIDDDDDDDDDDD

AGGGGGHHH!  
THAT'S GONNA  
LEAVE A MARK.



SUGH: MY  
LEGENDARY HEALING  
FACTOR IS GONNA  
HAVE  
TO WORK OVERTIME  
TONIGHT...

Huh--?!  
HOW DID SHE  
GET DOWN HERE  
SO FAST?

SCREECH

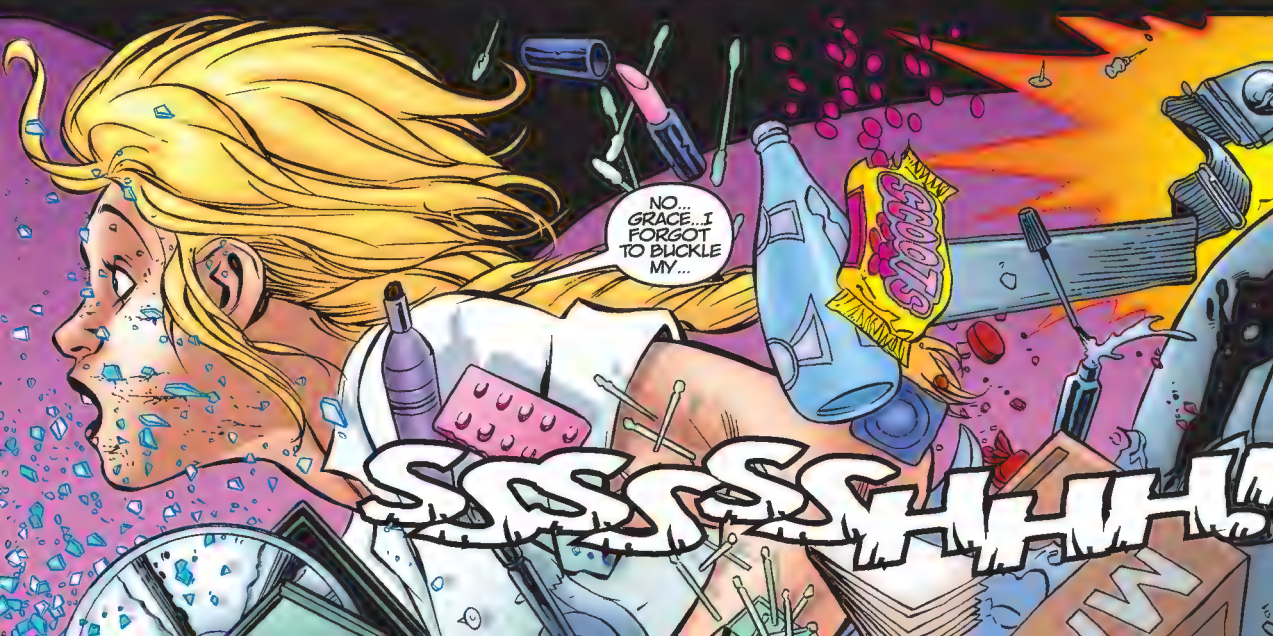














**TINKLE**

**NEXT ISSUE:  
DEATH  
AND  
PAIN!**



M A R V E L<sup>®</sup> C O M I C S



APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

53

# DEADPOOL



53  
Hick  
Jock  
Fosc

MARVEL.COM

PALMIOTTI

SCALERA

WILLIAMS



SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER! STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL

# TALK OF THE TOWN

## PART 2 OF 2

JIMMY PALMIOTTO and BUDDY SCALERA  
story  
ANTHONY WILLIAMS  
pencils  
ANDY LANTING  
inks  
TOM CHU  
colors

SHARPEY & PT  
letters

MIKE RAUCH  
assistant editor

MIKE MARTS  
editor

JOE QUESADA  
chief

BILL JEMAS  
president

YOU'D THINK THAT TRACKING DOWN  
A COUPLE OF OVERAMBITIOUS  
SCHOOLGIRLS WOULD BE AN EASY  
THING, RIGHT?

IT WAS.

AND YOU'D THINK THAT  
GETTING SHOT AT, KNOCKED  
OFF A BUILDING, AND HITTING  
THE PAVEMENT WOULD HURT  
PRETTY BADLY, WOULDN'T  
YOU?

WELL, GUESS  
WHAT? IT DOES.

BUT NOT NEARLY AS BAD  
AS GETTING SANDWICHED  
BETWEEN TWO CARS DOING  
80 M.P.H., DRIVEN BY THOSE  
SAME SCHOOLGIRLS.

MY NAME IS DEADPOOL  
AND AFTER ALL THESE  
YEARS OF PLAYING THE  
MERCENARY GAME...

...YOU'D THINK I'D  
TAKE A HINT.





A HEADSET... hmmm.  
THE SISTER WHO  
SHOT ME WAS  
WEARING ONE  
BETTER HOLD  
ON TO THIS.

MAN, MY  
HEAD'S  
SPINNING.



THINK I SHATTERED  
MY HIP A COUPLE OF  
RIBS AND MY LEGS.

UGGHH! YUP DEFINITELY  
MY LEGS! GOTTA GET  
HOME AND LET THAT  
HEALING FACTOR KICK IN.

I FEEL LIKE SAM JACKSON IN  
UNBREAKABLE... BUT THANK  
GOD I DON'T HAVE... UGHHH...  
THE BAD HAIR.

OUCH!  
BAD JOKE  
ALERT.



E-Z PASS MY BUTT...  
THAT TURNSTILE JUST  
PROVED HOW LOW  
I CAN GO.

GOTTA STAY AWAKE...  
CAN'T BLACK OUT...  
UGGHHH... GOT TO  
WAIT FOR MY--

--TRAIN!  
YES! COME  
TO PAPA!



BLOODY  
BUM TAKING  
ALL THE  
SEAT'S. GET  
A JOB!

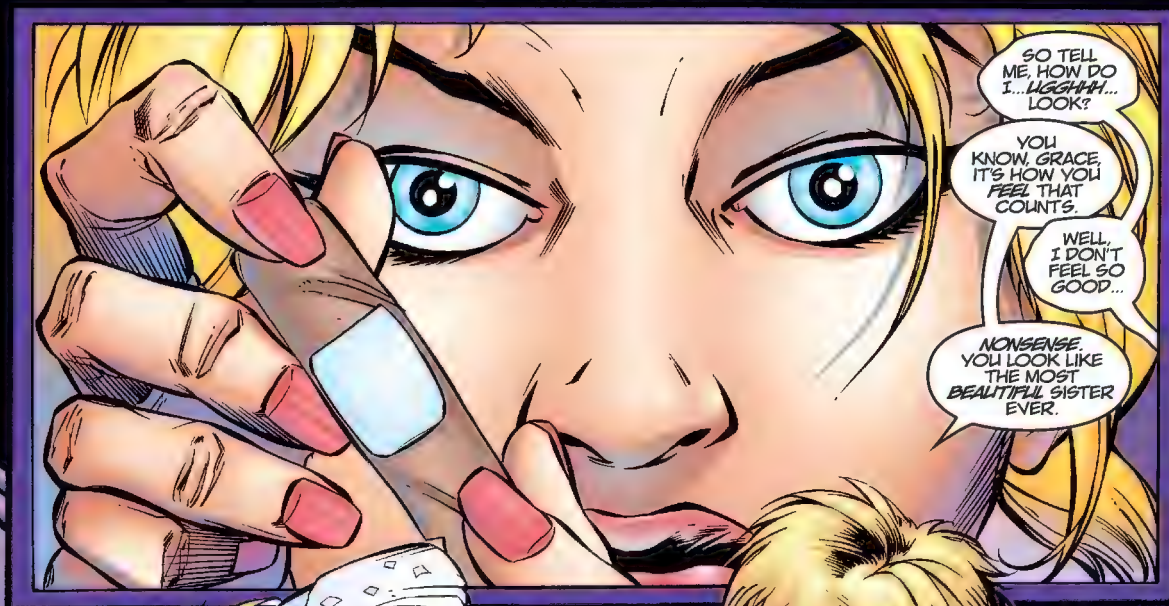
Hey,  
lady, have  
a HEART.

MOMMY!  
MOMMY! THAT  
MAN HAS  
GLASS IN HIS  
LEG.

DON'T  
EVEN SAY IT,  
FRANKIE!

Ohhhhh,  
wake me in  
an hour...





SO TELL ME, HOW DO I... UGGHHH... LOOK?

YOU KNOW, GRACE IT'S HOW YOU FEEL THAT COUNTS.

WELL, I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD...

NONSENSE YOU LOOK LIKE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SISTER EVER.

REALLY, MARY? YOU WOULDN'T LIE? UGGHHH... WELL THEN...

...HOW'S MY FACE?

PERFECT. NOT A SCRATCH. NOW RELAX AND LET ME FINISH.

OKAY.

YES, SIR, THIS IS DETECTIVE FONTI... WE TRACED THE PLATE NUMBERS WITH SOME EYE-WITNESS HELP.

WE'RE JUST WAITING ON YOU, SIR. IT'S YOUR CASE.

YES, DETECTIVE ARNOLD. RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE MERCY SISTERS' RESIDENCE NOW.



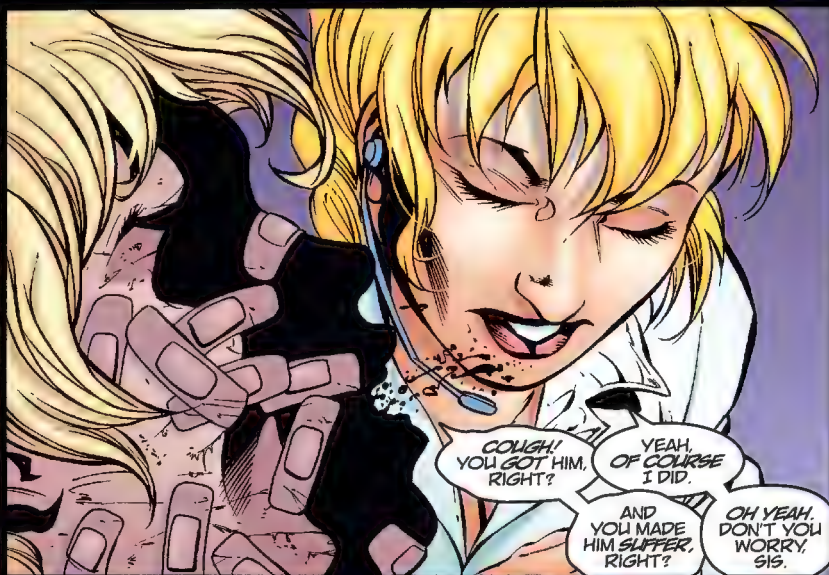
YES, SIR, BUT WE'RE DANGEROUS, TOO.

JUST GIVE US THE WORD.



QUIET MEN. WE STILL HAVE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE.

AND REMEMBER, WE HAVE TO OVERCOME THE IDEA THAT THESE ARE JUST INNOCENT GIRLS.



COUGH! YOU GOT HIM, RIGHT?

YEAH, OF COURSE I DID.

AND YOU MADE HIM SUFFER, RIGHT?

OH YEAH, DON'T YOU WORRY, SIS.



ON MY SIGNAL, ON THREE.

ONE...

TWO...



YOU THINK THEY'LL FIND US, MARY?

NO WAY, WE'RE GOING TO WALK AWAY FROM THIS ONE AND--

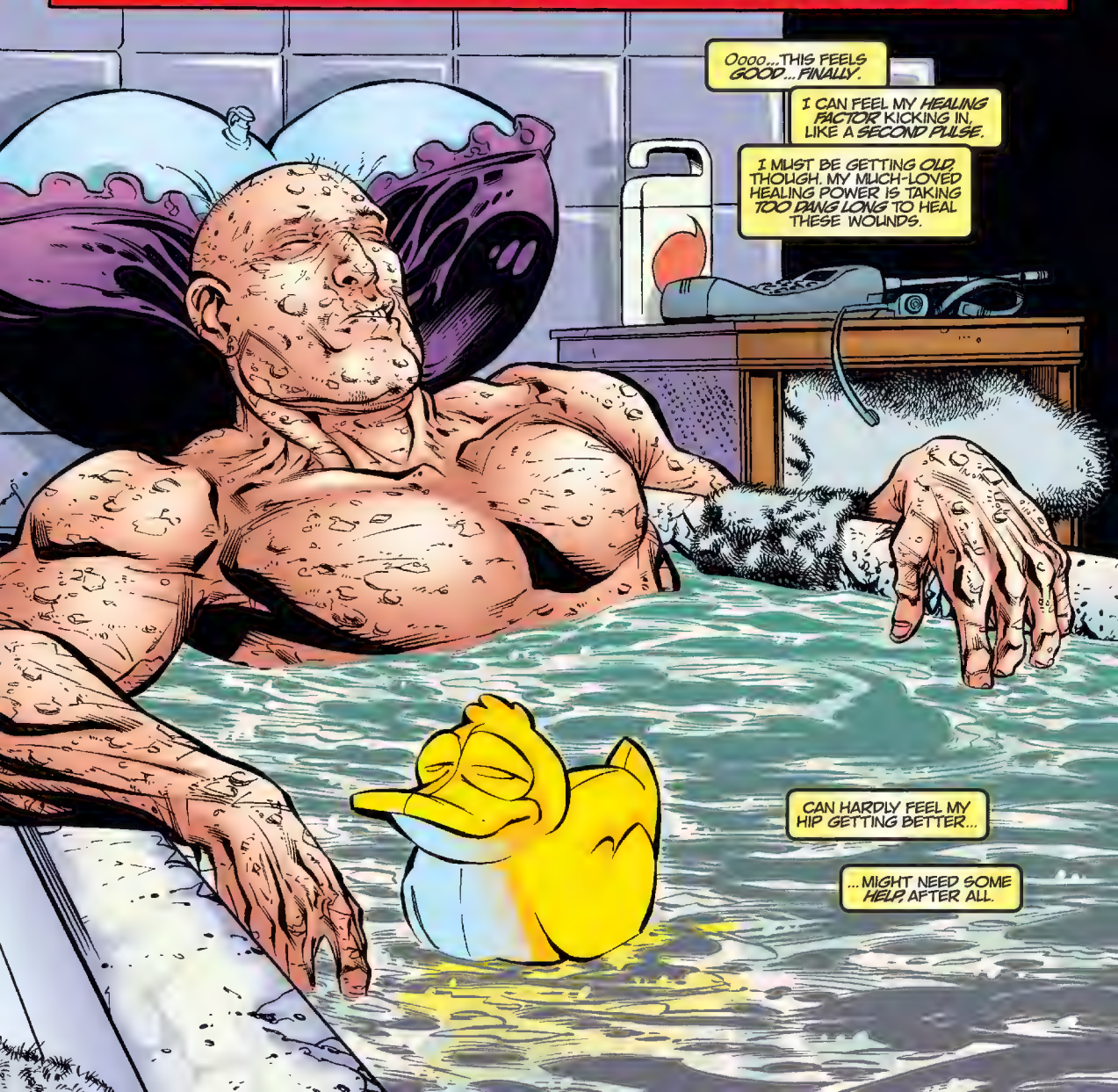
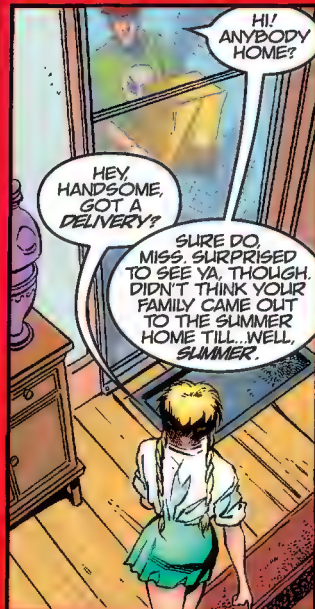
DING DONG!  
WHAT'S THAT?!

"THREE!"



FREEZE!  
POLICE!









THESE GIRLS ARE SO CARELESS... LIKE THEY DON'T EVEN CARE IF THEY'RE CAUGHT.

GOD JUST LOOK AT THIS MESS.

THOSE SHE-DEVILS ARE KILLING PEOPLE SO FAST THAT JOHN WAYNE GACY WOULD BE ENVIOUS.

OFFICER, WHERE'S THAT LIMBY SUPERINTENDENT I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT?

COMING UP NOW, DETECTIVE.

'ALLO, SIR. GRANT'S THE NAME, AND YES, I DO HAVE MY GREEN CARD. HOW CAN I BE OF SERVICE?

... RIGHT. AS YOU KNOW, WE'RE TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THE MERCY SISTERS AND THEIR PARENTS.

WHY YES... THEY HAVE A STORAGE BIN OF CONSIDERABLE SIZE DOWNSTAIRS. ROOM 814.

I NEED TO ASK YOU-- DO THEY HAVE A STORAGE ROOM OR SOMETHING IN THIS BUILDING?

THE GIRLS SPENT QUITE A BIT OF TIME DOWN HERE! IT'S THE SIZE OF A STUDIO FLAT, I MIGHT ADD.

8

4

HERE WE ARE! JUST A TWIST... AND WE'RE IN!



OH MY... GAG?

WHOA, THAT SMELL!

HEY, FONTI, THIS IS ARNOLD. TELL THE GUYS TO STOP SEARCHING FOR THE PARENTS. I THINK WE JUST FOUND THEM.

YOU BETTER BRING DOWN FORENSICS...

... AND A BARF BAG FOR FANCY PANTS. I THINK HE'S GONNA HURL.



DEADPOOL'S WAREHOUSE HEADQUARTERS, BROOKLYN.

YOU'LL HAVE TO SIGN A COUPLE OF TIMES, SIR. THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF BOXES!

WHY SO MANY?

YEAH, GREAT. JUST LEAVE THEM OVER THERE.

GOTTA DISPOSE OF NOSY DELIVERYMEN SOMEHOW! NOW GET THE \$64\$ OUT OF HERE!

BYE-BYE NOW. HAVE A NICE DAY!

EVERY TIME I MEET SOMEONE NEW, I REMEMBER WHY I CAN'T STAND PEOPLE.

NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, I SHOULD'VE TORTURED THE GUY TILL HE PUT THIS THING TOGETHER FOR ME.

WHO CARES IF I GET TO PARK CLOSER TO THE MALL? WHEELCHAIRS SUCK!

RINNNING RINNNING

BY THE TIME I GET THIS THING TOGETHER, MY HEALING FACTOR WILL PROBABLY BE ALL FINISHED!

STILL, I'M GONNA NEED THIS JALOPY FOR A BIT.

HELLO? VERONICA! MY FAVORITE NURSE!

OH, YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN A BIT BUSY... MOSTLY FALLING ON MY FACE. WHAT'S UP?

I'LL GET STRAIGHT TO THE POINT, WADE. YOU'VE BEEN AVOIDING ME AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY.

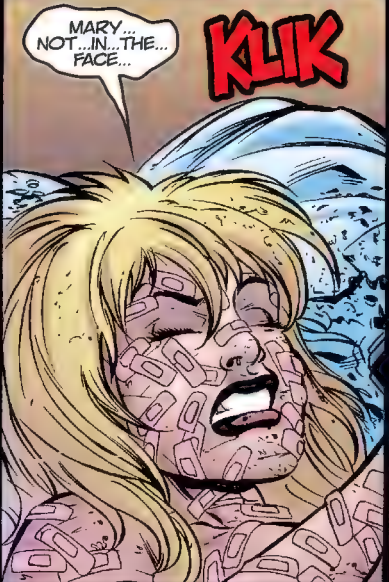
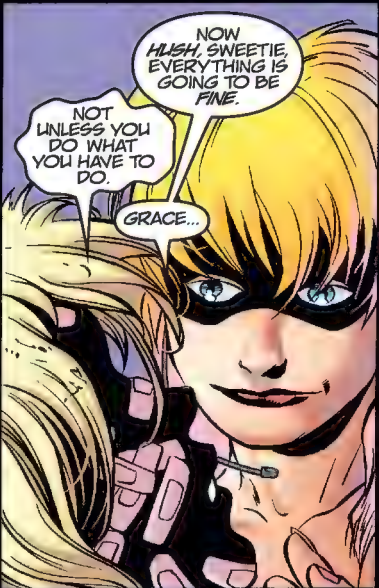
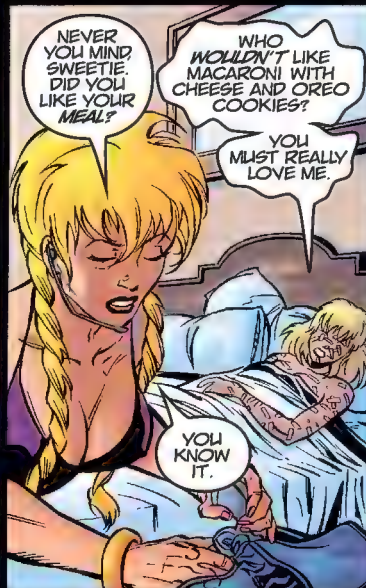
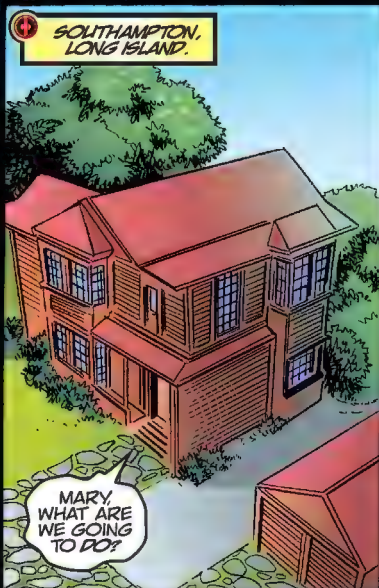
I'M FLIP-FLOPPING BETWEEN LIKING YOU... AND WANTING TO KILL YOU. YOU KNOW?

UH...YEAH, I KNOW. LISTEN, I KNOW I'M HARDER TO HANDLE THAN MOST... BUT I COULD REALLY USE A HAND RIGHT NOW.

COULD YOU MAKE A HOUSECALL IN ABOUT AN HOUR?

FINE. I'LL BE THERE. GOOD-BYE.











HI, WADE--  
OH MY GOD!  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO YOU?

OH, JUST  
A RUN-IN WITH  
A PAIR OF  
VOLKSWAGENS.  
CUTE LITTLE CARS,  
DON'T YOU  
THINK?

WADE,  
ARE YOU  
OKAY?

VERONICA,  
I'M FINE BUT I'VE  
ONLY GOT A FEW  
MINUTES. SOMEONE  
ELSE NEEDS MY  
ATTENTION.

OH, DON'T  
GIVE ME THAT LOOK.  
AND WOULD YOU  
PLEASE DROP THE  
CHARADES ALREADY!  
I REALLY NEED TO  
TALK TO YOU!

VANESSA,  
PLEASE... I  
CAN'T PLAY  
THIS GAME ANY  
LONGER.

I-I  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT--

MY NAME IS  
VERONICA, NOT  
VANESSA.

OH,  
REALLY?

I KNOW  
MY OWN NAME,  
DAMN YOU!

DO YOU?  
THEN WHAT'S  
WITH THE BLUE  
SKIN?

LISTEN, I'M  
SORRY, VANESSA--  
COPYCAT--BUT YOU  
HAVE TO REALIZE  
THAT I KNEW ALL  
ALONG.

KNEW  
WHAT?

OH, THAT THE  
FOUR DIFFERENT  
GIRLS THAT I DATED--  
FIVE IF YOU COUNT  
THE GRANNY--  
WERE THE SAME  
PERSON.

BUT  
H-HOW?

VANESSA,  
I'M A SUPER-  
DUDE. GUYS  
LIKE ME  
KNOW.

I WAS IN  
A WEIRD STATE  
WHEN YOU CAME  
BACK INTO MY  
LIFE...

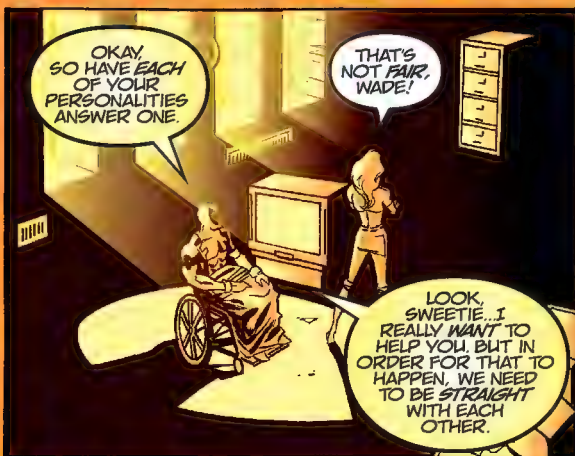
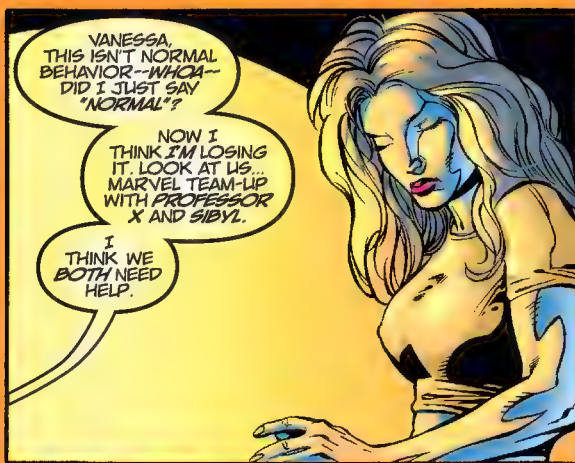
... BUT  
COME ON,  
VANESSA, I  
KNEW IT WAS  
YOU.

BUT I  
COULD ALSO  
SENSE THAT YOU  
WERE IN TROUBLE  
THAT NIGHT...

...AND SO  
I LET YOU TAKE  
ME BACK TO YOUR  
PLACE... BY THE WAY,  
I LOVE WHAT MY  
STOLEN MONEY  
CAN BUY.

WADE,  
I TOOK YOUR  
MONEY... FOR  
YOU.









LONG ISLAND.

BREAKER 1-9, BREAKER 1-9, THIS IS YER GOOD BUDDY DEADPOOL HERE, OVER.

HUH--? WHO?

YOU HEARD ME, MARY... DEADPOOL. YOU KNOW, THE GUY WHO PUT THAT HEAD-SIZED DENT IN YOUR CAR...

...AND THE GUY WHO'S GONNA PUT YOU SIX FEET UNDER, RIGHT ALONG SIDE YOUR SISTER?

LISTEN, FREAK, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT THIS FREQUENCY, LET ALONE--

STOP IT!! WHERE ARE YOU--?!

HATE TO INTERRUPT, SISTER, BUT I JUST LOVED THAT DISPLAY OF AFFECTION BACK AT YOUR SUMMER HOUSE...VERY TOUCHING.

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU SHOT YOUR SISTER... NOTHING LIKE HEARING A LOVED ONE'S LAST BREATH!

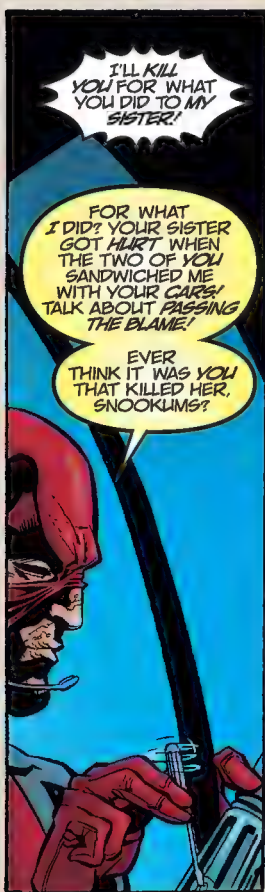
RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NEXT TO YOU. GURGLE GURGLE! HA! HA!

SHUT UP! YOU FREAK!

YOU USED THAT ONE ALREADY.

ARRRRRGH! YOU PSYCHO!

I KNOW YOU ARE, BUT WHAT AM I?



I'LL KILL YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY SISTER!

FOR WHAT I DID? YOUR SISTER GOT HURT WHEN THE TWO OF YOU SANDWICHED ME WITH YOUR CAR! TALK ABOUT PASSING THE BLAME!

EVER THINK IT WAS YOU THAT KILLED HER, SNOOKUMS?



SHUT UP OR I'LL--

OR YOU'LL WHAT? PUT A BULLET IN MY HEAD?

LISTEN, YOU SPOILED LITTLE TRAMP YOU DID THIS ALL YOUR-SELF.

SHUT UP SHUT UP! DO YOU THINK I'M AN IDIOT? YOU THINK--

WHAT I THINK IS THAT I'M GOING TO HAVE A GREAT TIME TORTURING YOU LONG DISTANCE.

GRRRRRRR!

MOMMY!

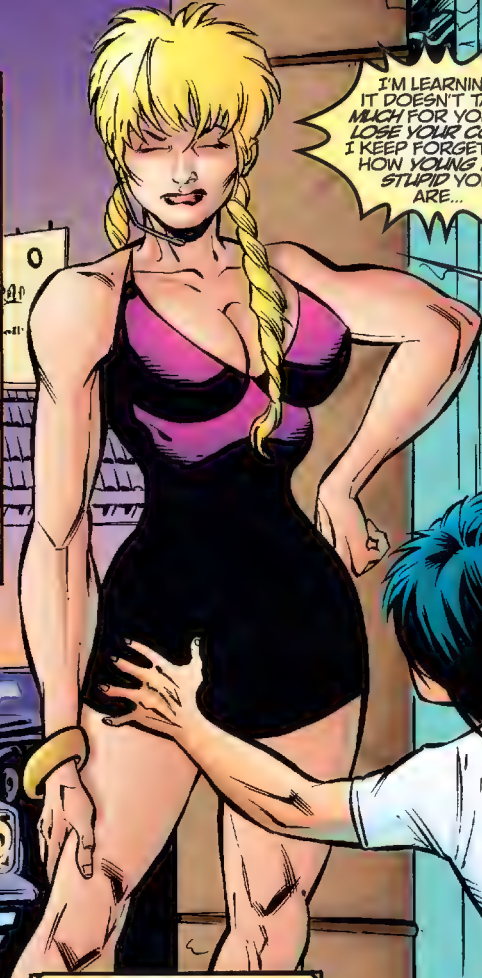
WOOF?





YOU KNOW, MARY...

...IT'S KIND OF SEXY WHEN YOU GROWL LIKE THAT.



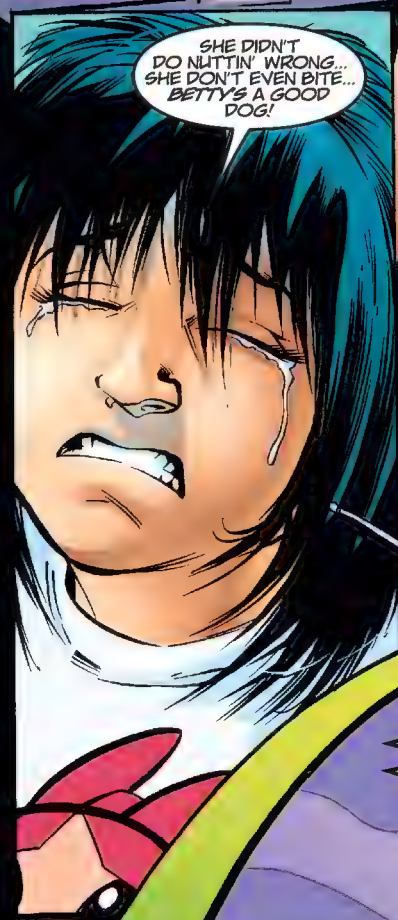
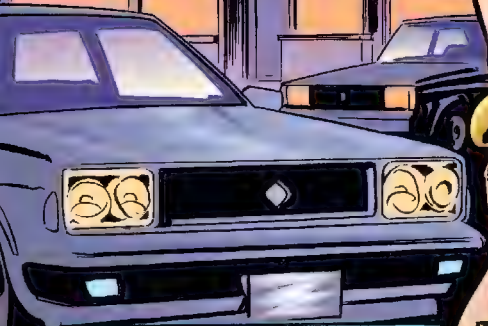
I'M LEARNING IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH FOR YOU TO LOSE YOUR COOL. I KEEP FORGETTING HOW YOUNG AND STUPID YOU ARE...

...BY THE WAY, JUST HOW YOUNG AND STUPID ARE YOU?

NOT ENOUGH TO FALL FOR YOUR BULL... BUT SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW YOU'LL SOON BE BEGGING ME TO LET YOU LIVE!

PROMISE?

PLEASE DON'T HURT MY DOG, LADY... PLEASE!!



SHE DIDN'T DO NUTTIN' WRONG... SHE DON'T EVEN BITE... BETTY'S A GOOD DOG!

OH, GREAT, FIRST YOU KILL YOUR OWN SISTER, NOW YOU TERRORIZE A LITTLE GIRL'S DOG? WHEN DOES THE LOVING STOP?

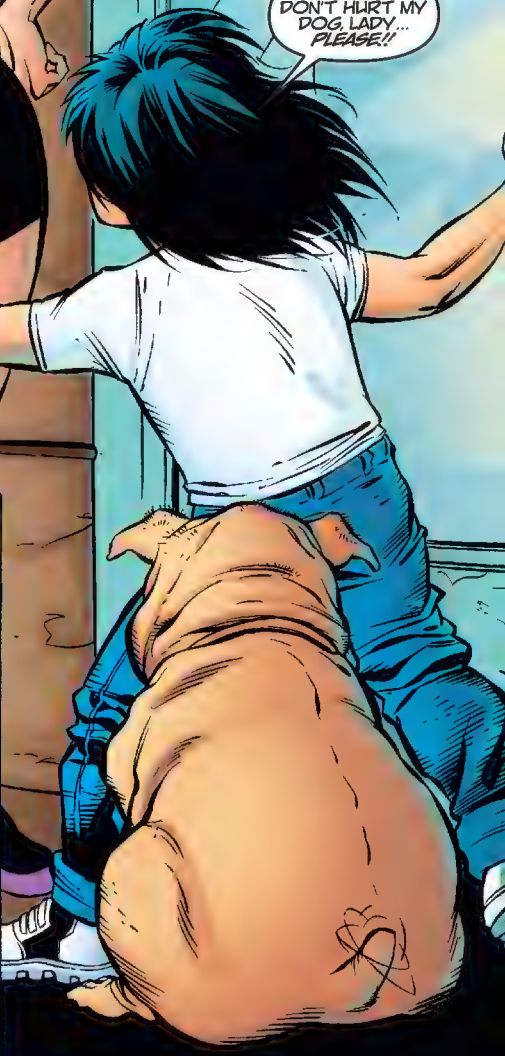


GONNA NLIKE A PRE-SHOOL PUPPET SHOW NEXT?

DON'T GIVE ME ANY IDEAS, SLIPPER HERO, OR THE BLOOD'LL BE ON YOUR HANDS.

BOY, YOU REALLY DON'T TAKE THE BLAME FOR ANYTHING, DO YOU?!

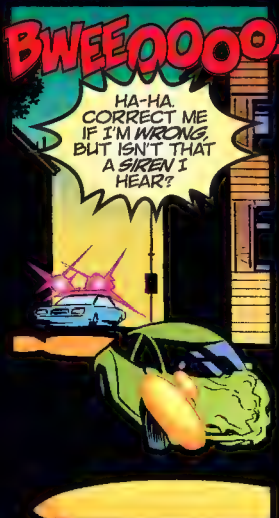
WOOF!



IS THAT YOUR BOYFRIEND I HEAR?

SHUT UP.





**BWEEOOOO.**

HA-HA. CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG, BUT ISN'T THAT A SIREN I HEAR?



AND DO YOU REALLY THINK A DOG MAKES A GOOD HOSTAGE?

TIME TO SAY GOODBYE, LITTLE GIRL!



THE DOG'S NOT A HOSTAGE, DEADPOOL...

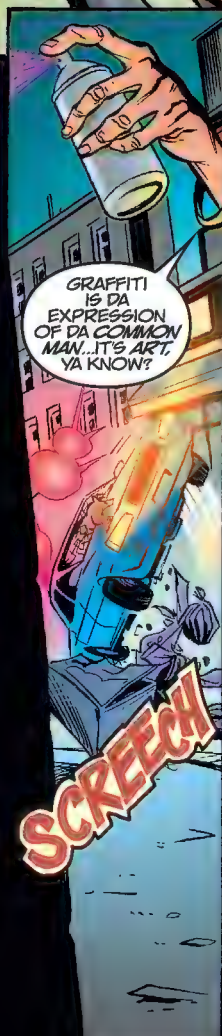
"...HE'S A DIVERSION!"



WHAT TH--?

WOOF?







A BIT LATER...

SERIAL KILLER MARY MERCY IS STILL AT LARGE, WITH NEW YORK POLICE IN HOT PURSUIT--

DETECTIVE ARNOLD! THERE'S A CALL FOR YOU!

THEY FIND ME WHEREVER I GO.



ARNOLD HERE.

HI, ARNOLD! I'D LIKE A CHEESE-BURGER AND FRIES--

WHI--? WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?

OH, THIS ISN'T ARNOLD? FROM HAPPY DAYS?

WHAT? WHO IS THIS?



IT'S DEADPOOL, SIR... WE SPOKE ABOUT THE MERCY SISTERS WHEN YOU WERE IN THE HOSPITAL.

NOW I KNOW YOU'RE DESPERATELY TRYING TO PICK UP MARY... BUT I NEED YOU TO CALL OFF YOUR DOGS.

THAT SOME KIND OF JOKE?

NO JOKE. LET ME TAKE CARE OF MARY AND I'LL BRING HER TO YOU GIFT WRAPPED IN A BODY BAG.



NO WAY, DEADPOOL. THIS JOB IS PERSONAL TO ME.

LOOK, IT'S PERSONAL FOR ME, TOO, BUT I'M A WORK-FOR-HIRE KIND OF GUY.

GIMME ONE HOUR. YOU'LL HAVE A LOWER BODY COUNT AND IT WON'T BE ON YOUR HANDS.

FINE. ONE HOUR, HERO. BUT BETWEEN YOU AND ME... MAKE HER SUFFER.





MARY, SWEETIE, YA STILL THERE?

I'M STILL HERE. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

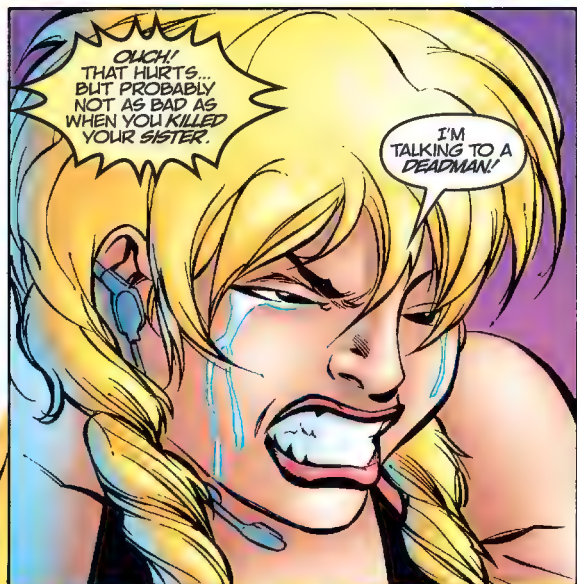
YOU, BABY. IT'S YOU I WANT.



TELL ME WHERE YOU ARE, FREAKSHOW! WHAT'S THE MATTER? AFRAID OF A LITTLE GIRL?

KNOW WHAT, MARY? IN ANOTHER LIFE, YOU AND I WOULD HAVE MADE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER!

IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE, DIRTBAG.



OUCH! THAT HURTS... BUT PROBABLY NOT AS BAD AS WHEN YOU KILLED YOUR SISTER.

I'M TALKING TO A DEADMAN!

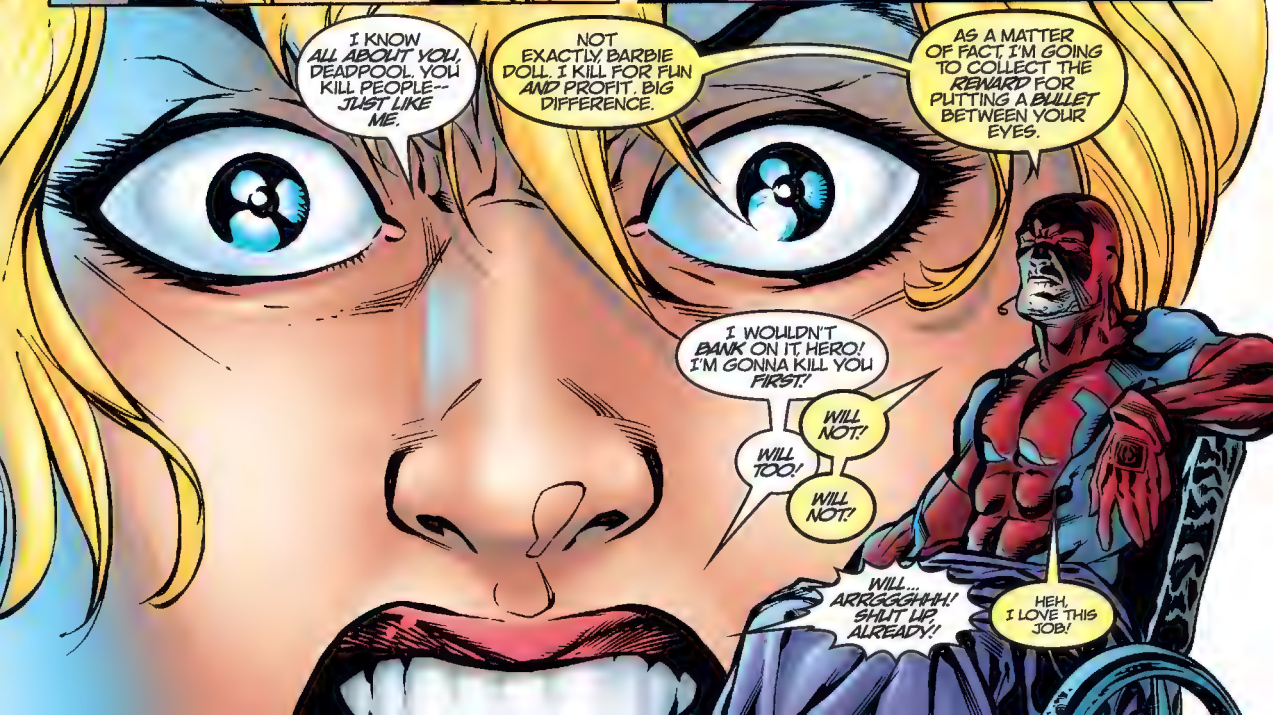


WRONG SUPER HERO, SWEET CHEEKS. I HEAR YOUR SISTER WAS THE BRAINS OF THE OPERATION... HEARD SHE GOT THE LOOKS, AS WELL...

...ALL YOU GOT WERE THE IMPLANTS.

HOLD ON, I GOT ANOTHER CALL...

HEY, MARY, THAT WAS BRITNEY! SHE WANTS HER "LOOK" BACK!



I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, DEADPOOL. YOU KILL PEOPLE-- JUST LIKE ME.

NOT EXACTLY, BARBIE DOLL. I KILL FOR FUN AND PROFIT. BIG DIFFERENCE.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M GOING TO COLLECT THE REWARD FOR PUTTING A BULLET BETWEEN YOUR EYES.

I WOULDN'T BANK ON IT, HERO! I'M GONNA KILL YOU FIRST!

WILL NOT!

WILL TOO!

WILL NOT!

WILL... ARRRGGHHH! SHUT UP ALREADY!

HEH, I LOVE THIS JOB!

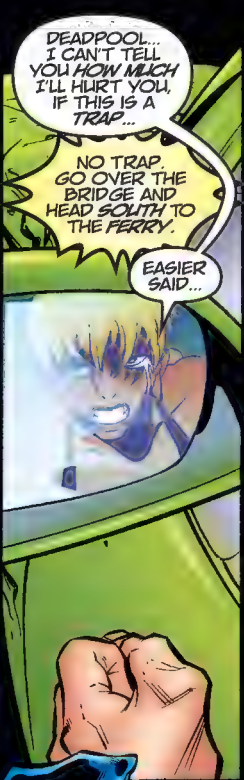




1  
BROOKLYN BRIDGE,  
HEADING INTO DOWNTOWN  
MANHATTAN.

I LEAD HER ON A  
WILD GOOSE CHASE,  
GETTING HER Madder  
AND Madder AS TIME  
FLIES BY.

ALMOST THERE.  
RIGHT WHERE I  
WANT HER. ALMOST.



DEADPOOL...  
I CAN'T TELL  
YOU HOW MUCH  
I'LL HURT YOU,  
IF THIS IS A  
TRAP...

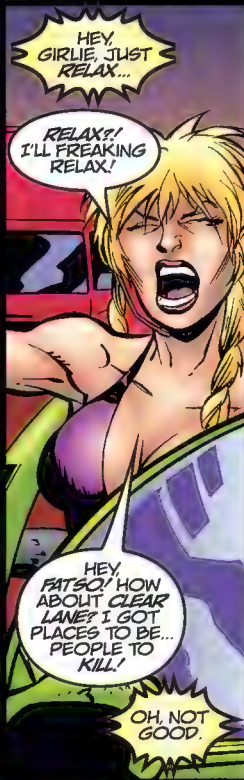
NO TRAP  
GO OVER THE  
BRIDGE AND  
HEAD SOUTH TO  
THE FERRY.

EASIER SAID...



EVERYONE  
RELAX. THIS IS  
A POINTCHECK.  
HAVE YOUR  
LICENSE AND  
REGISTRATION  
READY.

YOU  
HAVE GOT  
TO BE KIDDING  
ME! ON THE  
BRIDGE?



HEY,  
GIRLIE, JUST  
RELAX...

RELAX?!  
I'LL FREAKING  
RELAX!

HEY,  
FATSO! HOW  
ABOUT CLEAR  
LANES I GOT  
PLACES TO BE...  
PEOPLE TO  
KILL!

OH, NOT  
GOOD.



LISTEN  
MA'AM, IF YOU  
DON'T GET BACK  
TO YOUR CAR  
AND WAIT--

WHAT?  
YOU GOING TO  
ARREST ME  
FOR TALKING  
BACK?

MAKE ME  
STAY AFTER SCHOOL?  
YOU PEOPLE ARE SO  
PATHETIC, I GOTTA  
GO--



--GO  
BACK OFF  
PORKY!

OKAY...  
C-CALM DOWN...  
JUST RELAX...

I  
AM...

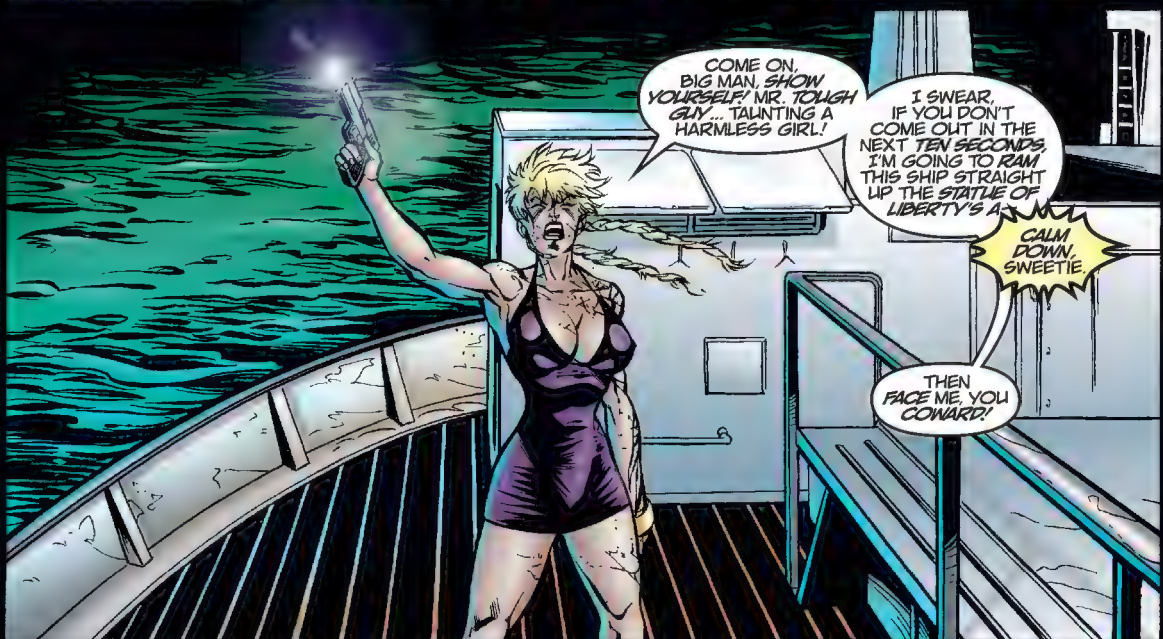
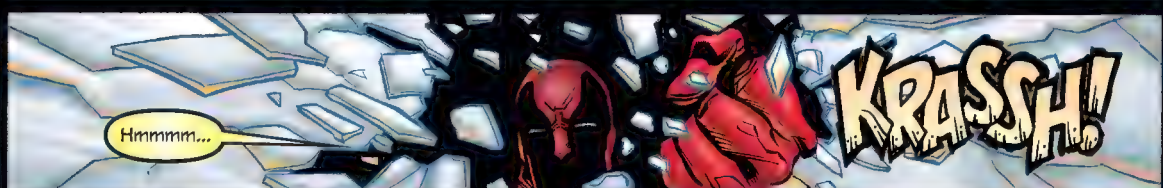
MARY!!!



...RELAXED!

BLAM









COWARD?  
LISTEN, LITTLE  
ONE, THIS HAS  
NOTHING TO  
DO WITH  
COWARDICE.



ACTUALLY,  
IT HAS MORE TO  
DO WITH MOBILITY.  
I'M A BIT HAMSTRUNG  
RIGHT NOW.



BUT DON'T  
WORRY, SWEET-CHEEKS,  
I GOT SOMETHING THAT'LL  
MAKE YOU FEEL A WHOLE  
LOT BETTER.

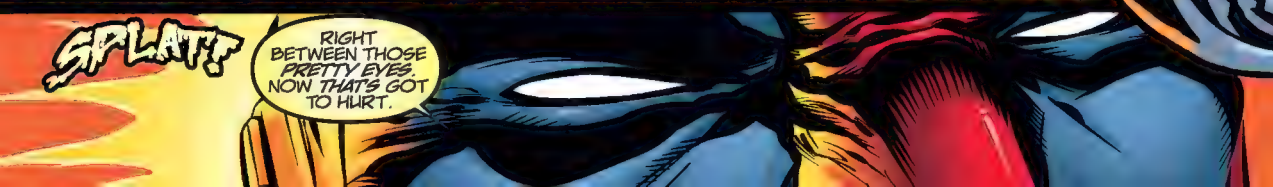
OH, YEAH?  
WHAT'S THAT,  
HERO?



THIS.



KABLAH



SPLAT

RIGHT  
BETWEEN THOSE  
PRETTY EYES.  
NOW THAT'S GOT  
TO HURT.



WALL STREET, NYC. THE NEXT DAY.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? A NEPHEW?

YES, MA GNLUCCI HAD A NEPHEW. PETER GNLUCCI FROM LONG ISLAND.

THOUGH HE WASN'T INVOLVED WITH THE FAMILY BUSINESS, MA'S WILL WAS VERY SPECIFIC...

EVERYTHING WAS TO BE SPLIT UP AMONG HER SURVIVING FAMILY MEMBERS.

FORTUNATELY FOR HIM, HE IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT.

MR. GNLUCCI? THIS WAY.

HI EVERYONE, I'M PETER...

...WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

SIT DOWN, PETER. WE HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS AND SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU...

THE GOOD FIRST.

THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT YOU ARE THE SOLE BENEFICIARY OF YOUR AUNT GNLUCCI'S ESTATE.

WHICH COMES TO ABOUT THREE MILLION IN CASH, PLUS SEVERAL HOUSES IN THE TRI-STATE AREA.

BUT THE BAD NEWS...IS THAT NONE OF THIS IS YOURS UNTIL YOU FOLLOW THE EXACT TERMS OF THE WILL...

IT SAYS, "IF I DIE OF UNNATURAL CAUSES, SUCH AS BEING KILLED BY ONE OF MY ENEMIES, MY SURVIVING FAMILY CANNOT COLLECT A SINGLE DIME OF THEIR INHERITANCE UNTIL VENGEANCE IS SERVED."

WHICH IS? JUST TELL ME, I'LL MAKE IT HAPPEN.

SO I GOTTA WHACK SOMEONE? WELL, I'M A LITTLE NEW TO THIS SCENE... BUT HELL, IT'S FOR MONEY! WHO'S THE LUCKY STIFF?

WELL... THAT'S THE BAD NEWS, PETE...



...IT'S  
**THE  
PUNISHER**



NEXT:  
**NUFF  
SAID!**  
SEE YA  
IN 30!



MARVEL<sup>®</sup> COMICS



APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

54

# DEADPOOL<sup>®</sup>



STEVE DILLON '01

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SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# DEADPOOL

GREENWOOD  
LAKE, N.J.

NUTHIN' LIKE A LITTLE FORCED R&R, EH, BOYS?

TOO BAD UNCLE D. COULDN'T MAKE IT. HE'S STILL FREAKED 'BOUT THIS WHOLE MA GNLUCCI THING. HE'S GOTTA TAKE IT EASY... ENJOY LIFE, KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN', VIN?

YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN', VIN. BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME DA GUY. HALF HIS BOYS WORKED FOR MA, AND NOW DEY'RE ALL DEAD.

I MEAN, HIS FREAKIN' SUMMERHOUSE IS HOOKED UP LIKE FORT KNOX, YA KNOW?

HE'S WAITING TILL DAT MOOK THE PUNISHER KICKS DA BUCKET.

WHAT IS HE GONNA STOP LIVIN' CAUSE OF THAT PIECE A TRASH? WHAT KIND OF LIFE IS THAT?

FROM WHAT I HEAR, THAT PETER GNLUCCI KID--THE ONE THAT'S GONNA INHERIT MA GNLUCCI'S MONEY--CAN'T GET A FINE OF IT TILL THE PUNISHER'S KAPUT.

I HAD BABY BOBBIE HOOK 'IM UP WITH SOMEONE WHO COULD GET THE JOB DONE. IT'LL COST THE KID, BUT HE'S GONNA BE ROLLIN' IN IT WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE.

WELL, I HOPE THAT HAPPENS SOON. I'M GOING NUTS WIT' ALL THIS VACATIONIN'.

I'M USED TO DEALIN' WIT' MY PROBLEMS HEAD ON, YA KNOW?

YEAH, BUT IT'S BETTER DIS WAY, VIN. PUNISHER CAN'T KILL WHAT HE CAN'T FIND, NO?

HE'LL GO DOWN, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, BELIEVE ME. GUYS LIKE DAT ALWAYS SLIP UP EVENTUALLY...

AH, LIGHTEN UP, BOYS. AND REMEMBER... WITHOUT THE PUNISHER WE'D STILL BE WORKING UNDER MA GNLUCCI AND DIGGER.

WAY I SEE IT, WE OWE THE GUY... AND AS LONG AS WE STEER CLEAR A' HIM, WE GOT IT MADE...

...UNLIKE THESE POOR FISH.

THEY'LL NEVER STAND A CHANCE AGAINST MY 'SECRET BAIT', A PIECE OF KNAPP STREET FRIED CALAMARI.







# KA-BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM



JIMMY PALMIOTTI & BUDDY SCALERA  
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GEORGES JEANTY  
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JON HOLDREDGE  
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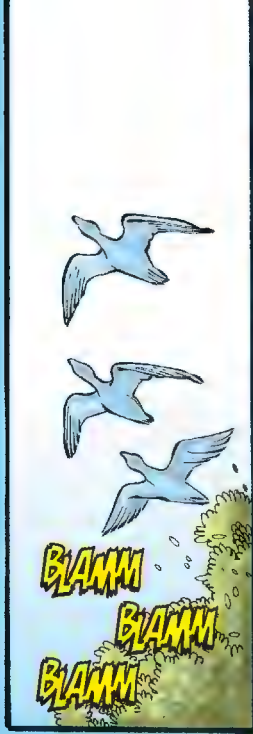
DAVE SHARPE  
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MIKE MARTS  
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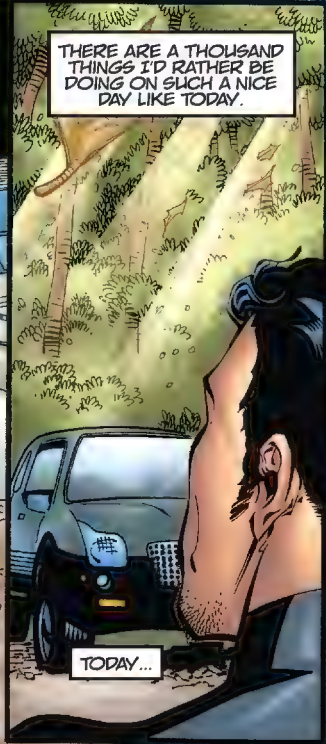
BLAMM  
BLAMM  
BLAMM



AS USUAL, MY INFORMATION WAS CORRECT. ALL THAT'S MISSING IS UNCLE D. ONCE I FIND HIM, I FINISH OFF THE LAST OF DIGGER'S CREW.



CAN'T BELIEVE I HAD TO GO ALL THE WAY TO JERSEY FOR THIS JOB.







GOTTA STAY  
FOCUSED.

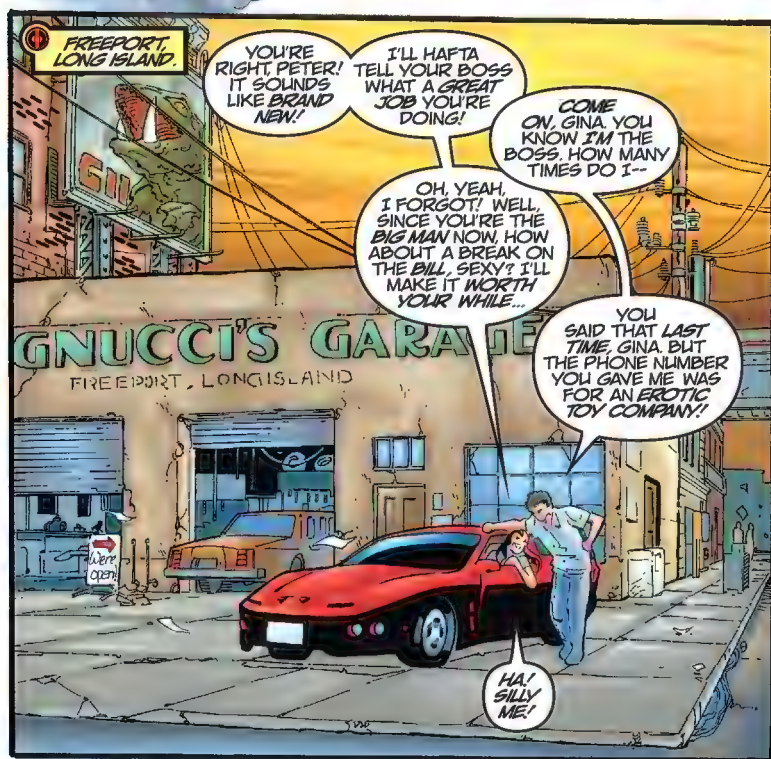
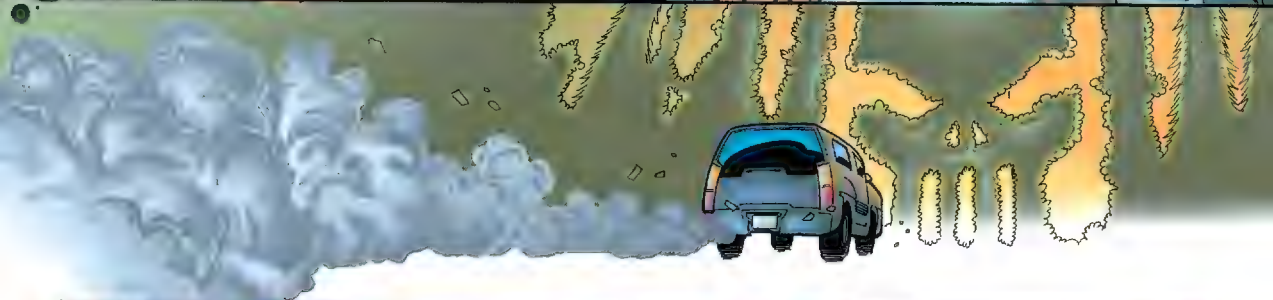
SCUM LIKE THAT  
ARE THE REASON  
I AM WHO I AM.

BUT THAT WAS A  
DIFFERENT LIFETIME...

... AND I WAS A  
DIFFERENT MAN.

NOW I'M THE  
PUNISHER.

THAT'S  
IT.



FREEPORT,  
LONG ISLAND.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT, PETER!  
IT SOUNDS  
LIKE BRAND  
NEW!

I'LL HAFTA  
TELL YOUR BOSS  
WHAT A GREAT  
JOB YOU'RE  
DOING!

COME  
ON, GINA, YOU  
KNOW I'M THE  
BOSS. HOW MANY  
TIMES DO I--

OH, YEAH.  
I FORGOT! WELL,  
SINCE YOU'RE THE  
BIG MAN NOW, HOW  
ABOUT A BREAK ON  
THE BILL, SEXY? I'LL  
MAKE IT WORTH  
YOUR WHILE...

YOU  
SAID THAT LAST  
TIME, GINA. BUT  
THE PHONE NUMBER  
YOU GAVE ME WAS  
FOR AN EROTIC  
TOY COMPANY!

HA!  
SILLY  
ME!



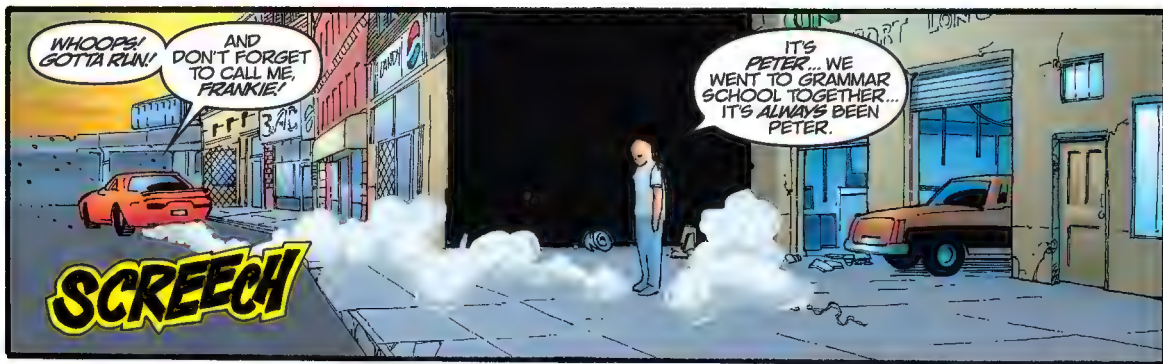
THE BILL  
IS SIX HUNDRED.  
THAT'S THE BEST  
I CAN DO  
REALLY...

HERE'S  
TWO HUNDRED.  
AND GIVE ME A  
CALL THIS WEEK-  
END! WE'LL GET  
TOGETHER!

YEAH,  
BUT I DON'T  
HAVE YOUR--

TAKE  
THE MONEY,  
STUD!





WHOOPE! GOTTA RUN!

AND DON'T FORGET TO CALL ME, FRANKIE!

**SCREECH**

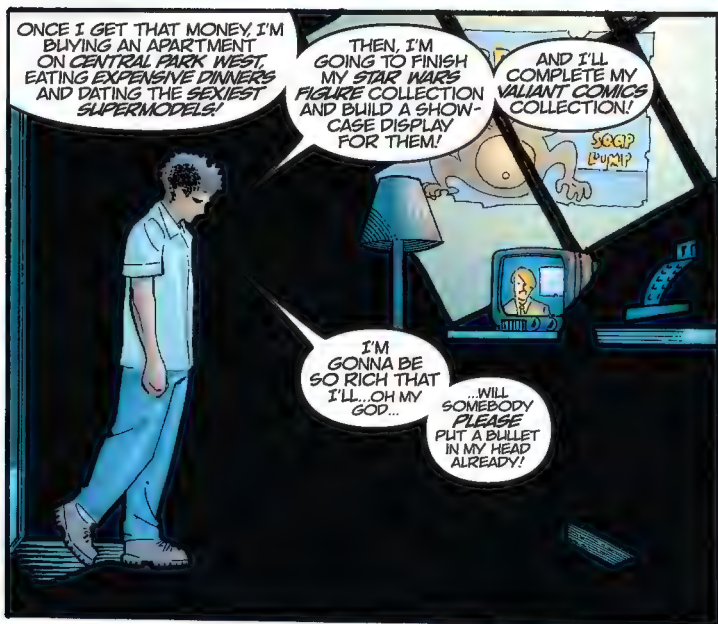
IT'S PETER... WE WENT TO GRAMMAR SCHOOL TOGETHER... IT'S ALWAYS BEEN PETER.



THINGS ARE GOING TO BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT AROUND HERE ONCE I COLLECT ON MY AUNT'S INHERITANCE.

FIRST THING I DO IS SELL THIS GODFORSAKEN GARAGE AND BUY MYSELF A BOAT LIKE UNCLE VINNIE.

HE SURE KNOWS HOW TO LIVE... ME, I'M NOTHING BUT A LOSER WITH AN INHERITED SERVICE STATION. WHAT A FREAKING JOKE I MUST BE TO EVERYBODY.



ONCE I GET THAT MONEY, I'M BUYING AN APARTMENT ON CENTRAL PARK WEST, EATING EXPENSIVE DINNERS AND DATING THE SEXIEST SUPERMODELS!

THEN, I'M GOING TO FINISH MY STAR WARS FIGURE COLLECTION AND BUILD A SHOW-CASE DISPLAY FOR THEM!

AND I'LL COMPLETE MY VALIANT COMICS COLLECTION!

SOAP LUNCH!

I'M GONNA BE SO RICH THAT I'LL... OH MY GOD...

...WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE PUT A BULLET IN MY HEAD ALREADY!



OKAY BANG YOU'RE DEAD.

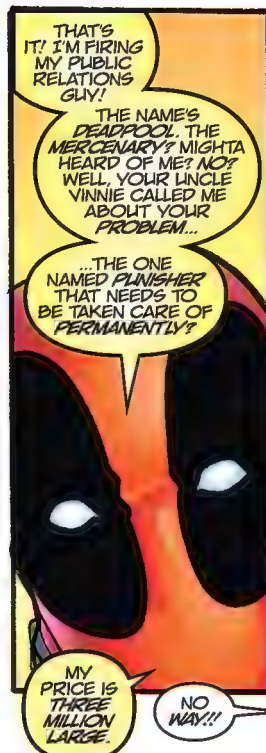
AAAAAAAA!!!



WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM? YOU NEARLY SCARED ME TO DEATH!

BELIEVE ME, AFTER WHAT I JUST HEARD, I'D BE DOING YOU A FAVOR.

WHO ARE YOU?



THAT'S IT! I'M FIRING MY PUBLIC RELATIONS GUY!

THE NAME'S DEADPOOL. THE MERCENARY. MIGHTA HEARD OF ME? NO? WELL, YOUR UNCLE VINNIE CALLED ME ABOUT YOUR PROBLEM...

...THE ONE NAMED PUNISHER THAT NEEDS TO BE TAKEN CARE OF PERMANENTLY?

MY PRICE IS THREE MILLION LARGE.

NO WAY!!!

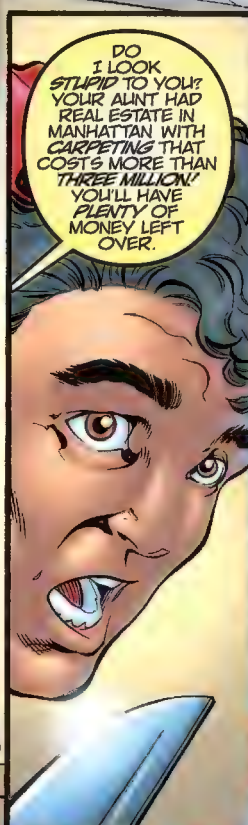




YES WAY, THAT'S MY "THIS GUY COULDN'T BE MORE PATHETIC" RATE.

I'M NOT PLAYING AROUND? PETER.

W-WAIT? THREE MILLION IS ALL I'M GETTING FROM THE INHERITANCE!



DO I LOOK STUPID TO YOU? YOUR AUNT HAD REAL ESTATE IN MANHATTAN WITH CARPETING THAT COSTS MORE THAN THREE MILLION! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY LEFT OVER.

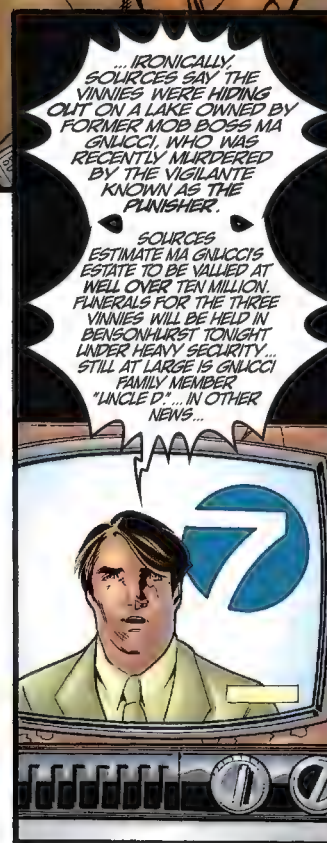


LISTEN, SON, WHAT YOU'RE ASKING ME TO DO IS NO EASY GIG. BELIEVE ME, JUST FINDING THE PUNISHER WILL BE A MAJOR PROBLEM.

WHAT I'LL NEED FROM YOU TODAY IS THE LEASE FOR THIS GARAGE, AS COLLATERAL.

I DON'T USUALLY TAKE GIGS WITHOUT MONEY UP FRONT, BUT YOUR SITUATION IS MAKING HEADLINES AS WE SPEAK... SO I KNOW IT'S TRUE.

...THE INFAMOUS THREE VINNIES, NEW YORK MOBSTERS CONNECTED WITH THE GILUCCI CRIME FAMILY, WERE FOUND SHOT TO DEATH IN GREENWOOD LAKE, NEW JERSEY THIS MORNING...



...IRONICALLY, SOURCES SAY THE VINNIES WERE HIDING OUT ON A LAKE OWNED BY FORMER MOB BOSS MA GILUCCI, WHO WAS RECENTLY MURDERED BY THE VIGILANTE KNOWN AS THE PUNISHER.

SOURCES ESTIMATE MA GILUCCI'S ESTATE TO BE VALUED AT WELL OVER TEN MILLION. FUNERALS FOR THE THREE VINNIES WILL BE HELD IN BENSONHURST TONIGHT UNDER HEAVY SECURITY... STILL AT LARGE IS GILUCCI FAMILY MEMBER "UNCLE D." IN OTHER NEWS...



SEE, KID WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THREE MILLION IS CHICKEN FEED. I'M DOING THIS HIT, YOU'RE GETTING THAT CHECK, AND YOU'RE GIVING IT TO ME. DEAL?

UH, YEAH, SURE, WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE?

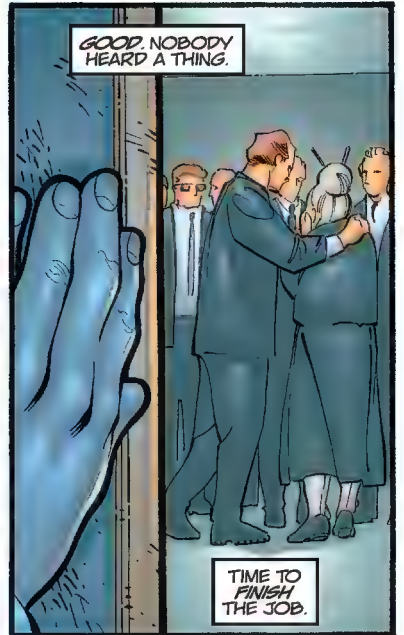
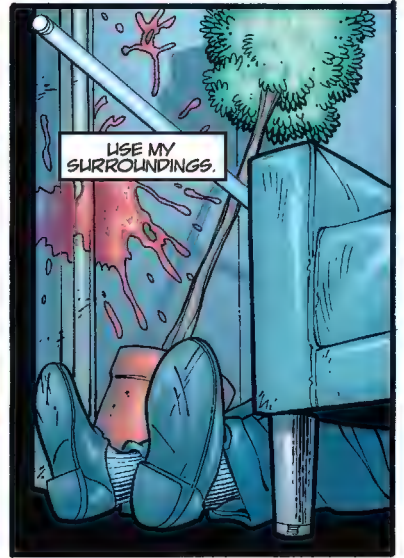
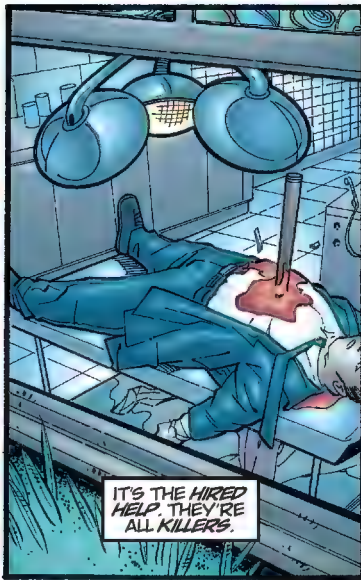


WE ALL HAVE CHOICES, PETER. ME, I GOT A FUNERAL TO GO TO TONIGHT.

SEE YOU SOON, AND MAKE SURE YOU CLEAN UP MY GARAGE.

YEAH... WHATEVER.













WELL KNOWN FACT ABOUT D: HE KILLED HIS OWN MOTHER WHEN HE WAS TWENTY FOR THE INSURANCE MONEY. RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIS SISTER, WHOM HE HAD AN UNHEALTHY CRUSH ON.

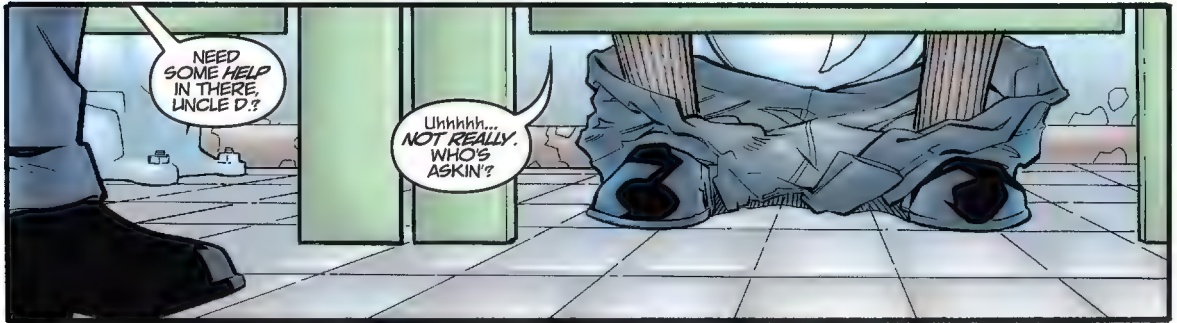
THEN LATER HE KILLED HER HUSBAND OVER A FLORAL ARRANGEMENT ON THEIR WEDDING DAY. BEAT HIM WITH AN ALTAR BOY'S KNEELING PAD.

AND FINALLY, HE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED HIS SISTER, AS RUMOR HAS IT, WHILE THEY WERE HORSEBACK RIDING AT HIS SUMMER PLACE.



NOBODY KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT WENT ON, BUT THE HORSE HAD FIVE BULLETS IN ITS HEAD AND D'S SISTER WAS CRUSHED TO DEATH.

PERFECT. RIGHT WHERE HE BELONGS.



NEED SOME HELP IN THERE, UNCLE D?

Uhhhhh... NOT REALLY. WHO'S ASKIN'?



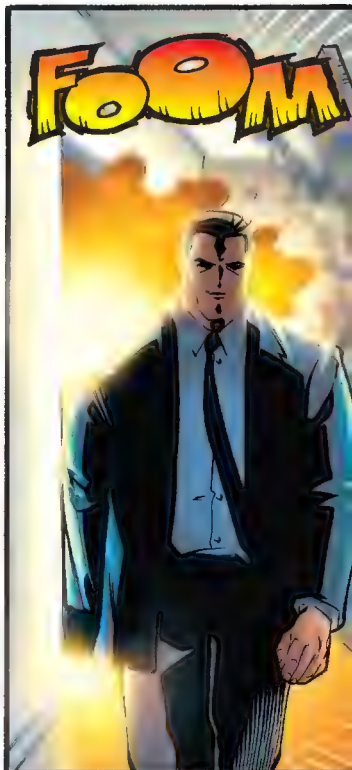
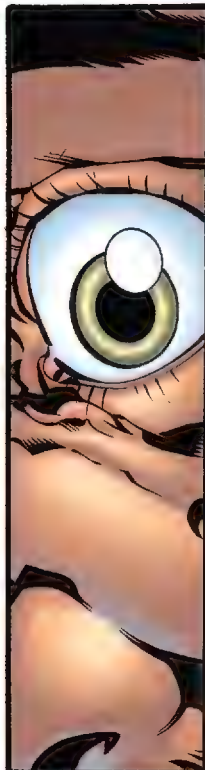
NO ONE SPECIAL. JUST ME AND MY LITTLE FRIEND...

PLIK



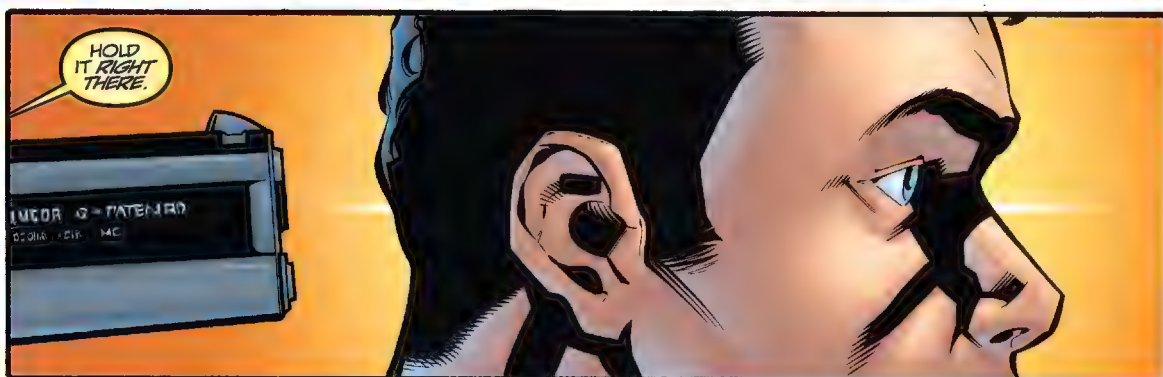
CLINK  
CLINK

LITTLE FRIEND...?



FOOM









I'LL  
LET YOU  
HAVE  
IT.



DEADPOOL.



NOW JUST  
DEAD.



WONDER WHAT  
THAT WAS ALL  
ABOUT?





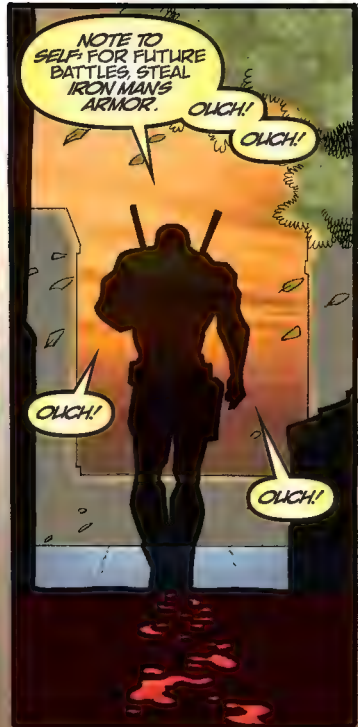
WGH! MY CHEST IS ON FIRE! THANK GOD FOR MY HEALING FACTOR!



WUGGGHHH. WHAT THE HELL WAS I THINKING?

I GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS WITHOUT WORRYIN' ABOUT LEAD POISONING.

BETTER GO HOME AND PLAY DOCTOR... DON'T WANT THE WOUNDS TO CLOSE UP WITH THE AMMO INSIDE ME.



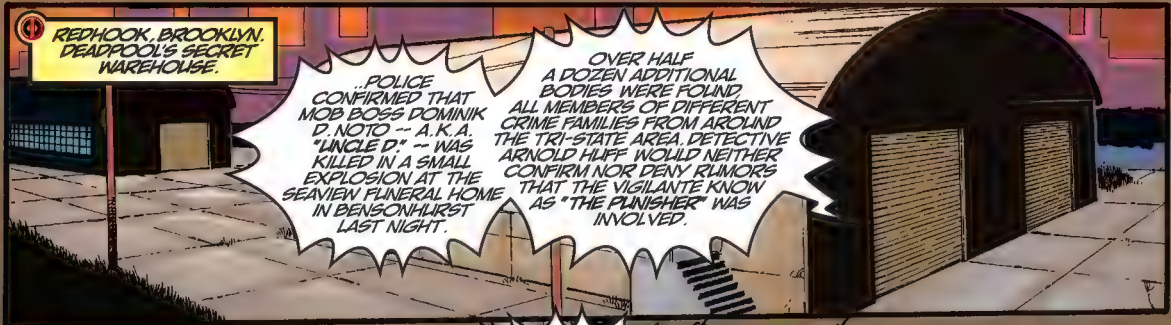
NOTE TO SELF: FOR FUTURE BATTLES, STEAL IRON MAN'S ARMOR.

OUCH!

OUCH!

OUCH!

OUCH!



REDHOOK, BROOKLYN. DEADPOOL'S SECRET WAREHOUSE.

POLICE CONFIRMED THAT MOB BOSS DOMINIK D. NOTO - A.K.A. "LINGLE D." - WAS KILLED IN A SMALL EXPLOSION AT THE SEAVEN FUNERAL HOME IN BENSONHURST LAST NIGHT.

OVER HALF A DOZEN ADDITIONAL BODIES WERE FOUND. ALL MEMBERS OF DIFFERENT CRIME FAMILIES FROM AROUND THE TRI-STATE AREA. DETECTIVE ARNOLD HUFF WOULD NEITHER CONFIRM NOR DENY RUMORS THAT THE VIGILANTE KNOWN AS "THE PUNISHER" WAS INVOLVED.



OTHER SOURCES SAID THAT THE VIGILANTE DEADPOOL WAS SEEN LIMPING AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME MOMENTS LATER, CRITICALLY INJURED...

RING! RING! RING! RING!

SHUFF! SHUFF! OKAY!

THAT'S GOTTA BE COPYCAT.

TWAK TWAK TWAK TWAK



WADE! I JUST SAW THE NEWS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? IS IT TRUE? ARE YOU HURT?

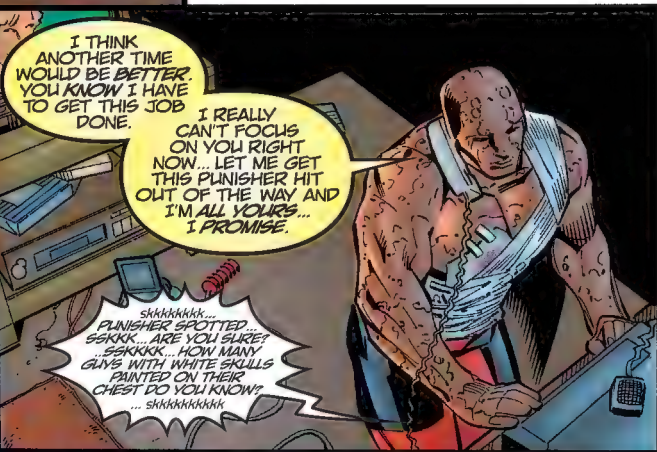
I'M FINE, VANESSA. JUST A COUPLE OF BRUISES. NOTHING TO FREAK OUT ABOUT. REALLY.





WELL, WHY  
DON'T I PUT  
SOMETHING ON  
AND HEAD  
OVER...

...YOU  
KNOW, TO  
MAKE SURE  
YOU'RE *REALLY*  
OKAY? WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK?



I THINK  
ANOTHER TIME  
WOULD BE *BETTER*.  
YOU KNOW I HAVE  
TO GET THIS JOB  
DONE.

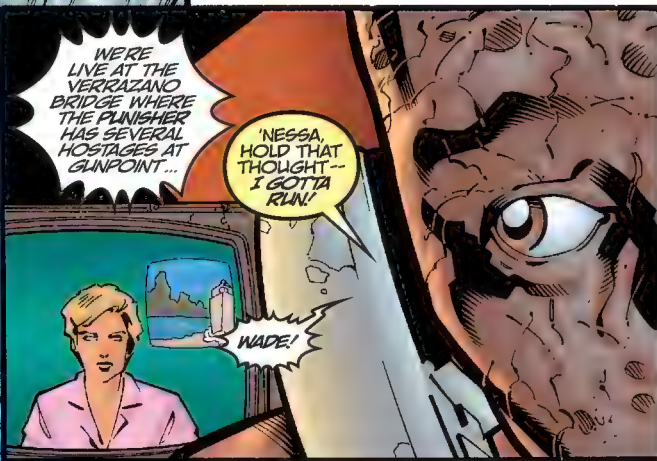
I REALLY  
CAN'T FOCUS  
ON YOU RIGHT  
NOW... LET ME GET  
THIS PUNISHER HIT  
OUT OF THE WAY AND  
I'M ALL YOURS...  
I PROMISE.

SKKKKKKK...  
PUNISHER SPOTTED.  
SKKKK... ARE YOU SURE?  
SKKKKK... HOW MANY  
GUYS WITH WHITE SKULLS  
PAINTED ON THEIR  
CHEST DO YOU KNOW?  
... skkkkkkkkkk



OKAY,  
BUT YOU SAID  
WE WERE GOING  
TO TALK, WORK  
THINGS OUT.

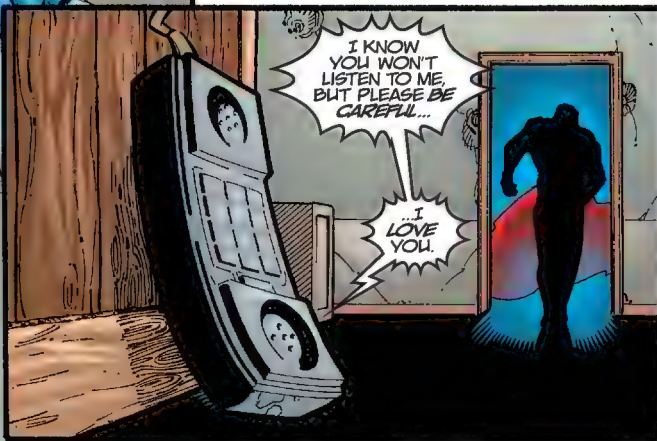
WE  
WILL, SOON,  
VANESSA.  
TRUST  
ME.



WE'RE  
LIVE AT THE  
VERRAZANO  
BRIDGE WHERE  
THE PUNISHER  
HAS SEVERAL  
HOSTAGES AT  
GUNPOINT...

'NESSA,  
HOLD THAT  
THOUGHT--  
I GOTTA  
RUN!

WADE!



I KNOW  
YOU WON'T  
LISTEN TO ME,  
BUT PLEASE BE  
CAREFUL...

I  
LOVE  
YOU.



GOTTA HAND IT TO THE OLD PUN-MAN. HE SURE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A SCENE! LOOKS LIKE EVERY COP IN THE TRI-STATE AREA IS DOING OVERTIME TONIGHT!

IF I WRAP THIS UP EARLY ENOUGH, I'LL SEE IF VANESSA CAN MORPH INTO TYPHOID MARY'S LIPS.

SHOOT. I SHOULD REALLY BE DISCOURAGING HER FROM USING HER SHAPE-SHIFTING POWERS. I THINK THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN SCREWING UP HER MIND LATELY.

I SWEAR, ONCE WE GET THROUGH BLACK WIDOW, SCARLET WITCH, PSYLOCKE AND THE SHE-HULK, I'M DONE USING HER TO FULFILL MY FANTASIES!

THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO GET THROUGH ALL THIS.

THINK I'LL DO THE SMART THING FOR ONCE AND WAIT BY THE WATER'S EDGE TO LET IT UNFOLD.

MAYBE THEY'LL KILL PUNISHER FOR ME... HMMMM I WONDER, DO I STILL GET THE MONEY IF THAT HAPPENS?

WELL, IF NOT, I STILL GOT THE GAS STATION! HA!

SKIDDDO

SIGH

OKAY, MAYBE MOONDRAGON, BUT THAT'S IT.

YEAH, RIGHT.

ALL RIGHT, PUNISHER. WE GOT THE BRIDGE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED. YOU GOT NOWHERE TO GO.

SO LET GO OF THOSE MOBSTERS, PUT THE GUN DOWN, AND WE CAN ALL GO HOME EARLY...



LONG STORY SHORT: THIS WAS THE ONLY PLACE TO GET THESE GUYS...TRUST ME.

COME ON, MAN! WE WANT THESE GUYS JUST AS BAD AS YOU DO...JUST GIVE IT UP...IT'S HOPELESS...

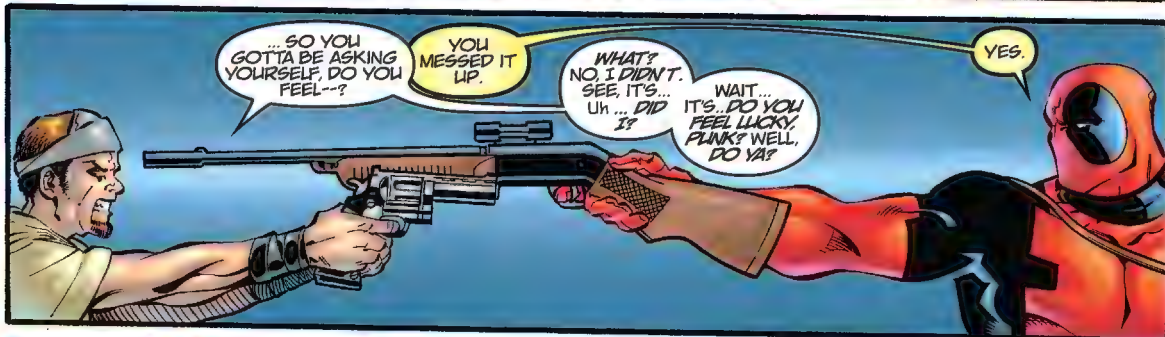
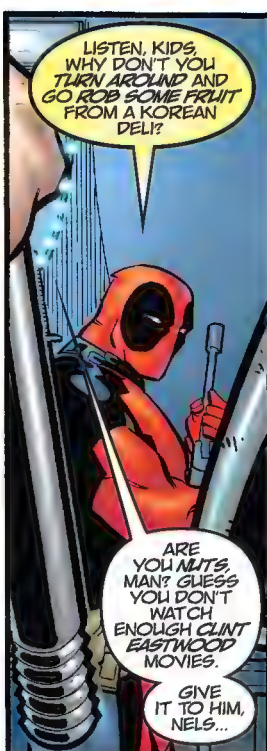
EXCUSE ME!



I GOT IT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?



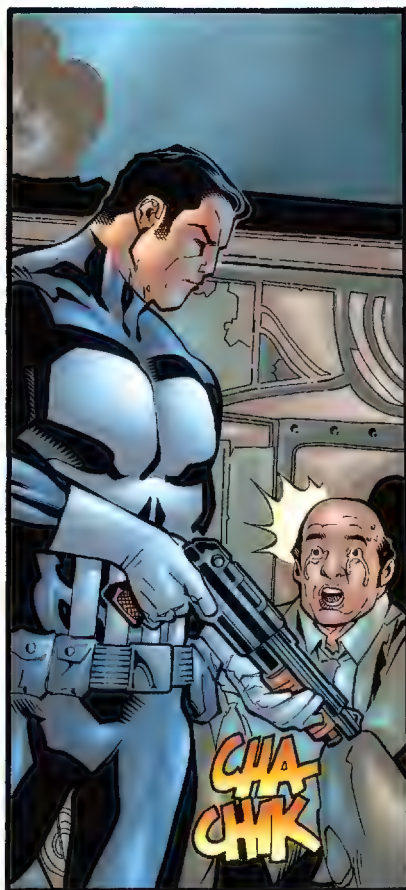




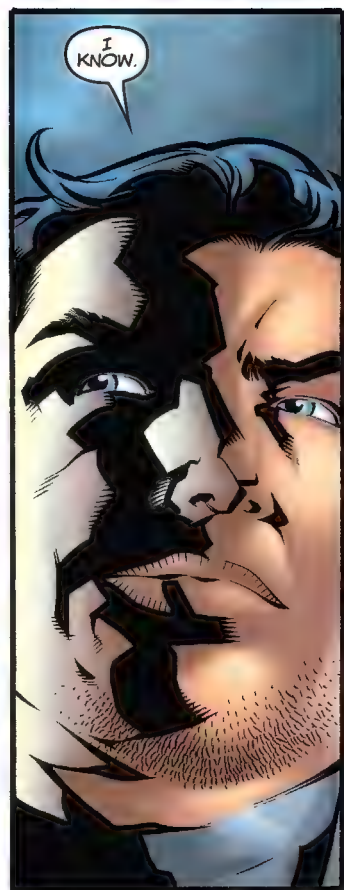




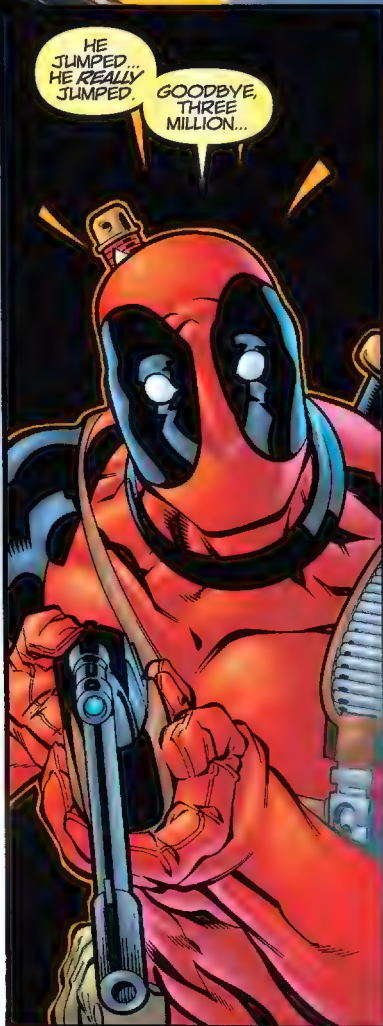
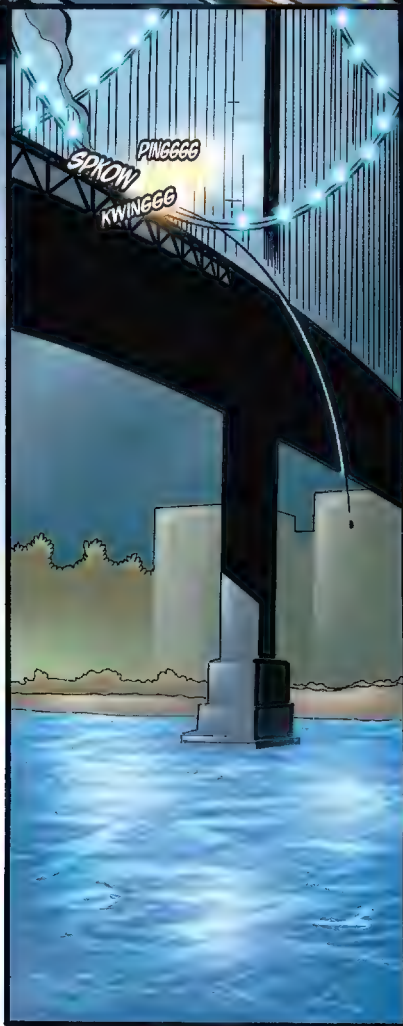
B  
L  
A  
M



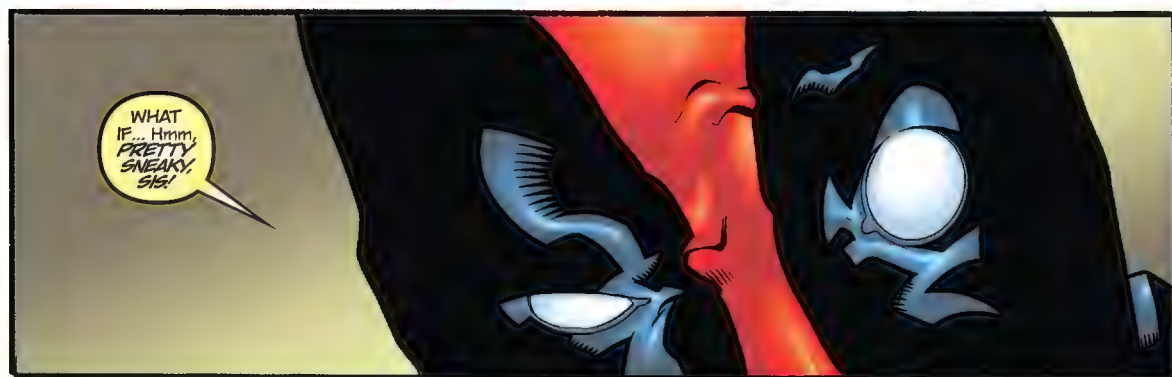
B  
L  
A  
M















TAKING ALL MY STRENGTH  
TO FIGHT THE CURRENT.  
THANK GOD FOR FURY'S  
PORTABLE OXYGEN  
SUPPLY UNIT.

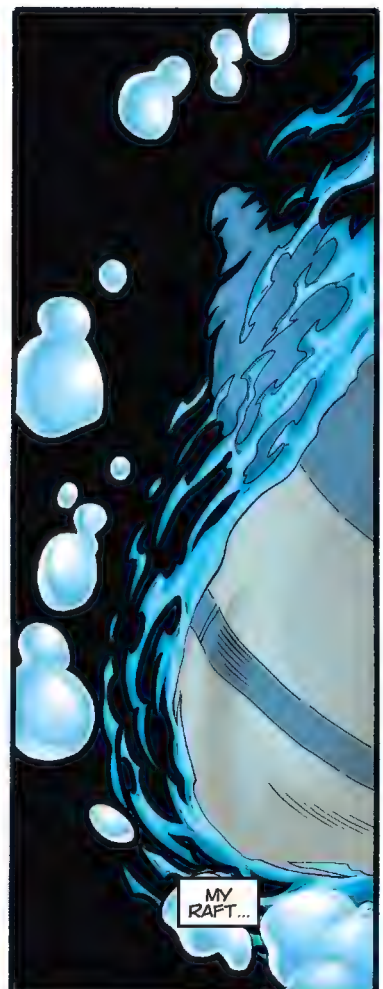


DEEP!  
DEEP!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE  
MINIATURE HOMING  
DEVICE, I'D NEVER FIND  
MY WAY THROUGH  
THIS MUCK.



AHH...  
THERE IT IS  
NOW.



MY  
RAFT...



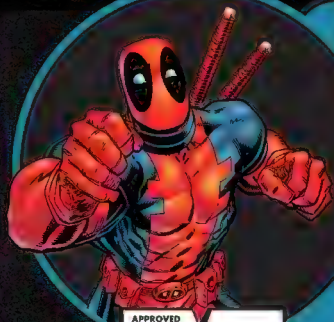
...AND MY  
SALVATION?

SAY  
HELLO AND  
GOODBYE  
TO MY LITTLE  
FRIEND!

**CONTINUED...**



M A R V E L<sup>®</sup> C O M I C S



APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

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# DEADPOOL<sup>®</sup>



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TIM  
BROOK  
STEEL  
2001





# END OF THE ROAD

PART: 2

OKAY FOR THOSE OF YOU  
ON YOUR COUCHES JOINING  
US AFTER THE COMMERCIAL...

... MY NAME IS DEADPOOL.  
I'M A MERCENARY-FOR-  
HIRE, AND THE GUY  
CLEARLY IN CHARGE HERE.

THE GUY PLAYING THE  
SAD TREADING-WATER  
SCENE FROM *TITANIC* IS  
THE PUNISHER,  
VIGILANTE TYPE.

USUALLY HE'S A  
PRETTY TOUGH  
DUDE, BUT NOT  
TODAY.

I'M BEING PAID A LOT  
OF MONEY TO MAKE  
SURE HE SPENDS A LOT  
MORE TIME SWIMMING  
WITH THE FISHES.

THIS  
IS THE END  
OF THE ROAD  
FOR YOU,  
PUNISHER.

I KNOW  
THIS BECAUSE  
TYLER DURDEN  
KNOWS THIS.

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# DEADPOOL

STORY : JIMMY PALMIOTTI & BUDDY SCALERA

PENCILS : GEORGES JEANTY

INKS : JON HOLDREDGE

COLORS : TOM CHU

LETTERS : DAVE SHARPE

COVER : TIM BRADSTREET

ASST. EDITOR : MIKE RAICHT

EDITOR : MIKE MARTS

BIG GUNS : JOE Q.

PREZ : BILL J.





DON'T WORRY, I'LL SAVE YOU THE PAIN AND DO YOU FAST, PUNISHER.

BUT LET'S WAIT A SEC TILL THE EYEWITNESSES SHOW UP. NEED A LITTLE PROOF YA KNOW?



NO? I GUESS YA DONT.

ANYHOO, I BETCHA I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. HOW DID THE OLD 'POOLMAN SURVIVE TWO SHOTS TO THE GUT FROM YOUR HOLLOW-POINT BULLETS?

WELL, 'TWEEN YOU, ME AND THIS RAFT, I GOT A CANDY-COATED HEALING FACTOR THAT MAKES ME TOUGHER THAN SITTING THROUGH AN EPISODE OF THE LONE GLIMMEN.



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE YOU TWO! THE PUNISHER IS UNDER ARREST!



WHOO. HERE COME YOUR BUDDIES NOW.

ANY FAMOUS LAST WORDS BEFORE I CHECK TO SEE IF YOU HAVE THE SAME NIFTY HEALING POWER?



"WANT TO CALL MOMMY TO LET HER KNOW YOU'LL BE DEAD LATE FOR DINNER TONIGHT?"



YEEPEERS! BE CAREFUL WITH THAT! THAT'S A KNIFE!

SSIIAASHH!

AW, G\*#%! I DROPPED MY FAVORITE POPGUN!



THAT'S IT! NOW I'M BBLURRBLED!

I WANTED TO BRING THAT BBLURRLING! RAFT HOME WITH ME!









"CEASE FIRE, MEN!  
I THINK WE'VE  
HIT SOMEONE."





I'M AMANDA  
BALLARD FOR KVV.  
FOR THIS MORNING'S  
TOP STORY WE GO  
LIVE TO GLENN  
BIRDLING.



THANK  
YOU,  
AMANDA

I'M HERE IN  
BROOKLYN WHERE  
POLICE OFFICIALS SAY  
THEY HAVE FINALLY ENDED  
THE REIGN OF TERROR  
CAUSED BY THE MURDERING  
OUTLAW KNOWN AS **THE  
PUNISHER** AFTER HE  
EXECUTED TWO MOBSTERS  
ON THE VERAZZANO  
BRIDGE LAST  
NIGHT.



POLICE  
CONFIRMED THAT  
THE VIGILANTE KNOWN  
AS **DEADPOOL** WAS  
ALSO ON THE  
SCENE.

I'M HERE  
WITH NYPD OFFICER  
BILL HOSEK. WHAT  
HAPPENED TONIGHT,  
OFFICER?



WELL,  
TO PUT IT  
SIMPLY, GLENN...

I KILLED 'IM!  
WHOO! I SHOT  
THE PUNISHER!  
WHOOHOO! GO  
YANKEES!



HE...  
I...SHE...  
THEY...

...HE'S  
DEAD! THE  
PUNISHER IS  
DEAD!

WHICH MEANS  
I'M **6\*\*\*RICH**, BABY!  
PETER GNUCCI, YOU'RE  
A MILLIONAIRE!

I'M  
INHERITING ALL  
MY DEAD ALINT'S  
MONEY! WHAA-  
HOOO!

AND IF  
THAT COP KILLED  
THE PUNISHER LIKE  
HE SAID HE DID--AND  
DEADPOOL DIDN'T--  
THAT MEANS THE  
MONEY'S ALL  
MINE!

I DON'T  
OWE THAT  
MERCENARY  
A CENT!





...THE  
PINK... WHAT...  
BOUTIQUE?

... HAVE A  
D-BATTERY WITH YOU?  
OUTSTANDING!

SEE? IT  
VIBRATES.

HUHH--? WHOA,  
HONEY, GO EASY ON THE  
STERIODS. YOUR FACE IS  
STARTING TO LOOK LIKE  
AGATHA HARKNESS.

OH,  
IT'S YOU. I WAS  
JUST REMEMBERING  
A REALLY BAD DREAM  
INVOLVING MARTHA  
STEWART.

CUT ME  
DOWN, AND I'LL  
RE-ENACT IT  
FOR YOU.

OR... I CAN  
JUST HANG HERE  
TILL MY HEAD EXPLODES  
FROM AN ANEURYSM AND  
COVERS YOUR WALLS IN  
'POOLBRAINS'!

~SIGH~

EITHER WAY I  
NEED TO KILL YOU.  
NOTHING PERSONAL  
BUT THERE'S A LOT  
OF MONEY ON THE  
LINE.

SO BE A  
SWEETIE AND  
CUT ME DOWN  
SO I CAN  
SLASH YOUR  
THROAT?



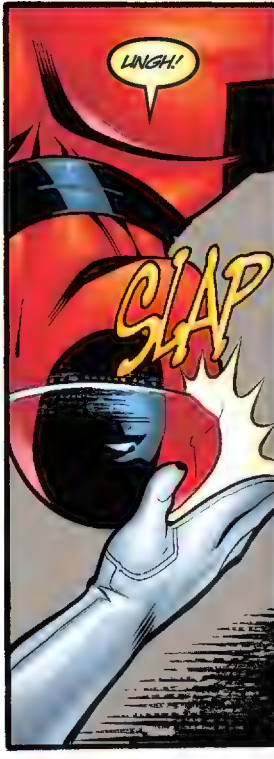


WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE GNUCCIST?



I KNOW YOU CAN EASILY OVERCOOK THEM.

THEY GO WELL WITH WHITE WINE AND SOME MARINARA SAUCE.



LINGH!



GNUCCI, AS IN MA AND PETER GNUCCI.

WHOOOPSIE! MY MISTAKE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT THOSE LITTLE POTATO DUMPLING THINGIES...

...DO YOU KNOW YOU MUMBLE?



LOOK, FRANK... CAN I CALL YOU FRANK?

Um, NEVERMIND. ANYHOWZER, PETER GNUCCI, NEPHEW OF LEGENDARY-YET-DECEASED MOB BOSS MA GNUCCI, STANDS TO INHERIT A LOTTA-MONEY IF YOU GET SNUFFED.

SO PETE HIRED ME TO SPEED UP THE PROCESS.

AND FOR MY TROUBLE, I GET A HEAP O' GREENBACKS!



AWW, FRANK YOU LOOK LIPSSET! STRIKING THAT FARAWAY JAMES DEAN POSE...

...Y'KNOW YOU'VE GOT GREAT BUNS! EVER THINK OF TRYING OUT FOR THE BACKSTREET BOYS?

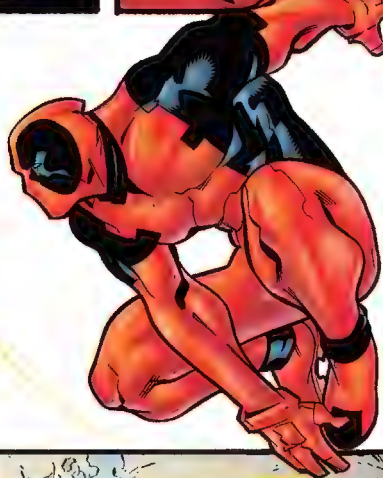
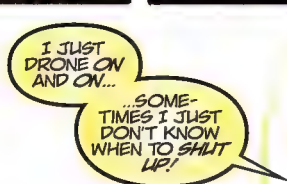
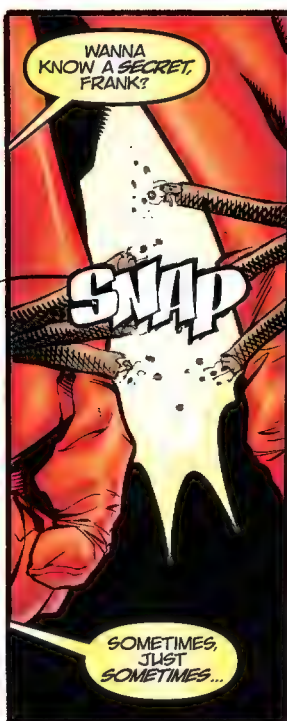


WHATT SAMATTA? KITTY-KAT GOT YER TONGUE, FRANK?





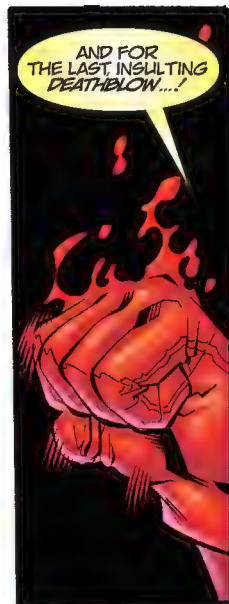
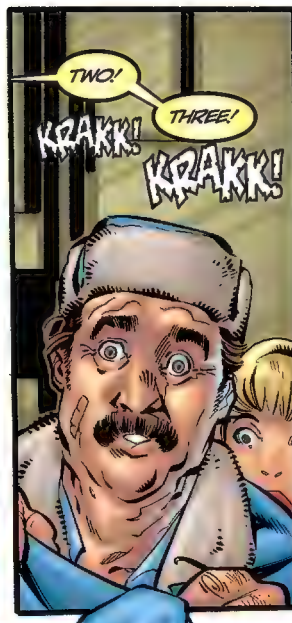




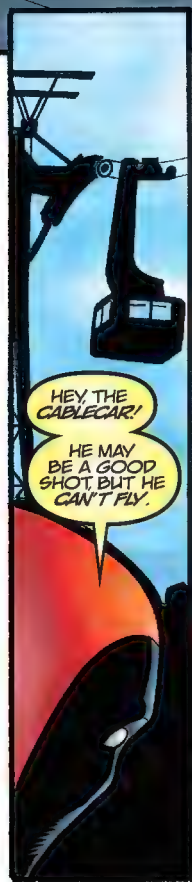
















FRANK,  
YOU GOTTA  
HELP ME.

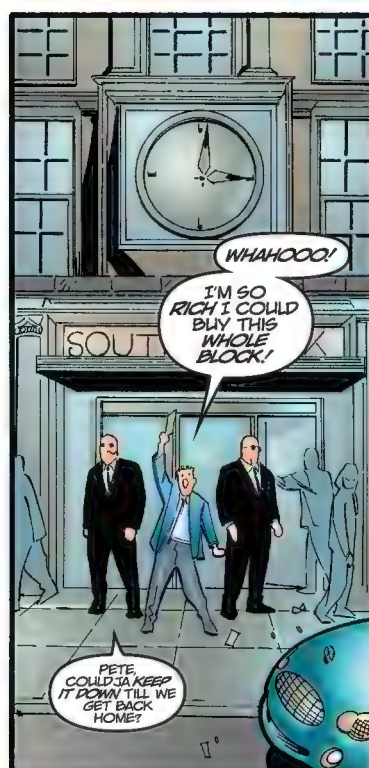
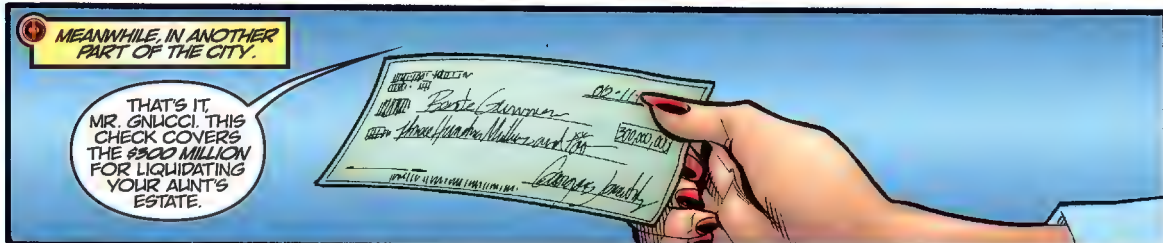
I'M  
TRAPPED IN  
HERE WITH SCHOOL-  
CHILDREN, NUNS AND  
LAWYERS!



AHHH  
@#% I SHOULDN'T  
HAVE MENTIONED  
THE NUNS.



















CHRIS? THE TWINS ARE CRYING, AND I NEED YOU TO--

HOLD ON, MONEY. I'VE GOT A PROBLEM HERE.

KKKKRUNKH

Uhh, YOU BUSTED THE MIRROR ON MY TRUCK, MAN.

THESE ARE DESPERATE TIMES, BRAVE S.L.I.V. MAN!

BUT DEADPOOL IS HERE WITH HIS MIGHTY FRUIT ROLLUP TO SAVE THE DAY!

KLONK

SLIDDE

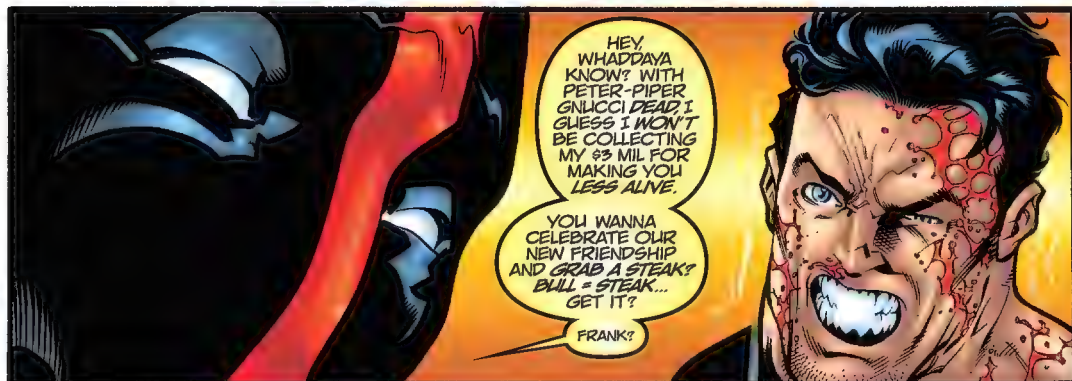
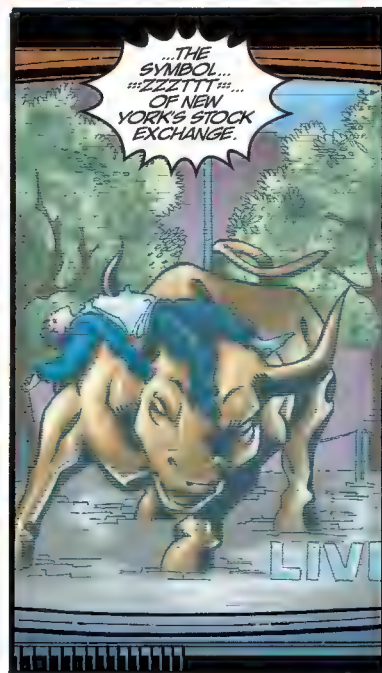
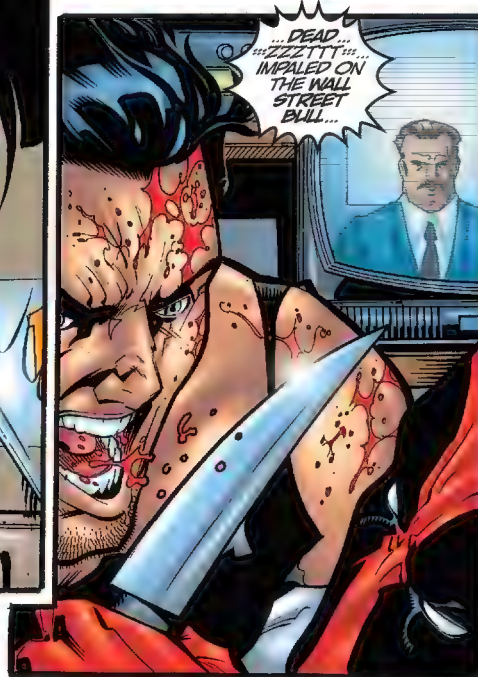
OOF! FRANK! I WAS JUST PLAYIN' MAN!

GEE WHIZ! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS REAL! I THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF THOSE NERF LEAD PIPES!

PUNT!

KKEERASHCHU!









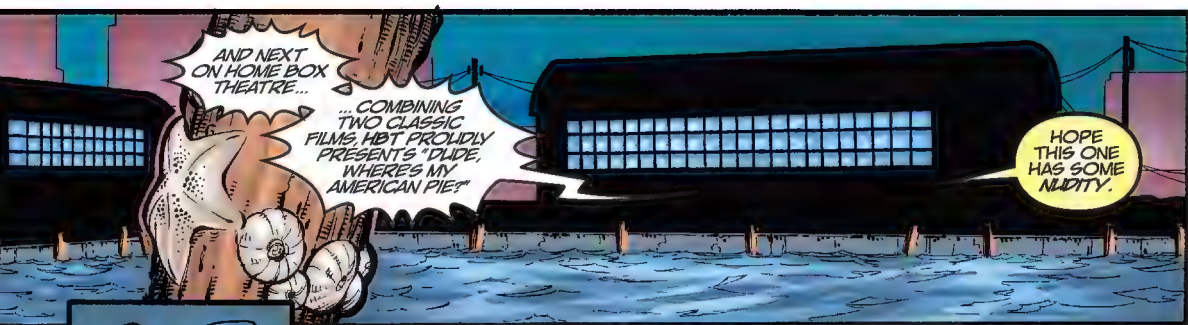
FRANK,  
YOU SHOULD  
SEE THE PICTURE  
ON THIS TELEVISION!  
IT'S ALMOST  
3-D!

ALTHOUGH,  
I'LL BE FRANK, IT  
PROBABLY AIN'T TOO  
GOOD FOR MY EYES  
TO BE SITTING THIS  
CLOSE TO THE  
TV.

I'LL BE  
"FRANK"... heh.  
HEY, FRANK, THAT  
WAS MY FIRST  
DUMB FUN OF  
THE DAY!

FRANK!  
YOU STILL  
THERE?





AND NEXT ON HOME BOX THEATRE...

...COMBINING TWO CLASSIC FILMS, HBO PROUDLY PRESENTS "DUDE, WHERE'S MY AMERICAN PIE?"

HOPE THIS ONE HAS SOME NUDDITY.

SIGH: IT'S JUST SO MUCH LESS FUN MAKING JOLES WHEN THERE'S NOBODY AROUND TO ANNOY.

IT'S LIKE HAVING HALITOSIS IN AN ELEVATOR WITH NOBODY TO SHARE IT WITH.

IT JUST STINKS TO BE ALONE.

FACE IT, WADE. AS DEADPOOL, YOU'RE A SMASH AT PARTIES AND BAR MITZVAHS.

BUT WITHOUT VANESSA...

...YOU'RE JUST A SHALLOW POOL.

I MISS HER.

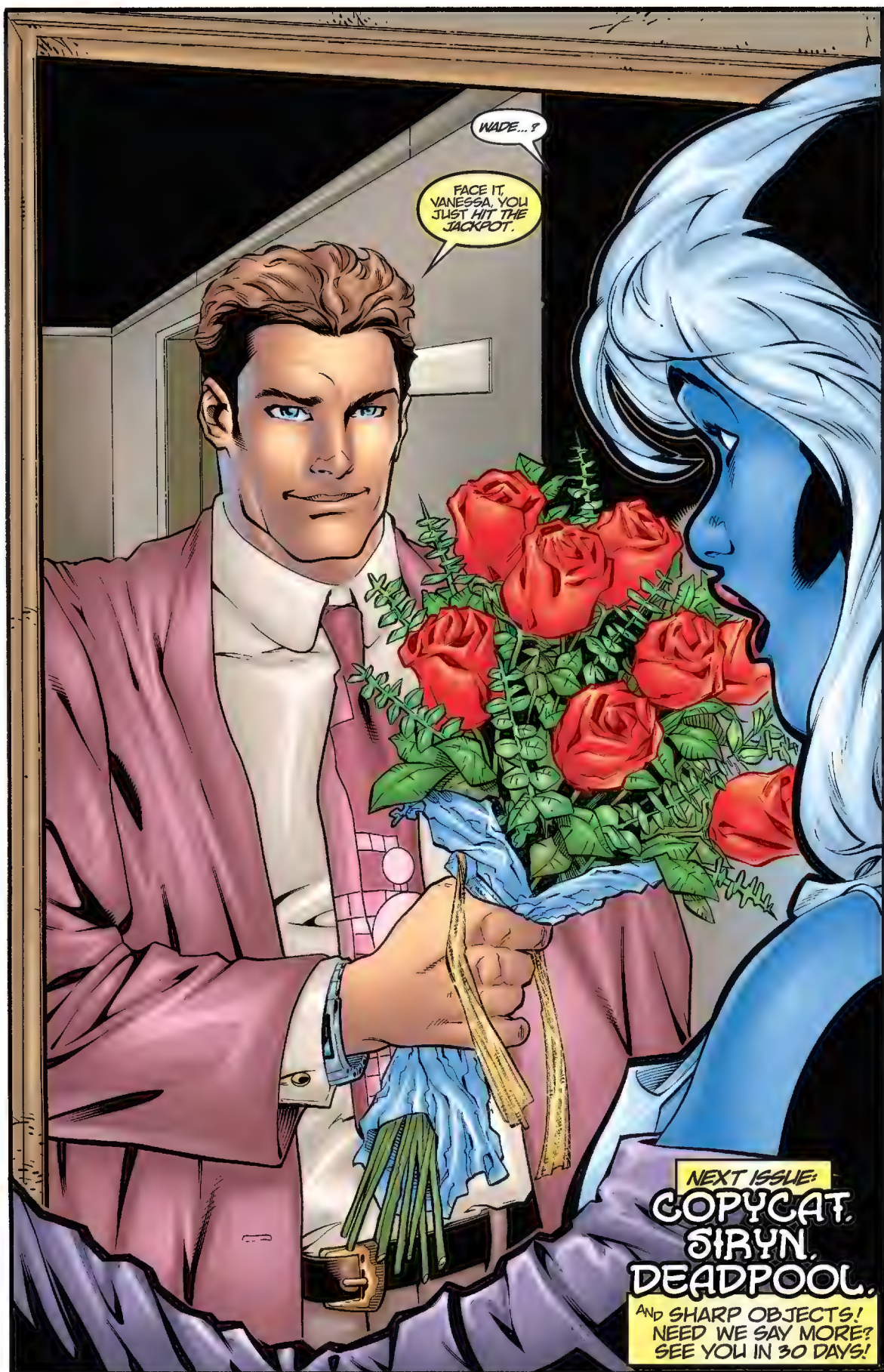
ONE HOUR, ONE BREATH MINT, AND A HANDSOME NEW FACE ON THE IMAGE INDUCER LATER.

DING DONG

I'M COMING!

THIS BETTER BE GOOD!





**NEXT ISSUE:**  
**COPYCAT.**  
**SIRYN.**  
**DEADPOOL.**  
AND SHARP OBJECTS!  
NEED WE SAY MORE?  
SEE YOU IN 30 DAYS!



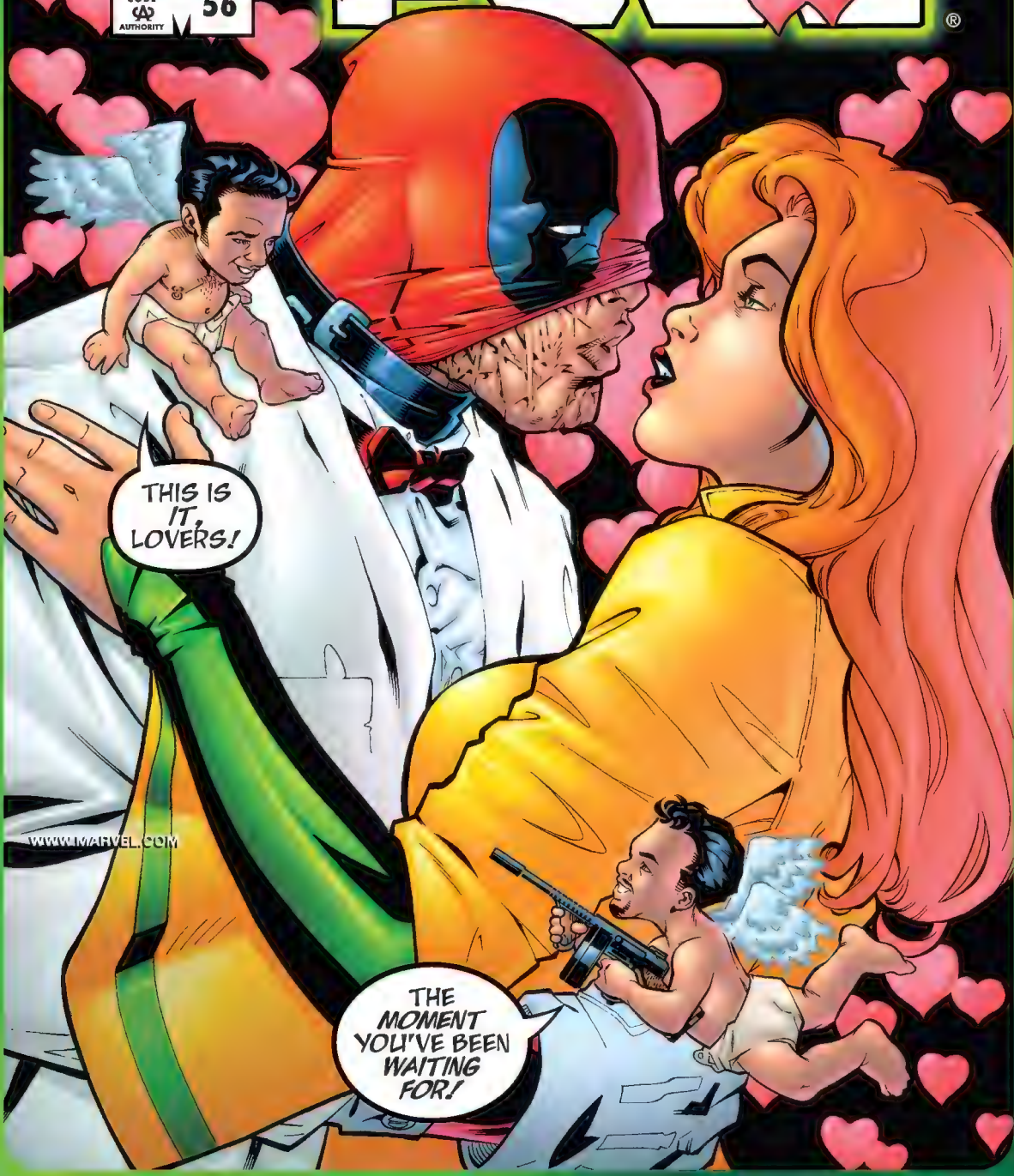
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# DEADPOOL



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SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# DEADPOOL

## GOING OUT WITH A BANG!

"HI-  
DIDDLE-LEE-  
DEE, A KILLER'S  
LIFE FOR  
MEEEE!"

KNOW  
WHAT,  
VANESSA?

WHAT,  
WADE?

THAT'D  
MAKE A GREAT  
TARANTINO REMAKE!  
PINOCCHIO: THE MERC  
WITH THE NOSE! AN  
EVERY TIME HE TOLD  
A LIE, HIS NOSE WOULD  
TURN INTO A  
DIFFERENT KIND  
OF GUN!

COULD  
HE PICK  
IT?

THE  
TYPE OF  
GUN?

NO,  
HIS NOSE,  
SILLY.

HEY,  
'NESSA, BAD  
JOKES ARE MY  
TERRITORY.

3GIGGLE3  
SORRY, SWEETIE,  
I WOULDN'T ~~DAKE~~  
STEP ON THE SAME  
COMEDY STAGE AS  
"DEADPOOL: THE  
MERC-WITH-THE-  
MOUTH!"

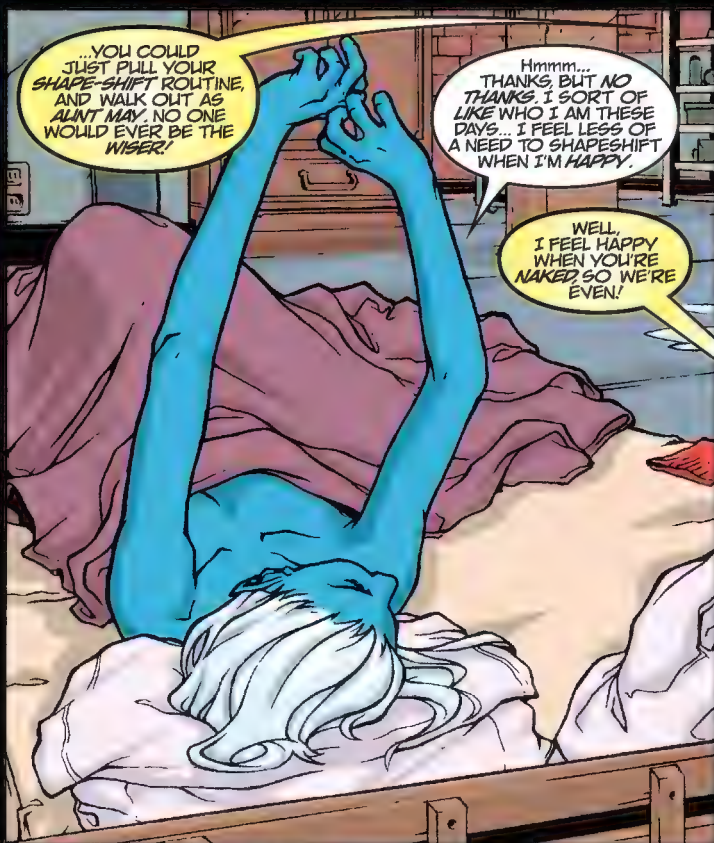
STORY : **BLIDDY SCALERA**  
COLORS : TOM CHU LETTERS : DAVE & SHARPEFONT ASST. EDITOR : MIKE RAICHT EDITOR : MIKE MART'S  
BIG GUNS : JOE Q. PREZ : BILL J. DEDICATED TO DANIELLE HALEY





YEAH, WOULDN'T WANT YOU STEALING MY THUNDER.

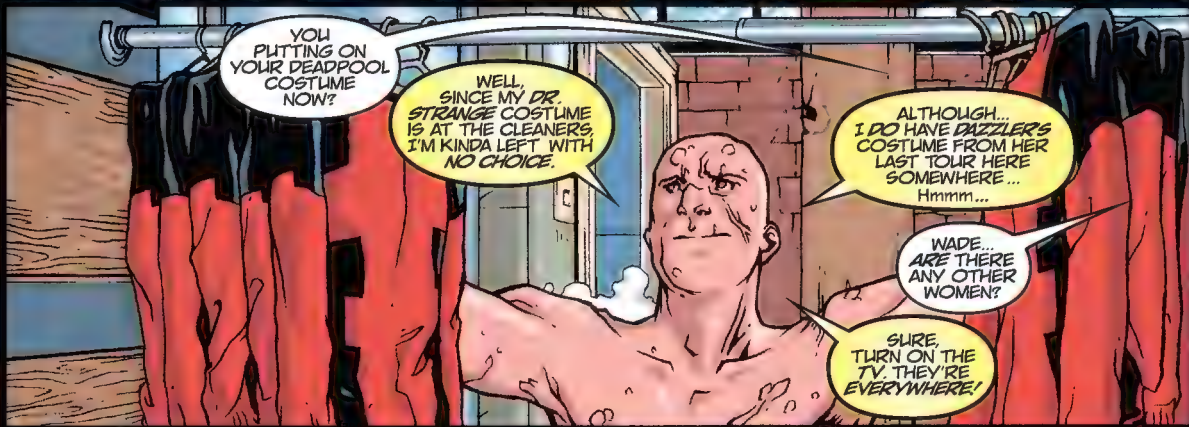
BUT HECK, EVEN IF YOU DID, AND ENDED UP BOMBING OUT AT OPEN-MIKE NIGHT...



...YOU COULD JUST PULL YOUR SHAPE-SHIFT ROUTINE, AND WALK OUT AS AUNT MAY. NO ONE WOULD EVER BE THE WISER!

Hmmm... THANKS, BUT NO THANKS. I SORT OF LIKE WHO I AM THESE DAYS... I FEEL LESS OF A NEED TO SHAPE-SHIFT WHEN I'M HAPPY.

WELL, I FEEL HAPPY WHEN YOU'RE NAKED SO WE'RE EVEN!



YOU PUTTING ON YOUR DEADPOOL COSTUME NOW?

WELL, SINCE MY DR. STRANGE COSTUME IS AT THE CLEANERS, I'M KINDA LEFT WITH NO CHOICE.

ALTHOUGH... I DO HAVE DAZZLER'S COSTUME FROM HER LAST TOUR HERE SOMEWHERE... Hmmm...

WADE... ARE THERE ANY OTHER WOMEN?

SURE, TURN ON THE TV. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!



YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

YES.

NO.

WAIT.

WHAT?

YOU MEAN 'ARE THERE ANY OTHER WOMEN WHO EXPERIENCE THIS PARTICULAR VIEW FROM MY BED?'



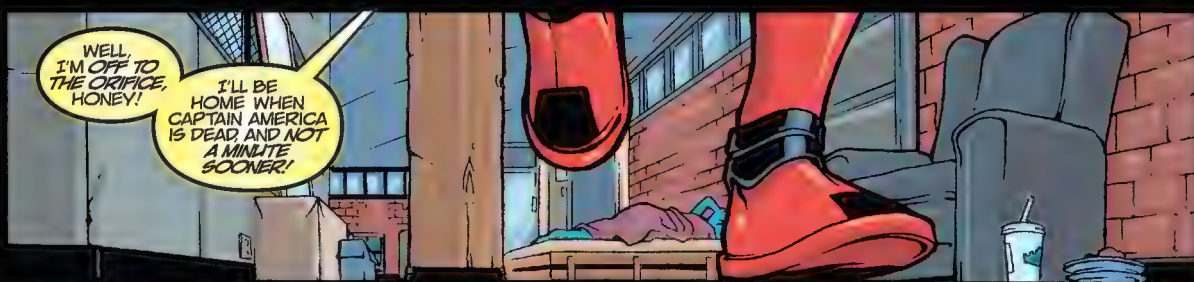
DOES A MEANINGLESS FLING WITH THE BLOB'S MOTHER COUNT?

Smoosh!

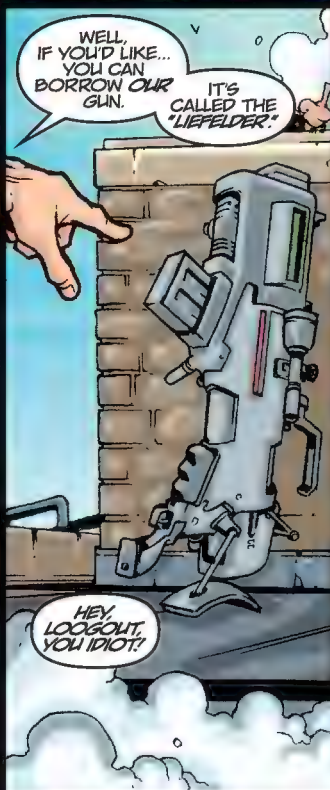
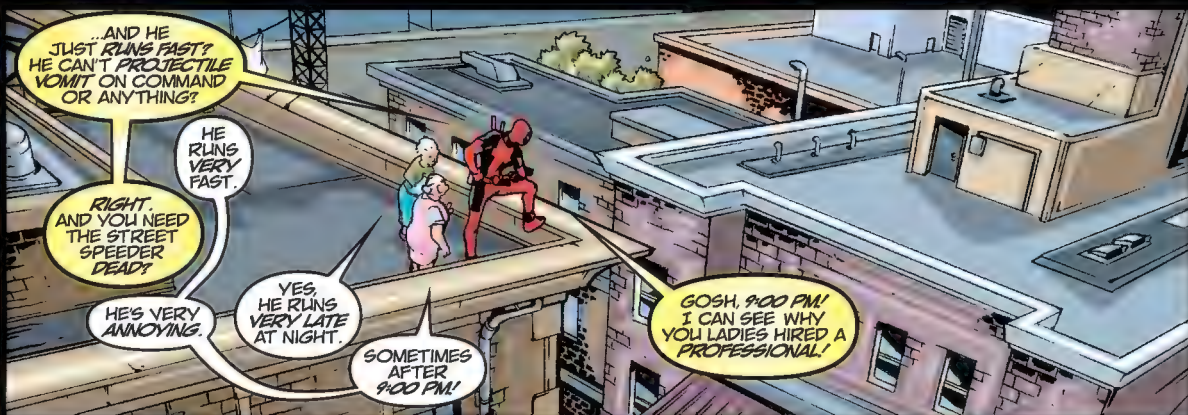
I HATE YOU.

YOU LOVE ME.

















BACK  
SLOWLY  
KILLIN'  
ME.

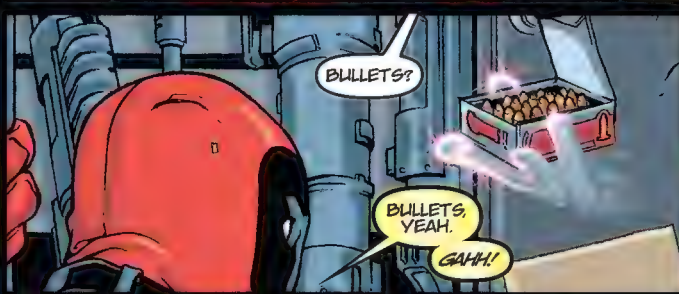
WHAT  
KINDA NAME  
IS STREET  
SPEEDER,  
ANYWAYS?

STUPID  
NAME IS  
WHAT IT  
IS.



GOTTA  
FIND THAT  
GUN THAT  
SHOOTS  
IDIOTS. HERE  
IT IS.

NEED BULLETS.  
WHERE ARE THEY  
SLUGGOS?



BULLETS?

BULLETS,  
YEAH.

GAHH!



SINCE  
WHEN ARE  
YOU INVISIBLE,  
VANESSA?

I'M NOT  
INVISIBLE, WADE.  
I'VE JUST LEARNED  
NEW VARIATIONS ON  
MY SHAPE-SHIFTING  
POWERS.

TO  
SNEAK UP  
ON NICE  
PEOPLE?

NICE  
PEOPLE DON'T  
USUALLY KILL  
PEOPLE FOR A  
LIVING.

DON'T  
CONFUSE ME  
WITH THE FACTS,  
VANESSA.



WADE,  
AREN'T YOU  
INTERESTED IN  
ME? DON'T YOU  
CARE FOR  
ME?

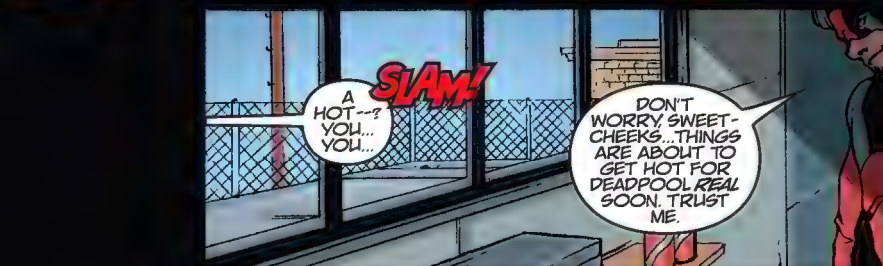
YOU?  
YES.

BUT YOUR  
NEW "I'M WALLPAPER"  
ROUTINE? NOT SO  
MUCH.

WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?



ON A  
HOT  
DATE.



A  
HOT---?  
YOU...  
YOU...

DON'T  
WORRY SWEET-  
CHEEKS. THINGS  
ARE ABOUT TO  
GET HOT FOR  
DEADPOOL REAL  
SOON. TRUST  
ME.





WHAT'S THE ROPE FOR, MR. DEADPOOL? TO LASSO THE STREET SPEEDER?

NO, IT'S TO DRAG HIS CARCASS AROUND ONCE I'M FINISHED KILLING HIM.

OH MY.



HE'S AS DEAD AS BUCKY.

»SIGH« ALWAYS WHEN I'M WORKING OR GETTING MY HAIR DONE.



IS THAT YOUR GIRL? OH, TELL US ABOUT HER, MR. DEADPOOL!

NO.



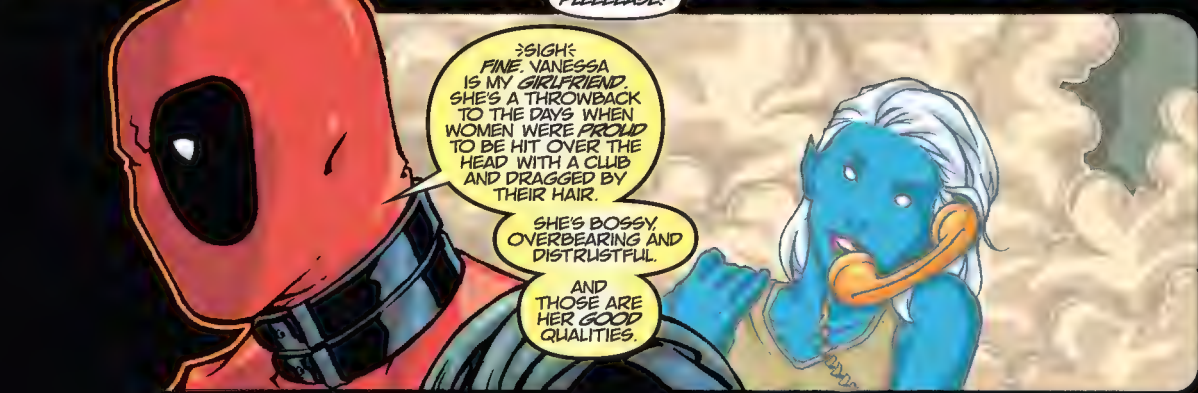
BUT--!

NO.

LISTEN, I DON'T CARE THAT YOU LADIES ARE GRANDMOTHERS. I HAVE A GUN AND I WILL USE IT.

BUT LITTLE OLD LADIES NEED TO GROSS UP MR. DEADPOOL...

PLEEEASE!

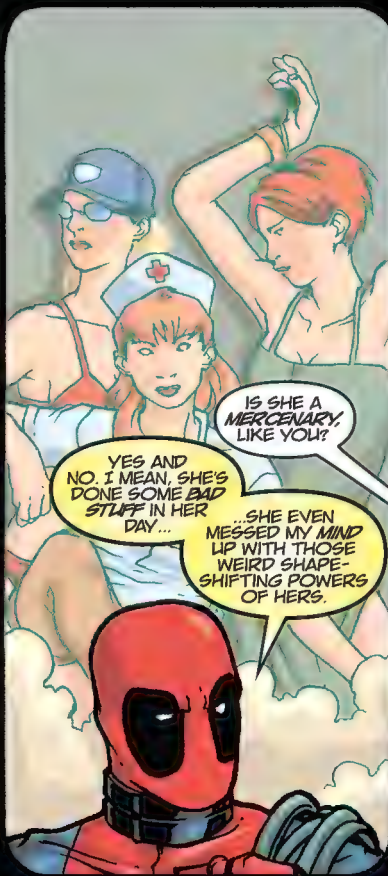


»SIGH« FINE, VANESSA IS MY GIRLFRIEND. SHE'S A THROWBACK TO THE DAYS WHEN WOMEN WERE PROUD TO BE HIT OVER THE HEAD WITH A CLUB AND DRAGGED BY THEIR HAIR.

SHE'S BOSSY, OVERBEARING AND DISTRUSTFUL.

AND THOSE ARE HER GOOD QUALITIES.

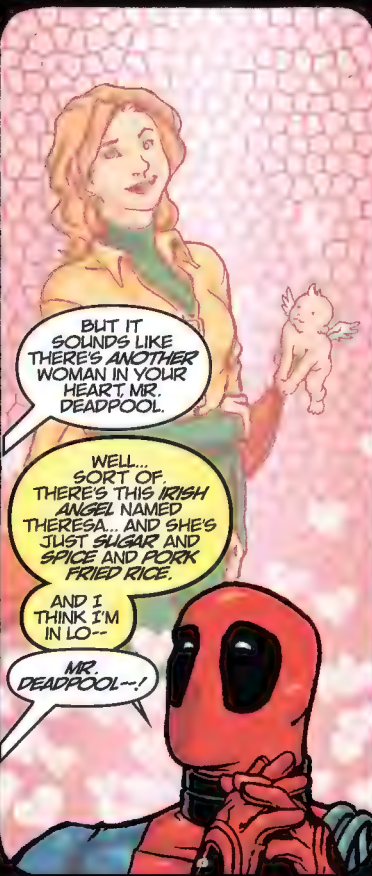




IS SHE A MERCENARY, LIKE YOU?

YES AND NO. I MEAN, SHE'S DONE SOME BAD STUFF IN HER DAY...

SHE EVEN MESSED MY MIND UP WITH THOSE WEIRD SHAPE-SHIFTING POWERS OF HERS.



BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE THERE'S ANOTHER WOMAN IN YOUR HEART MR. DEADPOOL.

WELL... SORT OF. THERE'S THIS IRISH ANGEL NAMED THERESA... AND SHE'S JUST SUGAR AND SPICE AND PORK FRIED RICE.

AND I THINK I'M IN LO--

MR. DEADPOOL--!



--I THINK THE STREET SPEEDER IS COMING!

DANG! I'LL NEVER GET THIS RAZOR-STUDDED NET UNTANGLED IN TIME!

SOUNDS LIKE YOUR LOVE LIFE IS THE SAME WAY!



YOU BETTER HURRY AND GET INTO YOUR...UH...CONTRACTION.

IT'S A POWER LAUNCHER, MONKEY BREATH.

I JUST GOT ONE MORE THING TO SET UP AND THE STREET SPEEDER IS AS GOOD AS BAGGED.

NETTED.

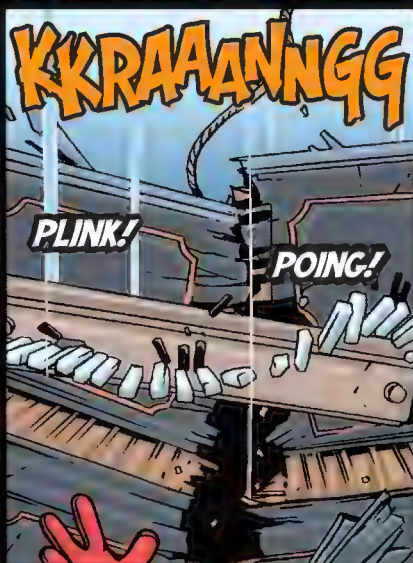
WHATEVER.



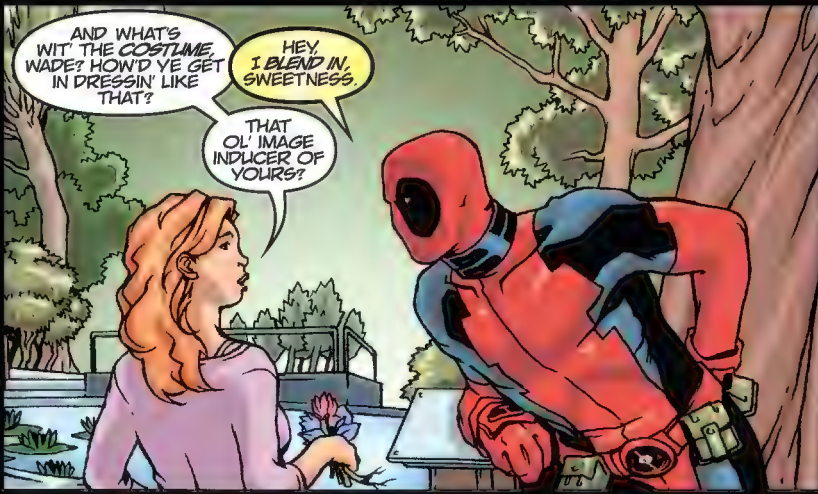
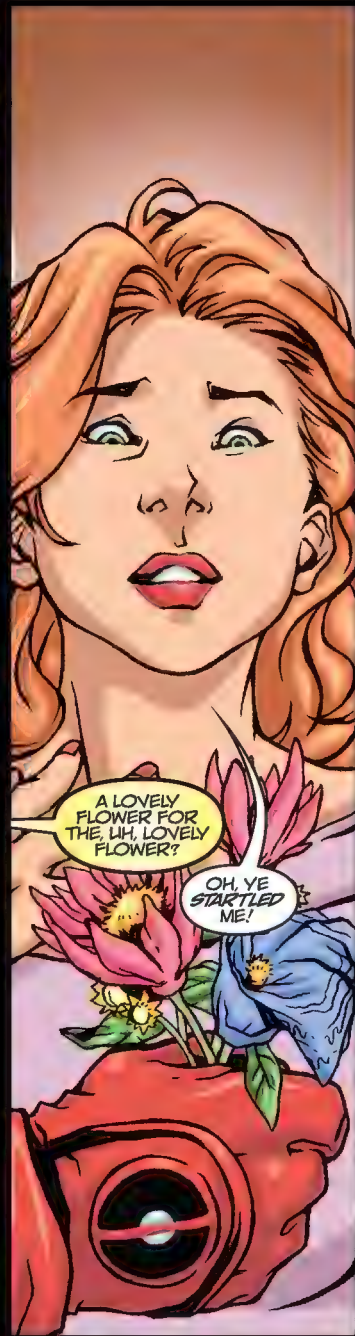
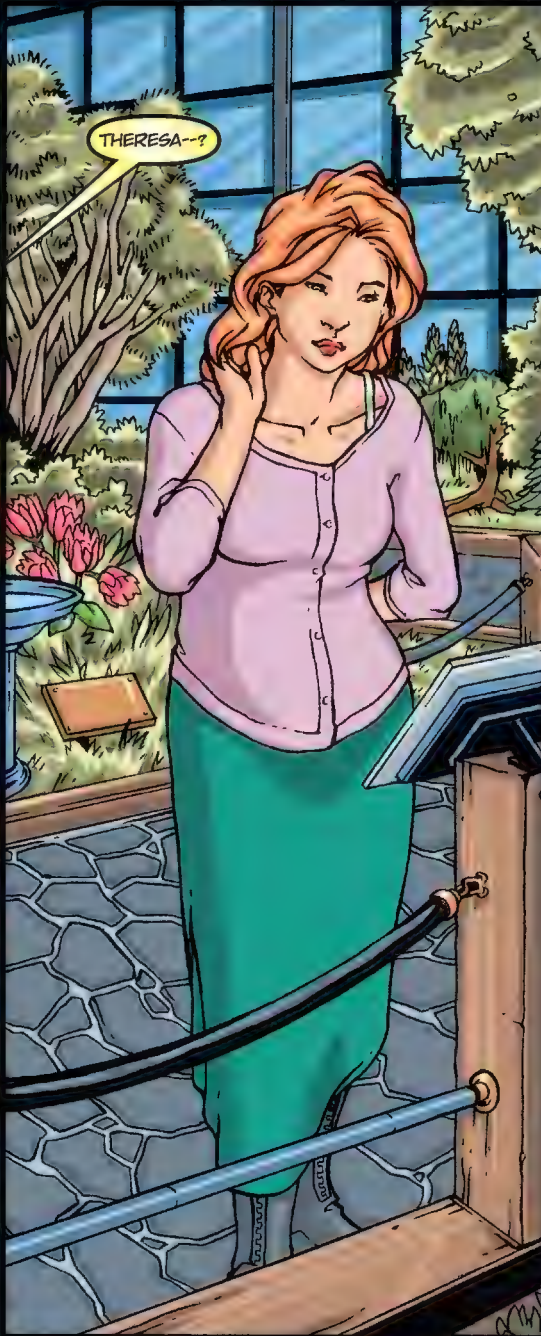
THE BAIT IS IN PLACE. THE TRAP IS SET!

HEH. THIS IS ALMOST TOO EASY!

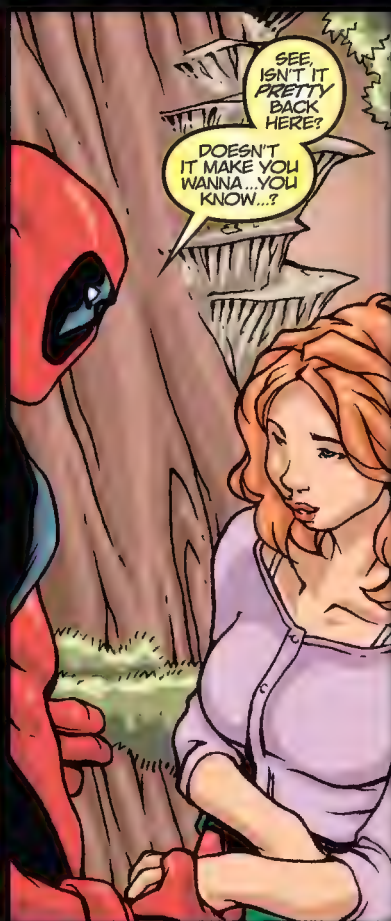




















YOU KNOW, MR. DEADPOOL, IF YOU DON'T KILL HIM, WE GET A REFUND.

AND YOU CAN'T BILL US FOR ALL THIS JUNK.

WE KNOW OUR RIGHTS AS CONSUMERS.



BY THE GODS OF KITTY PRYDE AND ALL THAT IS UNHOLY... SHUT UP!

WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK! WE'RE GOING TO HIRE SOMEONE FROM THE SINISTER SIX INSTEAD!

YOU WANT A REFUND?!



YOU GALS USE AQUANET? DO YA KNOW HOW FLAMMABLE THAT STUFF IS?

YOU PRINEFACES MIND HOLDING THIS TORCH WHILE I DIG INTO MY WALLET AND ISSUE YOU A REFUND SLIP?



YEAH, DIDN'T THINK SO.

LOOK, I'D KEEP YOUR HAIR OUT OF MY FACE.

I DON'T WANNA HAVE TO... BUT I WILL CHOP YOU INTO TINY LITTLE PIECES AND SPRINKLE YOU OVER MY CHEERIOS.

OH, DEAR.

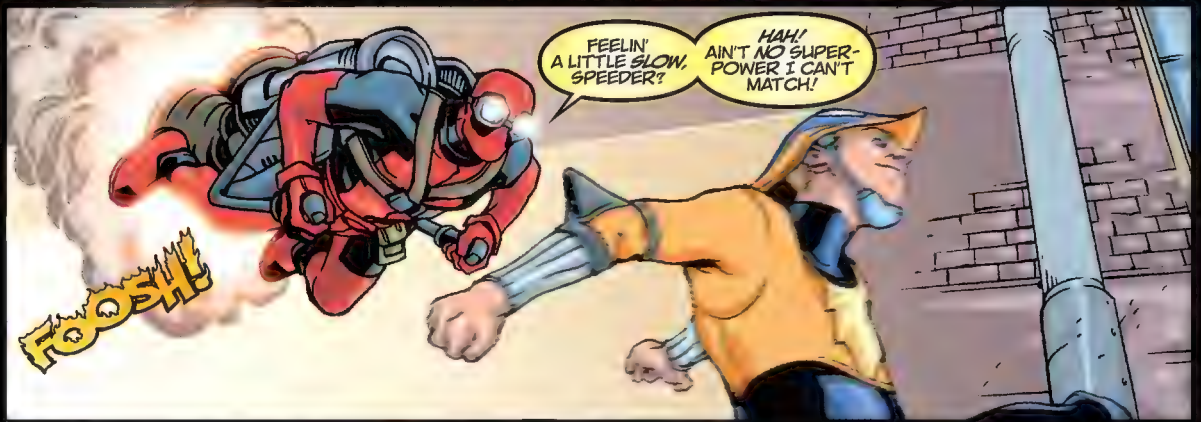
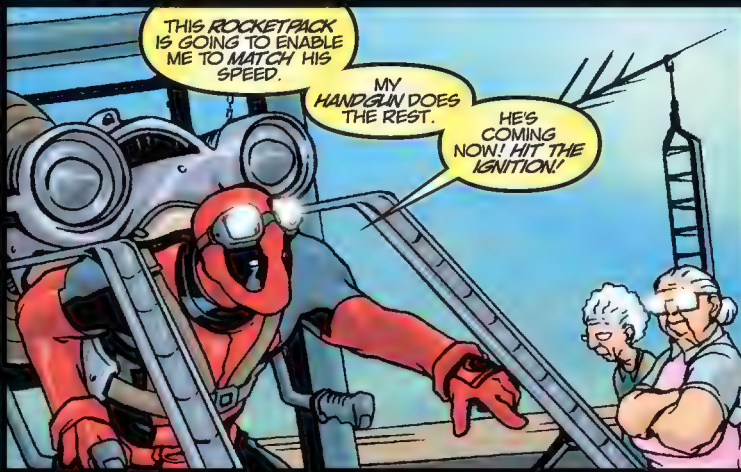


ATOMIC BATTERIES TO POWER TURBINES TO SPEED ROGER, READY TO MOVE OUT.

WHAT'S HE SAYING?

WHAT I'M SAYING IS...













HEAD...  
HURT... EARS...  
RINGING...

WRNNNN  
CLICK\*



SORRY  
FOR  
SMOKING  
IN THE  
HOUSE.

BACK  
SO SOON,  
WADE?

OH, HEY,  
VANESSA.  
HOW WAS  
YOUR DAY?  
MINE WAS A  
LITTLE  
QUIET.



MY DAY?!?  
NOW YOU'RE  
INTERESTED IN  
HOW I SPEND  
MY DAYS?

Hmm, ACTUALLY, NOT  
VERY. I'M MORE INTERESTED  
IN PULLING OUT THE BOTTLE-  
ROCKETS STICKING OUTTA  
MY CHARBROILED BUTT.



ANYTHING  
ELSE YOU  
WANNA  
COME CLEAN  
ON?

LOOK, IF YOU  
EXPECT ME TO MAKE  
SHOWER JOKES RIGHT  
NOW, I'M GOING TO BE A  
LITTLE DRY... WAIT, THAT  
WAS A SHOWER JOKE  
RIGHT THERE...



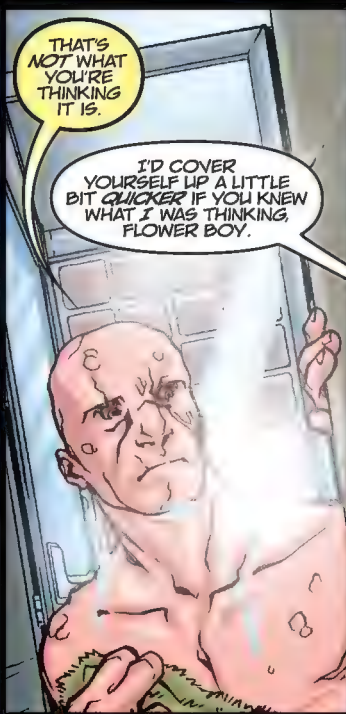
WADE?  
IT'S ME,  
THERESA...



...I WAS  
WONDERING  
IF YOU'D LIKE TO  
GET TOGETHER  
TODAY... THERE'S  
A LOVELY FLOWER  
EXHIBIT OUT ON  
LONG ISLAND THAT  
I'M DYING TO SEE...  
I FIGURED IT'S BEEN  
A WHILE SINCE  
WE'VE SEEN EACH  
OTHER...

...ANYWAY,  
CALL ME AT  
HOME.





THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU'RE THINKING IT IS.

I'D COVER YOURSELF UP A LITTLE BIT QUICKER IF YOU KNEW WHAT I WAS THINKING, FLOWER BOY.



VANESSA, SWEETIE, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LOOK TOO MUCH INTO THIS... ARE YOU?

OKAY, YOU ARE.



YOU'VE PLAYED ME FOR A FOOL FOR THE LAST TIME, WADE!

YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME, 'NESS! I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THERESA! I HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN AGES... NOT SINCE THAT RUN-IN WITH WOLVERINE...

YEAH, RIGHT. THEN HOW DOES SHE HAVE YOUR PHONE NUMBER HERE?

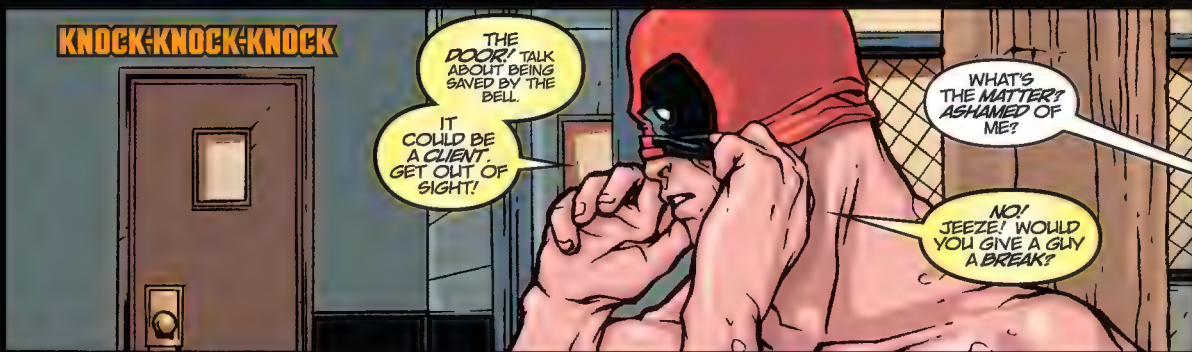


I DON'T KNOW, HONEST.

SHE PROBABLY HAS ACCESS TO THE X-FACTOR-FORCE-FISH COMPUTER! I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE SHE WAS JUST RANDOMLY DIALING NUMBERS IN BROOKLYN AND GOT ME!

I REALLY DON'T KNOW.

I'M HAVING TROUBLE BELIEVING ANYTHING YOU SAY RIGHT NOW.



**KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK**

THE DOOR! TALK ABOUT BEING SAVED BY THE BELL.

IT COULD BE A CLIENT. GET OUT OF SIGHT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? ASHAMED OF ME?

NO! JEEZE! WOULD YOU GIVE A GUY A BREAK?





ohboy.



THERESA.  
WHAT A  
SURPRISE.

COME  
ON IN...

IS IT A  
"CLIENT"?



SO THIS  
IS WHO YOU  
WANT?

UHM,  
SOMETHING  
TO DRINK?

THIS  
IRISH  
HUSSY?

SIT  
DOWN,  
MAYBE?

THE WAY  
I HEAR IT, MAYBE  
SHE DOES WANT  
A DRINK!

UH,  
THERESA...  
HAVE YOU MET  
VANESSA?



SO.  
UHH...

BEEN  
A WHILE,  
HUH?

HEY,  
YOUR FACE...  
YOU GET INTO A  
CAR ACCIDENT OR  
SOMETHING?



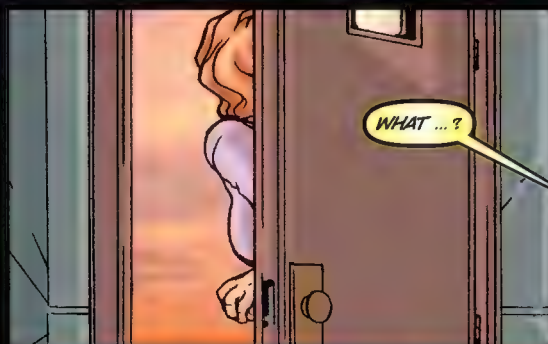
THERESA?



UHHH!

SSLAAPP









CHRISTOPHER.  
THE ILLUSTRIOUS  
KID DEADPOOL.  
I SHOULD HAVE  
KNOWN.

YO, DR! REMEMBER  
AFTER YOU KILLED MY  
FATHER, HOW I WANTED  
TO KILL YOU!

WELL, EVER  
SINCE I MET MIKI  
HERE, I DON'T HAVE  
THAT HOMICIDAL URGE  
ANYMORE.

ALTHOUGH,  
NOW I'M INTO  
MAKING THINGS  
GO "BOOM".

CHRISTOPHER,  
IS THAT MY  
HARLEY?

VVRRMMMMMM



ANYWAY,  
HERE'S YOUR  
DETONATOR. IT  
WORKS.



AND  
I WON'T  
NEED THIS  
ANYMORE.



I THINK  
I'M GOING TO  
EXPERIENCE  
THE WORLD A  
LITTLE.

YOU SHOULD  
DO THE SAME, WADE,  
NOW THAT YOU'RE  
NOT TIED DOWN TO  
THERESA OR  
VANESSA ANYMORE.  
HEH.

THANKS  
FOR THE  
BIKE!

BYEEE!

THAT WAS MY  
FAVORITE  
HARLEY.



WHOOOSH

SO THERE IT IS. ALL OF MY  
WORLDLY POSSESSIONS. GUNS,  
MONEY, PLAYBOYS ... GONE.

AND MY ENTIRE  
LOVE LIFE. ALL UP  
IN SMOKE.

SORT  
OF FITTING,  
IN A WAY.

THIS IS FOR  
THE PIANO.

BLAM

IT'S AMAZING HOW MUCH  
YOUR LIFE CAN CHANGE IN  
TEN MINUTES.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO  
GO OUT WITH A BANG,  
BUT EVEN THIS IS A  
LITTLE MUCH FOR ME.

I'M WATCHING ALL OF MY  
MEMORIES BURN AWAY, AND  
I FIND FOR THE FIRST TIME  
IN MY LIFE...



... THAT I'M  
SPEECHLESS.

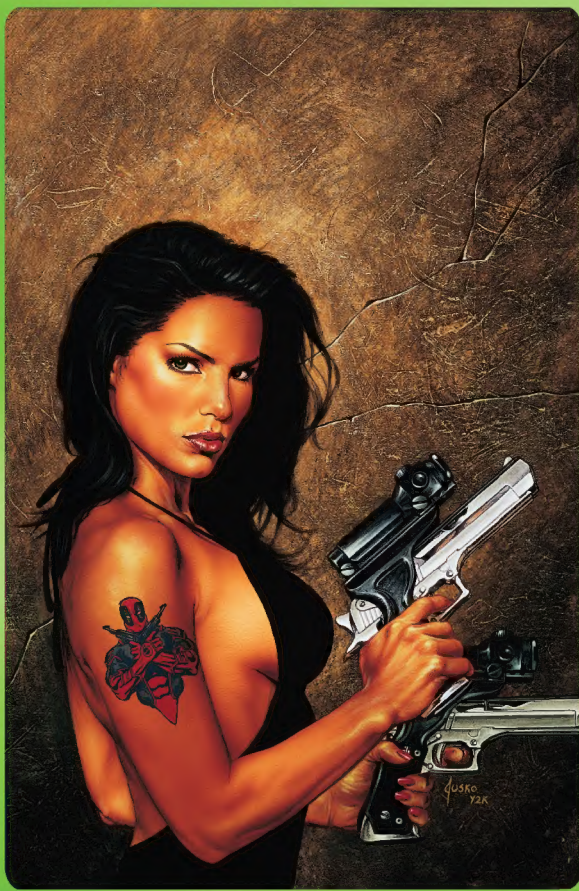


THANKS JAMES  
BUT  
GOD  
BLESSED  
YOU

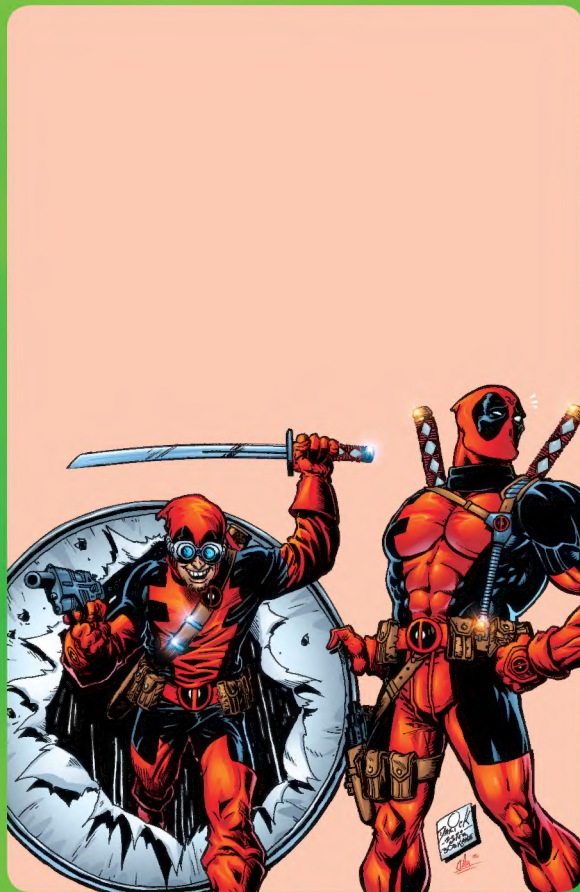
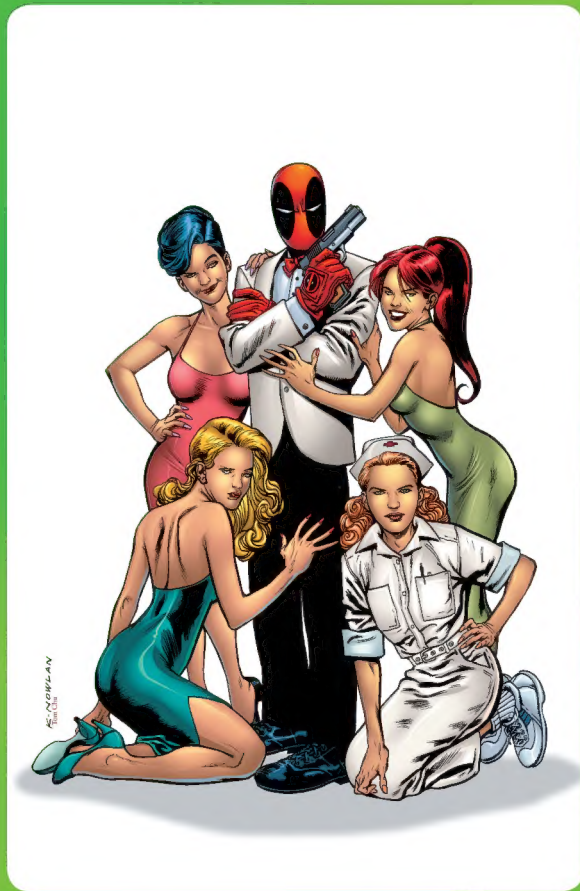
FIN

**NEXT: DEADPOOL**  
**AGENT OF WEAPON X**  
Brought to you by  
FRANK TIERI AND GEORGES JEANTY.!

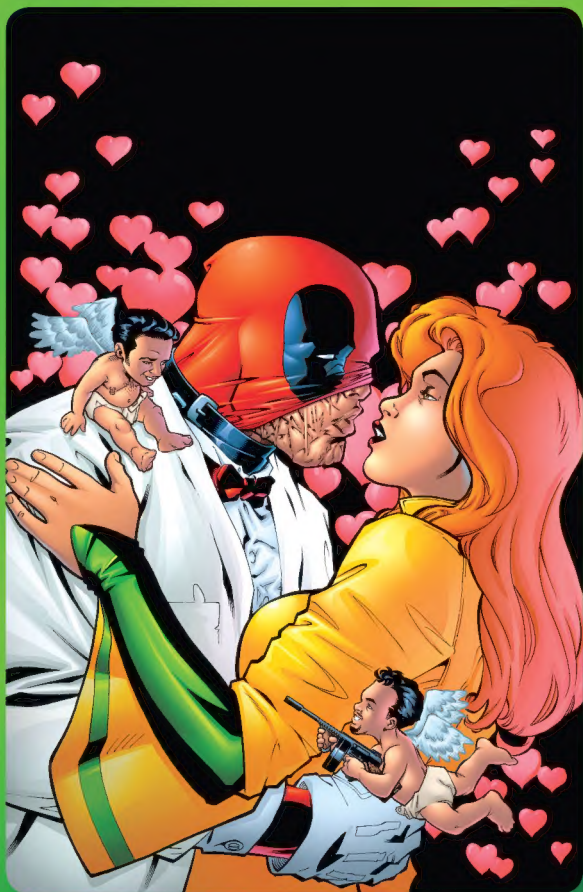
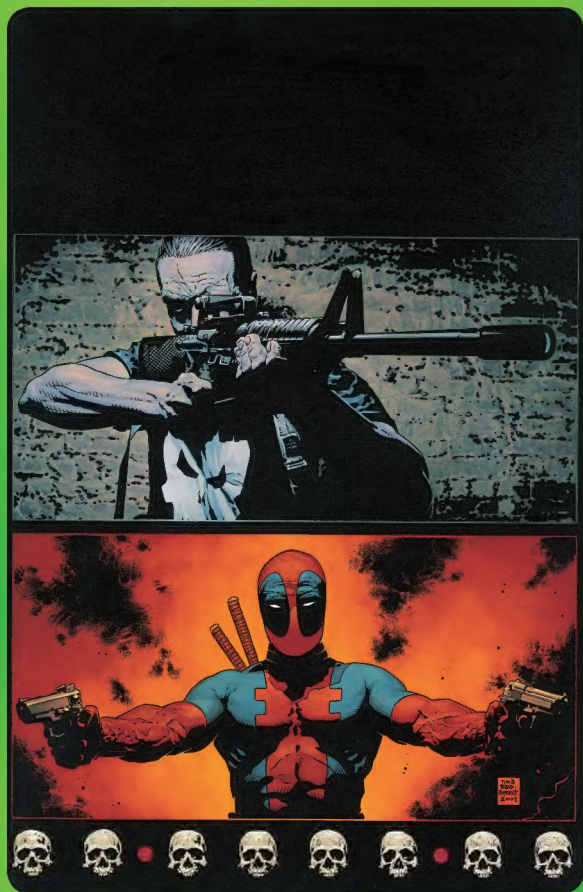














**HE'S THE MERC WITH A MOUTH, THE ASSASSIN WITH ELAN, THE WRYEST WISECRACKER OF THE WEAPON X PROGRAM, NOW IN A COLLECTION OF HIS EARLIEST SAGAS!**

It's a cruel summer when Deadpool takes on the mob! Hired by a dirty cop to kill six Mafia dons, Deadpool soon falls for his contact, a beautiful tattoo artist. But all is not as it seems. Then, Deadpool gets an unwelcome sidekick, the youthful Pool Boy — but will the partnership kill them both? And Deadpool's shapeshifting ex-girlfriend Copycat returns, insane with jealousy, just as Deadpool must face the maniacal Mercy Sisters! Plus: Blood and bullets fly when Deadpool accepts a contract on the Punisher's life! Guest-starring Deadpool's longtime crush, X-Force's Siryn! It's all-out action as only the Merc With a Mouth can deliver!

Collecting *Deadpool* (1997) ##46-56 and material from *X-Men Unlimited* (1993) #28 — written by Jimmy Palmiotti and Buddy Scalera; and illustrated by Paul Chadwick, Michael Lopez, Darick Robertson, Anthony Williams, Georges Jeanty, Karl Kersch and Liam Sharp.

